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WORKS

OF

THE LATE REVEREND

WILLIAM ROMAINE, A. M.

RECTOR OF

SAINT ANDREW BY THE WARDROBE,

AND

Saint Ann, Blackfriars,

AND LECTURER OF

SAINT DUNSTAN, IN THE WEST.

LONDON.

In Eight Volumes.

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1801.

THE LIFE

OF THE

Rev. WILLIAM ROMAINE, M. A.

LATE RECTOR OF THE UNITED PARISHES OF

ST. ANDREW BY THE WARDROBE, AND

ST. ANN'S, BLACKFRIARS;

AND

LECTURER OF ST. DUNSTAN'S IN THE WEST.

BY THE HON. AND REV.

WILLIAM BROMLEY CADOGAN, M.A.

To live is Christ—and to die is gain.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

The Editor is happy in this opportunity to acknowledge his obligations to his greatly respected friend, for the trouble he has had in preparing the Life of his deceased Father. He at the same time, assures his friends and the subscribers, that he has spared no pains to collect every possible information, to render the Life as correct as possible.

PREFACE.

THE following Life of the Rev. William Romaine, was undertaken at the requeſt of his neareſt relatives. It was promiſed to the public under the firſt impreſſions made by his death, and under an idea that ſuch documents might have been collected from his own papers, as would have furniſhed ſome of the beſt materials for his Biographers. But nothing of this ſort was found, excepting one memorandum upon his attaining the age of ſeventy years, which is given in the courſe of this work, though it does not appear to have been deſigned for publication. Great as is the loſs of the ſurvivors, it is much to the honor of the deceaſed, that though he had the pen of a ready writer, he employed it not upon himſelf, but upon his God and Saviour. Upon whoſe word, and upon whoſe ſalvation, he hath written largely with his own hand,

hand, and left conſiderable remains behind him.

Diſappointed in my expectations of gleaning memoirs of his life from his own manuſcripts, and having time to reflect upon an undertaking, in the execution of which I was not likely to ſatisfy myſelf or others, I would fain have reſigned the taſk to thoſe who were much better qualified for it than myſelf, as well by their ſuperior abilities, as by their longer acquaintance with Mr. Romaine. But being preſſed to it as to the performance of a promiſe, I could not reſiſt the ſolicitation. I have therefore done the beſt I could—ſought information from various quarters, and got it from others without ſeeking, for which I am thankful. I have given a detail of facts—a hiſtory, not a panegyric. Let Mr. Romaine be conſidered as having been a man of like paſſions with others, liable to miſtakes, and compaſſed with infirmity. But let God be glorified in him through Jeſus Chriſt, and his end in living, and mine in writing his life, will be fully anſwered.

THE

THE LIFE

OF THE

Rev. WILLIAM ROMAINE, &c.

THE Rev. William Romaine was born on the twenty-fifth day of September, 1714. The place of his birth was Hartlepool, a town in the county of Durham, ſituated on a ſmall promontory ſtretching into the German ocean. It is now a neat fiſhing town, with a very good pier and harbour, as well as a place of reſort for the purpoſe of bathing. It has riſen from obſcurity to eminence in that part of England, through the bounty of the neighbouring nobility and gentry, whoſe cuſtom it has been to accept by turns the office of Mayor, and to ſubſcribe upon that occaſion one hundred pounds towards the improvements of the town, and particularly for ſupporting and repairing the pier. The father of the Rev. Mr. Romaine was among the French Proteſtants who took refuge in England upon

the revocation of the edict of Nantes: he ſettled in this place as a merchant, and became a member of the corporation, which is a very ancient one. He was a dealer in corn, and a man fearing God and hating covetouſneſs, of which he gave a remarkable proof in the year 1741. This country was then at war with Spain, and, whether from this circumſtance, or from ſcarcity, there was a conſiderable advance in the price of wheat, from ſix to fifteen ſhillings per bol, the buſhel of that country, containing about two of the Wincheſter meaſure. Upon this occaſion the people roſe, and came in great numbers, a formidable mob, to Hartlepool. Mr. Romaine went out to meet them, aſked them their wants, and was anſwered that they wanted corn cheaper. He put an immediate and an effectual ſtop to theſe riotous proceedings, firſt by promiſing to ſell all the corn that he had, at five ſhillings a buſhel, and then by performing his promiſe; for he ſold to all that came, while the other merchants refuſed to ſell any.

Such traders, however ſingular, as he was, are no loſers themſelves in the end, and great friends to the public in the mean time; what is more, they are ranked among the friends of God; for, "There is that ſcattereth and yet increaſeth, and "there is that withholdeth more than is meet, "but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal ſoul "ſhall be made fat, and he that watereth ſhall "be

"be watered alſo himſelf. He that withholdeth "corn, the people ſhall curſe him, but bleſſing "ſhall be upon the head of him that ſelleth it." Prov. xi. 24, 25, 26.

This ſcripture was ſtrictly verified in Mr. Romaine of Hartlepool; for the bleſſing of God and of the poor reſted upon him. He brought up a family of two ſons and three daughters, who were all comfortably and reſpectably ſettled in this world, and taught both by the precept and example of their parents to look for permanent ſettlements, or manſions, in the world to come. Their father was a man of God, and conſequently of ſtrict morals; a ſteady member of the church of England, a conſtant attender upon her ſervices, and ſo exact an obſerver of the ſabbath-day, that he never ſuffered any of his family to go out upon it, except to church, and ſpent the remainder of it with them in reading the ſcriptures, and other devout exerciſes, at home. In this manner he lived to the age of eighty-five, and to the year of our Lord 1757*.

The ſurviving widow and one unmarried daughter, continued in the buſineſs at Hartlepool, much reſpected and beloved, being noted for their attention, not only to the bodily wants,

* For this account of the birth and parentage of the Rev. Mr. Romaine, we are indebted to Mr. Callender, of Newcaſtle, who married one of his ſiſters.

but to the ſpiritual concerns of their fellow-creatures; for it was their cuſtom to read and explain the ſcriptures to their neighbours, which by ſome was called preaching; but was probably no more than domeſtic inſtruction, to which they admitted all who wiſhed to partake of it, with a view to the mutual comfort and edification one of another; and ſuch are deſervedly ranked among "thoſe women who labour with us in "the goſpel, and whoſe names are in the book "of life." Phil. iv. 3.

The Rev. William Romaine, was the ſecond * ſon of theſe believing parents†. Viewed perhaps with the eye of faith, and ſeen to be a proper child: that is, as the original word ἀστειος ſig-

* His elder and only brother was ſettled as a grocer in London, and died ſuddenly at the George Inn, at Buckden, in the thirtieth year of his age.

† I call his parents believers by his own authority, finding the following expreſſions in a letter to a friend, dated July 30th, 1784. "We hope next Monday to ſet out for the North. In all "probability for the laſt time. I have three ſiſters alive, all in "years as well as myſelf, and we are to have a family meeting, "to take our leave final as to this life. It has brought a great "ſolemnity upon my ſpirits; and would be too much for my "feelings, had I not all the reaſon in the world to believe that "our next meeting will be in glory. Mr. Whitfield uſed often "to put me in mind, how ſingularly favoured I was. He had "none of his family converted; and my father and mother, and "three ſiſters, were like thoſe bleſſed people, And Jeſus loved "Martha, and her ſiſter, and Lazarus; and, as they loved Him "again, ſo do we."

 nifies,

nifies, poſſeſſed of a certain grace called urbanity, and, in its ſacred uſe, deſcribing one of a fair aſpect to God and his people, which indicates a formation for uſefulneſs in the city of the great King. His early diſcoveries of great talents, and an equal deſire to improve them, induced his parents to ſend him to the grammar ſchool at Houghton le Spring, in the county of Durham, founded by the celebrated rector of that pariſh, Bernard Gilpin*. A ſchool which flouriſhed much in the time of its founder; nor did it loſe its credit after his deceaſe, as a "ſeminary of "ſound learning and religious knowledge, from "which many have gone to our univerſities, and "proved great ornaments to the church and na-"tion." Among theſe ſurely may be reckoned that eminent perſon who is the ſubject of theſe memoirs: he was ſeven years at Houghton ſchool, and, having acquired all the learning which that inſtitution afforded, was ſent to Oxford, in the year 1730 or 1731. He was firſt entered at Hertford College, and thence removed to Chriſt Church. His tutor (as I think he has been heard to ſay) was the Rev. Mr. Fifield Allen, who was afterwards chaplain to biſhop Gibſon, archdeacon of Middleſex, ſubdean of the chapel royal, a

* See an account of this ſchool in the life of Bernard Gilpin, in the ſecond volume of the Rev. Mr. Middleton's Biography. p. 205, &c.

prebendary

prebendary of St. Paul's, and editor of the three Electras uſed in Weſtminſter ſchool. His proficiency under his tutor, whoever he was, may be inferred from his early appearance as an author, and that not of the common ſort, but as one who had read much before he wrote any thing; who had particularly ſtudied the ſcriptures in their original tongues, as an eſſential preparative for that holy function to which he was deſtined, and in which he afterwards excelled ſo much to the edifying of the church.

As a proof of his employment in theſe ſeats of literature, and of the eſtimation in which he was held by his ſuperiors in them, we have a remarkable anecdote, brought forward in the excellent ſermon upon his death, preached and publiſhed by his late curate, and preſent ſucceſſor in the church of Blackfriars: "Dreſs "was never his foible, his mind was ſuperior "to ſuch borrowed ornaments; and, immerſed "in nobler purſuits of literature, before conſe-"crated to a ſtill more exalted purpoſe, he paid "but little attention to outward decorations. "Being obſerved to paſs by rather negligently "attired, a viſitor enquired of his friend, a "maſter of one of the colleges, Who is that "ſlovenly perſon with his ſtockings down? The "maſter replied, That ſlovenly perſon, as you "call him, is one of the greateſt geniuſes of the "age,

" age, and is likely to be one of the greateſt men " in the kingdom*."

He reſided principally at Oxford, till he took his degree of Maſter of Arts, which he did on the fifteenth day of October, 1737, having been ordained a deacon at Hereford a year before, by the then biſhop of that ſee, Dr. Henry Egerton; whether by a nomination to a cure in his dioceſe, or by letters diſmiſſory from ſome other biſhop, is not certain. His firſt engagement, after he was in orders, was the curacy of Loe Trenchard, near Lidford, in Devonſhire. He went there upon a viſit with one of his cotemporaries at Oxford, whoſe father lived at Lidford; and upon the expreſs condition, that his friend would find him employment in the way of his profeſſion. This employment was accordingly found for him in the church aforementioned, which he ſerved for ſix months, moſt probably, of the year in which he took his maſter's degree. In the year following, he was reſident at Epſom, in Surrey, as appears by a letter, dated from that place, October 4th, 1738, and written to Mr. Warburton, upon the publication of his firſt volume of the Divine Legation of Moſes; of which letter ſome notice ſhall be preſently taken. And on the fifteenth day of December,

* See Mr. Goode's funeral ſermon, and the authorities there referred to.

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in the ſame year he was ordained a prieſt by the then biſhop of Wincheſter, Dr. Benjamin Hoadly. His title for orders was moſt probably a nomination to the church of Banſtead, which he ſerved for ſome years together with that of Horton, in Middleſex, being curate to Mr. Edwards, who had both thoſe livings. At Banſtead, he became acquainted with Sir Daniel Lambert, who had a country houſe in that pariſh, an alderman of the city of London, and elected lord-mayor in the year 1741. Mr. Romaine was appointed his chaplain, and ſo had a door of utterance opened to him in the cathedral church of St. Paul; where he delivered the ſecond ſermon that he printed on the 14th and 15th verſes of the ſecond chapter of the Epiſtle to the Romans; in which is to be found a critical and a chriſtian illuſtration of that difficult paſſage. Though we do not diſcover in this ſermon the ſame fertile experience, uſe, and application of the truth, as are to be found in his later writings; yet we diſcover the ſame truth itſelf by which he was then made free from the errors of the day, and in the knowledge and enjoyment of which he lived and died. We diſcover in it the reaſoning of a logical head, the writing of a claſſical pen, the religion of a believing heart, and the preaching of a ſound divine. The point evidently purſued in it is redemption from ſin by the blood of Jeſus, as it was revealed from God

to

to Adam, and through him to the patriarchs; to Moſes and the prophets, and through them to the Iſraelites; and as it was conveyed to the gentiles, before the preaching of the goſpel among them, by tradition; which is the only probable cauſe of their ſacrifices, or appeaſing the Deity by the ſhedding of blood, a cuſtom ſo unnatural in itſelf, and yet ſo univerſally prevalent among them. In ſhort, the object of this diſcourſe, is to prove that a creature, whether upright or fallen, was never made to teach himſelf, but to learn from his Maker; and to hold forth to men the only religion which is ſuited to their fallen condition; not as the religion of nature, but as the religion of grace; not as a human device, but as a divine revelation. And let the author of it be conſidered as having attained only to the age of twenty-ſeven years, and he may be thought to have diſcovered in it a maturity of judgment, a proficiency of reading, meditation, and doctrine, to which few, in ſo early a period of life have attained.

The truth is, he was a believer—poſſeſſed of that unfeigned faith which dwelt in his father and his mother before him, and we are perſuaded that it was in him alſo. And that from a child he had known the ſcriptures, having ſtudied them with that proper faculty, by which alone they are able to make us wiſe unto ſalvation, viz. faith which is in Chriſt Jeſus. 2 Tim. i. 5. ii. 15.

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The ſermon which he printed prior to that juſt mentioned, was one preached before the univerſity of Oxford, March 4th, 1739, entitled, The Divine Legation of Moſes demonſtrated, from his having made expreſs mention of, and inſiſted ſo much on, the Doctrine of a Future State: whereby Mr. Warburton's Attempt to prove the Divine Legation of Moſes from the Omiſſion of a Future State is proved to be abſurd and deſtructive of all Revelation.

This was followed above two years after by a ſecond ſermon upon the ſame ſubject, and from the ſame text, entitled, "Future Rewards and Puniſhments, proved to be the Sanctions of the Moſaic Diſpenſation." This ſermon was preached at St. Mary's, in Oxford, in the end of the year 1741, and printed in the beginning of the next year.

Whoever wiſhes to know more of this controverſy between Mr. Romaine and Mr. Warburton, may get ſome information from the ſecond volume, of the hiſtory of the works of the learned for Auguſt, 1739, where are to be found, Mr. Romaine's original letter to Mr. Warburton, and a ſecond to the editor of the General Evening Poſt, occaſioned by the publication of the firſt, with Mr. Warburton's remarks in this paper.

There is nothing in them as to the main queſtion then in agitation, but what is to be found in the ſermons upon the ſame ſubject, of which they appear to be ſketches. One of them

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was written in the ſpirit of irony and ſarcaſm, to a perſon who knew the uſe of thoſe weapons much better than Mr. Romaine, and who needed them more in aid of his ſtrange paradoxes than his opponent did in ſupport of ſound doctrine. In this ſhould appear, as a good judge hath informed us, " incorruptneſs, gravity, ſincerity, " ſound ſpeech that cannot be condemned; that " he who is of a contrary part may be aſhamed, " having no evil thing to ſay of you." (Tit. ii. 7, 8.) Theſe are weapons with which they who are valiant for the truth may always contend lawfully. Nor is the want of them to be complained of in Mr. Romaine's ſermons upon this controverſy. Mr. Warburton's complaints againſt him were, that he profeſſed admiration for a work and its author, which he did not mean, and put into the mouths of others, in a private letter, what he afterwards publiſhed as his own arguments againſt the plan of the divine legation. The whole account was inſerted in the periodical hiſtory of letters before mentioned at the requeſt of Mr. Warburton, by his friend Mr. Birch, who was afterwards Dr. Birch, and librarian of the Britiſh Muſeum; and who has been pleaſed to enrich this famous repoſitory with the manuſcript letters which occaſioned the inſertion of it. Neither the printed account nor the manuſcript letters will repay the trouble of reading them.

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The one is the repreſentation of enemies, to whom Mr. Romaine laid himſelf open; the others are the moſt ſcurrilous effuſions of malevolence, abuſive language, and opprobrious names, in the flowing ſtyle of Mr. Warburton. Both parties are dead, and their diſputes forgotten. Nor could it anſwer any good purpoſe to revive them; unleſs this tranſient recollection of a period, in the life of an eminent man, may operate as a caution to young men to be ſober-minded, to ſtudy godlineſs and a holy life, and to leave the arts of controverſy, till the wit or the warmth of youth have been corrected by the wiſdom and temper of age.

Mr. Romaine was at this time engaged in preparing for the preſs a new edition of the Hebrew Concordance and Lexicon of Marius de Calaſio, a work which employed him ſeven years, and the firſt volume of it was publiſhed in the year 1747.

Whilſt he is juſtly celebrated as the editor of Calaſio, he is perhaps no leſs juſtly cenſured for having omitted his author's account of the word which is uſually rendered God, and having ſubſtituted his own in the body of the work. This is what no editor can have a right to do by any author. Had Mr. Romaine left Calaſio's expoſition of the word in its place, and given his own in a note, or in the margin, he might have had the credit of having reſtored to light, without the charge of having depreciated, one of the

the beſt and moſt uſeful works that ever was publiſhed.

Though I agree with Mr. Romaine in the interpretation of the word, not only as it is a plural noun deſcribing a plurality of perſons in the divine eſſence, but as it is a derivative of a verb, which ſignifies to ſwear, and ſo deſcribes thoſe perſons under the obligation of an oath, yet I do not undertake his vindication in this inſtance.

But he thought himſelf excuſable, and made his own apology in an addreſs to the reader which he prefixed to the work. His words are theſe: "I have endeavoured to perform the "office of a faithful editor; you have Marius "himſelf not in the leaſt diminiſhed or added "to, excepting only one place, and that of "ſuch great conſequence, that I ſhould have "thought it a crime, if I had neglected to "amend it. This I have done with the beſt "intention, and only this once; I hope there-"fore that it may be pardoned*." To which he adds that he has marked this place with in-

* Fidi Editoris officio fungi conatus ſum; Marium ipſum habes ne minimâ quidem ex parte vel imminutum vel exauctum, unum modo locum excipias, eumque tam magni quidem momenti, ut criminis duxiſſem ſane, ſi emendare neglexiſſem. Hoc optimo feci animo, nec plus vice ſimplici; ſpero igitur et ignoſcendum.

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verted commas, as he has many of his additions under the particles.

He has therefore warned the reader of what he is to expect, and has made his own excuse, by which he must ſtand or fall in the public opinion. He was a man, and, in common with all others, liable to err: he was a young man when he was the editor of Marius, and ſtill younger when he was the antagoniſt of Mr. Warburton. In both inſtances he may have fallen into miſtakes, which days that ſhould ſpeak, and multitude of years that ſhould ſpeak wiſdom, might have corrected or prevented.

> Veram ubi plura nitent——non ego paucis
> Offendar maculis quas aut incuria fudit,
> Aut humana parum cavit natura.

But where there are ſo many ſhining qualities in a character, and ſo many excellencies in his life and writings, I will not take offence at a few blemiſhes, which incaution may have ſcattered here and there, or againſt which human nature is provided with no caution at all.

We leave, therefore, the controverſial divine, and the laborious editor of the Hebrew Lexicon and Concordance, and proceed to the contemplation of a man, who, having acquired a degree of eminence from the fruits of his youthful ſtudies, became ſtill more eminent as a miniſter of the church

church of England; who, for the ſpace of forty-ſeven years, from that period, preached and adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour, with a ſteadineſs and conſiſtency almoſt peculiar to himſelf; and who has left a teſtimony for the truth in his life and writings, which ranks him among the noble army of witneſſes, who, having praiſed God upon earth, ſhall praiſe him for evermore in heaven.

It was certainly Mr. Romaine's plan, after he had finiſhed his edition of the Concordance and Lexicon of Marius de Calaſio, to have returned into his native country; and he had actually packed up his trunk, and ſent it on ſhip-board with that view. But God had other plans for him. For as he himſelf was going to the water ſide, in order to ſecure his own paſſage, he was met by a gentleman, a total ſtranger to him, who aſked him if his name was not Romaine. He replied that it was. The gentleman had formerly been acquainted with his father, and obſerving a ſtrong reſemblance to him in his ſon, was induced to make the inquiry. After ſome apologies for this abrupt addreſs, and ſome little converſation concerning his family and himſelf, the gentleman told him that the lecture-ſhip for the united pariſhes of St. George's, Botolph Lane, and St. Botolph's, Billingſgate, was then vacant; and that, having ſome intereſt in thoſe pariſhes, he would exert it in his behalf, if he would be-

come a candidate for the lecture ſhip. Mr. Romaine conſented, provided he ſhould not be obliged to canvas in perſon; a cuſtom which he always thought inconſiſtent with the character of a clergyman, and againſt which he openly proteſted many years afterward, when he was candidate for the living of Blackfriars; ſo that his objection to canvas was not a haſty impreſſion taken up in his youth, but a ſettled perſuaſion that continued with him; and, as he was never backward to acknowledge the obligation when received, ſo, as Mr. Goode juſtly obſerves in his funeral ſermon, it was "not pride, but principle."

It was in the year 1748 that he was choſen Lecturer of St. Botolph's, and he is mentioned among the preferred in the Gentleman's Magazine for November of that year, as the editor of Calaſio's Dictionary.

It has been thought (and inferred from ſome expreſſions of his own in one of his letters publiſhed ſince his death) that his determination to leave London was the reſult of diſappointment and diſguſt. That he had come to the metropolis "ſtrongly intrenched in noti-" ons of his own exalted abilities, and flattering "himſelf that he required no other recommen-" dation to rapid preferment, where talent was "always admired, and juſtly eſtimated*." He

* See Memoir of the late Rev. William Romaine in the Evangelical Magazine for November 1795.

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is ſuppoſed to have alluded to ſome circumſtances of this kind in a letter to an intimate friend, in which he ſpeaks of " having known " a very vain proud young man, who knew al- " moſt every thing but himſelf, and was there- " fore very fond of himſelf; who met with many " diſappointments to his pride, which only " made him prouder, till the Lord was pleaſed " to let him ſee and feel the plague of his own " heart. That, upon the diſcovery of this he " tried every method that can be tried to give " peace, but found none. In deſpair of all " things elſe, he betook himſelf to Jeſus, and " was moſt kindly received. He truſted to the " word of promiſe, and experienced the ſweet- " neſs of promiſe. After this he went through " various frames and trials of faith, too many " to mention." All this and much more Mr. Romaine writes concerning himſelf, to illuſtrate by his own experience the truth of ſuch ſayings as theſe, that, " the Holy Spirit will glorify no- " thing but Jeſus. He will ſtain the pride of " all greatneſs and of all goodneſs, excepting " what is derived from the fulneſs of the incar- " nate God."

I do not ſee how it can be inferred from hence, that pride of heart, iſſuing in vain expectations of preferment, was the leading feature in Mr. Romaine's character. It is well known how every chriſtian thinks, ſpeaks, and writes, of

himſelf, each claiming a title, which none but Paul would have given to Paul, of the chief of ſinners. It is well known alſo, that every young man is naturally conceited, and thinks more highly of himſelf than he ought to think, till he learns by experience to think otherwiſe. It was certainly with good reaſon that St. Paul adviſed Timothy to "exhort young people to "be ſober minded."

Mr. Romaine, no doubt, had this leſſon to learn; he had his ſhare of pride and vanity, and (according to a common ſaying in the world) he had much to be proud of; a good underſtanding—a good education---great excellency of ſpeech, and many enticing things of man's wiſdom. He might raiſe from hence ideal proſpects of worldly greatneſs, and had reaſon to be thankful, if he was diſappointed; if, "walking by faith and not by ſight, he could prefer the afflictions of God's people to the pleaſures of ſin, and the reproach of Chriſt to the treaſures of Egypt." But as to being ſettled in the metropolis, many of his friends have heard him ſay, that it was the thing of all others which he laſt thought of, and to which he was the leaſt inclined. It may be ſuppoſed, indeed, that from the bent of his genius to the ſtudy of nature, of minerals, foſſils, plants, and the wonders of God in creation, that a country life, ſo favourable to theſe purſuits, would have been choſen by him. But God choſe otherwiſe

for him; and by a circumſtance as trivial to appearance, as it was accidental, but in reality a turn of providence, ſuch as decides the preſent condition of moſt men, called him to the lectureſhip of St. Botolph's, and ſo detained him in London, where he was kept to the end of his exiſtence as a witneſs for Jeſus Chriſt, with abilities as much ſuited to this meridian, as thoſe of the apoſtle Paul to the meridians of Epheſus, Corinth, or Rome.

In the year following, viz. 1749, he was choſen lecturer of St. Dunſtan's in the Weſt. In the perſon of his predeceſſor* two lectureſhips were united, the one endowed, and founded by Dr. White for the uſe of the benchers of the Temple; the other a common pariſh lectureſhip, ſupported by voluntary contributions. Mr. Romaine was elected to both, and continued ſome years in the quiet exerciſe of his office, till the faithful diſcharge of it raiſed violent clamours and oppoſition againſt him. The rector then thought fit to diſpute his right to the pulpit, and occupied it himſelf during the time of prayers, in order to exclude him from it. Mr. Romaine appeared conſtantly in his place, to aſſert his claim to the lectureſhip, as well as his readineſs to perform the office. The affair

* Dr. Terrick, afterwards biſhop of Peterborough and London.

was at length carried into the court of King's Bench*; the deciſion of which deprived Mr. Romaine of the pariſh lecture-ſhip, but confirmed him in that founded by Dr. White, and endowed with a ſalary of eighteen pounds a year. Leſt this ſhould be removed from the pariſh, the uſe of the church was granted him: but as Lord Mansfield's deciſion was, that ſeven o'clock in the evening was a convenient time to preach the lecture, the churchwardens refuſed to open the church till that hour, and to light it when there was occaſion; ſo that Mr. Romaine frequently read prayers and preached by the light of a ſingle candle, which he held in his own hand. The church doors being ſhut until the preciſe moment fixed for preaching the lecture, the congregation was uſually aſſembled in the ſtreet, and there waiting for admiſſion. The conſequence was a concourſe of people, collected indeed without noiſe and tumult, but not without great inconvenience to thoſe who paſſed that way, among whom happened to be one evening the then biſhop of London, Dr. Terrick, who had been Mr. Romaine's predeceſſor in the lecture-ſhip. Obſerving the crowd, he inquired into the cauſe of it; and being told that it was Mr. Romaine's audience in theſe circumſtances, he interfered with the rector and

* In the year 1762.

church-

churchwardens in their behalf, expreſſed great reſpect for Mr. Romaine, and obtained for him and his hearers, that the ſervice of the church ſhould begin at ſix o'clock, that the doors ſhould be opened in proper time, and that lights ſhould be provided for the winter ſeaſon. From this period Mr. Romaine was eſtabliſhed in his miniſtry at St. Dunſtan's, and continued quietly in the exerciſe of it, to the edification of many, until the end of his life. Here ſurely he might ſet up a way-mark in the courſe of his pilgrimage, and ſay, "My ſoul, wait thou only upon "God, for my expectation is from Him. He "only is my rock and my ſalvation, my defence, "I ſhall not be moved." Pſalm lxii. 5, 6.

In the year 1750 Mr. Romaine was appointed aſſiſting morning preacher in the pariſh of St. George, Hanover Square. This office has no ſettled eſtabliſhment, but merely dependant on the will of the rector, and the perſon procured by him at his own option and expence. The rector, who both called him to this office, and removed him from it, was Dr. Andrew Trebeck, The firſt act originated not in perſonal friendſhip, but in the recommendation of his character; the latter aroſe from the popularity and plainneſs of his miniſtry. He preached Chriſt crucified among thoſe who are leaſt diſpoſed to receive him. The church was filled with the poor, and forſaken by the rich; and that which (as a nobleman is ſaid

to

to have obſerved) was never complained of in a playhouſe, was admitted as a juſt cauſe of complaint in the houſe of God. When notice was given him that the crowd of people attending from different parts cauſed great inconvenience to the inhabitants, who could not ſafely get to their ſeats, he received it in the moſt placid manner, and ſaid, "he was willing to relinquiſh an "office which he had faithfully performed, hop- "ing that his doctrine had been chriſtian, and "owning the inconvenience which had attended "the pariſhioners." In this inſtance, therefore, as well as in many others, he ſuffered as a chriſtian, and had reaſon to rejoice: for the ſpirit of glory and of God reſted upon him, endowing him with the meekneſs and gentleneſs of his Maſter, and enabling him to ſerve his cauſe by his conduct, when he could no longer do it by his ſermons*.

Mr. Romaine entered upon this office in St. George's pariſh on the firſt of April 1750, and retired from it on the twenty-eighth day of Sep-

* For information upon theſe circumſtances in Mr. Romaine's life, I am indebted to the preſent rector of St. George's, the biſhop of Briſtol, and to the clerk in orders, Mr. Trebeck, Dr. Trebeck's ſon, to whom his lordſhip was ſo good as to refer me. The latter, after having given the above account of Mr. Romaine's retirement from St. George's, adds the following words: "I ſhall be always ready to atteſt his zeal, and "in converſation with him during that time, and occaſionally "afterwards, I found him mild and friendly."

tember,

tember, 1755, during which time he preached occaſionally at Bow church, in exchange with Dr. Newton, (afterwards biſhop of Briſtol) then rector of that pariſh, and lecturer of St. George's, Hanover Square, and alſo at Curzon chapel, then called St. George's chapel, Mayfair, in exchange with Dr. Trebeck himſelf, who was morning preacher there.

The times in which he was called to the exerciſe of his miniſtry in the weſt end of the metropolis, were diſtinguiſhed by ſome ſignal judgments of Almighty God; ſuch particularly as were the earthquakes by which Liſbon was deſtroyed; and London threatened, two ſhocks having been felt in it, and a third expected. Theſe judgments were preceded by great profligacy of manners, and its fruitful parent, licentiouſneſs of principle. "As to faith," ſays one who preached on that occaſion, "are not the "doctrines of the Trinity, and divinity of our "Lord and Saviour, without which our re- "demption is abſolutely void, and we are yet in "our ſins, with the intolerable burden of the "wrath of God lying upon us, blaſphemed and "ridiculed openly in converſation and print? "As to unity of ſpirit, are we not diſtracted and "torn to pieces with ſchiſms and ſeparations? "And as to righteouſneſs of life, are not the "people of this land dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, "idleneſs, drunkenneſs, luxury, extravagance

"and

" and debauchery? For theſe things cometh the " wrath of God, and diſordered nature pro- " claims the impending diſtreſs and perplexity " of nations. And O may we of this nation " never read a hand-writing upon the wall of " heaven in the illuminated capitals of the Al- " mighty, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN: " God hath numbered the kingdom, and finiſhed " it. Thou art weighed in the balances of " heaven, and found wanting the merits of a " rejected Redeemer, and therefore thy kingdom " is divided and given away*."

Mr. Romaine was not wanting upon the preſent occaſion, as appears from two ſermons in print, entitled, " An Alarm to a careleſs world," and, " The duty of watchfulneſs enforced;" ſermons, which are not exceeded in any of his writings. In both, and particularly in the preface to the former, there are ſome valuable antidotes againſt the prevailing philoſophy of the day, which aſcribed every thing to ſecond cauſes, and almoſt denied the exiſtence of the firſt, excluding the God of nature from the works of nature, and refuſing to acknowledge Him as the author

* See a ſermon preached before the univerſity of Oxford on Sunday February 15, 1756; and at ſeveral other places, on occaſion of the late earthquakes and public faſt, by George Horne, M. A. and fellow of Magdalen college; afterwards dean of Canterbury, and biſhop of Norwich.

It is a pity that this ſermon was not reprinted among thoſe which have been collected into one volume ſince his death.

of

of judgments, and ſin, committed againſt his divine Majeſty as the cauſe of them. This, as he tells us in the preface before mentioned, was the philoſophy of the year 1750, when the "learned accounted for earthquakes by chang-"ing their name into airquakes, and then they "were explained philoſophically."

Such was the ſtate of religion and morals, when he was called to bear his teſtimony in the faſhionable world. Having received the miniſtry of light and truth, he fainted not in the diſcharge of it, nor had recourſe to the hidden things of diſhoneſty to recommend it: but uſed great plainneſs of ſpeech, that by manifeſtation of the truth he might commend himſelf to every man's conſcience in the ſight of God. He ſpoke freely of the manners of the great, and endeavoured to bring them to an acquaintance with their own heart, as the ſeat and ſource of all iniquity, and with Jeſus Chriſt, as the great purifier of the heart through faith in his blood. With what judgment and clearneſs he brought theſe truths to the ears of the wiſe after the fleſh, the mighty and noble of this world, may be ſeen in ſpecimens of his preaching before them left in print, ſuch as a ſermon entitled, "A Method for pre-"venting the Frequency of Robberies and "Murders;" and another "Diſcourſe on the "Self-exiſtence of Jeſus Chriſt;" both deli-vered at St. George's, Hanover Square.

It

It was in this period of his life that Mr. Romaine was called to the profeſſorſhip of aſtronomy in Greſham college. He had not the higheſt opinion of the religion, morals, or wiſdom of the age; and in the diſcharge of his duty in this new office he purſued a plan which ran counter to them all. He attempted to prove, that God was beſt acquainted with his own works, and had given the beſt account of them in his own words. He diſputed ſome part of the Newtonian philoſophy with a boldneſs and banter, which were not likely to be well received, when derogating from the honour of a man, who was held little leſs than divine. And as he obſerved in the mathematics, aſtronomy, and geometry of the day, "a difference in their "demonſtrations of no leſs than one hundred "and twenty-one millions of miles;" ſo he ſpoke of the "modern divinity as bringing you "no nearer than one hundred and twenty-one "millions of miles ſhort of heaven." The only traces that I have ever met with of his conduct in this profeſſorſhip are to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for the month of March 1752. The reader may have recourſe to this account, if he pleaſes, and muſt judge for himſelf how far it is juſt and impartial.

If Mr. Romaine quitted this office in enmity with the world, he quitted it no doubt in friendſhip with God, for he had God's honour at heart, however

however he might not have conſulted his own; he had therefore God's promiſe in hand, "They "that honour me, I will honour." In proof of this, I cannot but obſerve, that whatever credit he loſt in the city of London, as profeſſor of philoſophy in Greſham college, he retrieved it an hundred-fold in a buſineſs of a very different nature which happened about the ſame time, I mean the famous Jew Bill. By his oppoſition to which, both in preaching and print, he roſe and increaſed in favour with God and man. His reaſonings upon this ſubject, and anſwers to every thing that was attempted in vindication of a project ſo contrary to the decrees and declarations of heaven, and ſo injurious to the religious, civil, and commercial intereſts of this country, were collected by himſelf in a pamphlet, which was reprinted by the citizens of London in the year 1753, and it is a maſterly performance, which will bear printing again.

Mr. Jones, in his life of Dr. Horne, late biſhop of Norwich, with which he has juſt favoured the world, has a paſſage ſo much to our preſent purpoſe, that I have taken the liberty of tranſcribing it. "In the year when the Jew "Bill was depending, and after it had paſſed "the houſe, he (Mr. Horne) frequently em-"ployed himſelf in ſending to an evening paper "of the time, certain communications which "were much noticed, while the author was to-

"tally

" tally unknown, except to ſome of his neareſt " acquaintance. By the favour of a great lady, " it was my fortune (though then very young) " to be at a table where ſome perſons of the firſt " quality were aſſembled, and I heard one of " them * very earneſt on the matter and ſtyle of " ſome of theſe papers, of which I knew the " ſecret hiſtory, and was not a little diverted " when I knew what paſſed about them. To " the author of theſe papers, the Jew Bill gave ſo " much offence (and the Marriage Bill not much " leſs), that he refuſed to dine at the table of a " neighbouring gentleman, where he was much " admired, only becauſe the ſon-in-law of Mr. " Pelham was to be there; he was, therefore, " highly gratified by the part taken in that pe- " rilous buſineſs by the Rev. William Romaine, " who oppoſed the conſiderations diſperſed about " the kingdom in defence of the Jew Bill, with " a degree of ſpirit and ſucceſs, which reminded " us of Swift's oppoſition to Wood's Halfpence " in his Drapier's Letters."

This honourable mention of one, who is now literally a departed brother †, reflects equal honour

* Lord Temple.

† A name given to Mr. Romaine by *certain gentlemen*, whoſe *apology* was ſo ably written by one who roſe to the biſhoprick of Norwich. They may all be ranked among the brighteſt ornaments and beſt friends of the church of England. They differed from Mr. Romaine only in the uſe, application, and

nour upon him that made it, nor can it fail of giving pleaſure to all lovers of peace and truth, as it brings two old friends and acquaintance together, who purſued the ſame path of ſtudy, though they have been caſt into different habits of life, who have contended for the ſame faith, fought with the ſame weapons, worſhipped the ſame God, and ſteadily adhered to the ſame communion. Why ſhould a doubt be entertained of their happy meeting in heaven, and of their rejoicing together in the beatific viſion of the Lord their God*? Why ſhould ſuch a doubt ariſe even from their laſt meeting upon earth? which was indeed extraordinary, but of which no notice might have been taken in theſe memoirs, had it not made its firſt appearance in the Evangelical Magazine, under the ſignature of T. H., as an "anecdote of Mr. Romaine, more "characteriſtic of the man (as this writer is "pleaſed to ſay) than might be found in twenty "lives of him." How far the trait, as he has drawn it, is lovely in the character of a "ve-

and enjoyment of the truths they held, which he ſought perſonally for himſelf, and in the boldneſs and fervent zeal with which he endeavoured to propagate them to others. This happy, or unhappy turn (as the world is pleaſed to call it) led him into what ſome of his former friends called ſerious miſtakes and irregularities. But the church of England had never a more dutiful, affectionate, and illuſtrious ſon, than William Romaine.

* יהוה אלהיהם

"nerable

" nerable ſaint," every one muſt judge for himſelf who reads the extract from the Magazine for the month of March, as it is given verbatim in the note below *. The truth, as I have it under the

* " If twenty lives were written of Mr. Romaine, they will, " I am confident, produce nothing more characteriſtic of the " man, than the following anecdote. I inſert the names, perhaps you will prefer the initials. T. H.

" About three weeks before the laſt illneſs of that venerable " patriarch Mr. Romaine, he was walking in the city, and followed cloſe by Dr. G. of Iſlington, and Mr. J. of Pluckley, " who had been formerly his intimate acquaintance, and, like " many other old Hutchinſonian friends, had long forſaken and " ſhunned him. His friendſhip, they knew, was not the road " to Canterbury."

Niger eſt, hunc tu Romane caveto.

Dr. G. ſaid, " There goes Mr. Romaine, juſt before us." Mr. J. replied, " He is an old acquaintance of mine," and in his facetious manner, whipped by Mr. Romaine, and turning round, ſtopped him full; juſt then Dr. G. was at his elbow, Mr. Romaine looked at him—" Do not you know me, Mr. " R.?" ſaid he. " No," ſaid the venerable ſaint, " nor my " Maſter neither;" and, turning round on his heel, croſſed the way, with contempt and indignation, leaving them confounded at this unexpected reception.

Such is the famous anecdote which is to ſupply the place of twenty lives! It impreſſed the preſent rector of Blackfriars as ſuch a ſtigma upon his late venerable friend and predeceſſor, as well as ſuch an undeſerved reflection upon a great character, now living, that he immediately ſent to the editors of the Evangelical Magazine the following letter.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for the laſt month I obſerved an anecdote of my late venerable rector, Mr. Romaine, which, had it been true,

the hand of one preſent at the interview, was ſimply this. A little while before the death of Mr.

true, I was at a loſs to account for the reaſons of its inſertion. If meant as a compliment, it has generally been underſtood as a reflection; while it caſts an undeſerved odium alſo on two characters that are very worthily reſpected. But as the ſtatement which has appeared is altogether erroneous, I have no doubt but you will be ready to counteract the effect which it has produced by publiſhing the circumſtances, as I received them from unqueſtionable authority, not long after they took place. The Rev. Dr. G. and the Rev. Mr. J. were walking together in Cheapſide, when the ſight of Mr. Romaine at a diſtance gave riſe to the following converſation.

Mr. J. There is Mr. Romaine—Do you know him?

Dr. G. No. I have no perſonal acquaintance with him.

Mr. J. Does he know you perſonally?

Dr. G. I am not ſure that he does; have you any knowledge of him?

Mr. J. Yes. Some years ago we were very intimate, and he has been at my houſe ſome days together; I will ſpeak to him.

As Mr. Romaine came near, he was addreſſed by Mr. J. in this manner—How do you do, Mr. Romaine? I do not know whether you forget one William J. I do not forget you. To which Mr. Romaine replied, "No, nor my Maſter neither, I "hope." Without waiting for a reply, he croſſed the ſtreet, and paſſed on. In whatever way Mr. Romaine's anſwer be underſtood, it implies no ſuch reflection on Mr. J. as is ſo ſtrongly marked in the ſtatement you have given. I am rather inclined to think he meant it as a compliment, as I have heard him expreſs himſelf in terms of great reſpect, as to the perſon he then ſpoke to.

No idea of diſreſpect need be attached to his immediately paſſing from them, for it was what Mr. Romaine would frequently do to his moſt intimate friends, as he had almoſt as great an averſion to ſtop talking in the ſtreet, as in the church,

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Mr. Romaine, Mr. Jones and Dr. Gaſkin overtook him in Cheapſide, and Mr. Jones very good-naturedly propoſed ſpeaking to his old acquaintance, and on getting up to him, he ſaid, with a cheerful countenance, " Mr. Romaine, " I do not know whether you recollect one " William Jones, but I do know that I do " not forget you." To which Mr. Romaine made a laconic reply, which neither of the gentlemen diſtinctly heard, but the words impreſſed upon them at the moment were, " No, " nor my Maſter, I hope;" and true it is, that Mr. Romaine, after having made this anſwer, turned upon his heel, and croſſed the ſtreet,

in the latter of which he was ſo remarkable, and ſo worthy of imitation. I conceive, Sir, it is a juſtice due to all parties to inſert this, for the authenticity of which I am reſponſible.

I am yours,

Blackfriars, March 23, 1796. WILLIAM GOODE.

Why was not this letter inſerted, or at leaſt acknowledged? Should not a work, called " Evangelical," be careful to ſpeak evil of no man? Should it not, if it accuſe falſely, take the earlieſt opportunity of acknowledging its error? Is it fair to ſuppoſe that Mr. J's intimacy with Mr. Romaine ſhould have been diſcontinued from an idea that it would obſtruct his preferment in the world? Does not the character of Mr. J. as a ſcholar, a clergyman, and a chriſtian, ſtand too high to be ſoiled by a paragraph in the Evangelical Magazine? Or is it to be inferred, from the general tenor and tendency of his life and writings, that the Judge of quick and dead will deny him at the great day, and include him in that awful ſentence, " De- " part from me, I never knew you?"

leaving them not a little aſtoniſhed at this unexpected reception. It might be unexpected to them, but it was not an uncommon reception for Mr. Romaine to give in the ſtreet to his moſt intimate friends. He had a natural quickneſs, and ſometimes roughneſs in his manner, which were often miſtaken, when not meant, for anger and rudeneſs. He was ſeldom in the ſtreet, but upon buſineſs; and being intent upon his engagement, and as frugal of his time as he was prodigal of his labour, he ſeldom ſaluted any man by the way, neither was it his cuſtom to fall out by the way. It is probable that he meant to caſt no reflection upon his old friend, but to ſtir up his pure mind by way of remembrance, and to expreſs a chriſtian hope, that as he had recognized the ſervant, he had not forgotten his Lord and Maſter. Nor is it likely that he ſhould then treat one with contempt, with whom he had formerly lived in habits of friendſhip, and of whom he had always ſpoken to others with reſpect and affection. Mr. Jones could have had nothing in view but good will and good manners, and though he might have been hurt at this ſort of reception from an old acquaintance, there is no reaſon to think that he is now ill-affected towards him, or that he deſigned any other than an honourable mention of him, after his deceaſe, when he introduced his name into the life of Dr. Horne.

Juſt, however, as the compariſon may be between the ſpirit and ſucceſs of Dr. Jonathan Swift and Mr. William Romaine, the cauſes in which they were engaged will admit of no compariſon. Permiſſion to an individual to coin halfpence may be productive of miſchief, as injurious to trade, and as exciting to envy; but an attempt to naturalize the outcaſts of heaven, who have filled up the meaſure of their iniquities in crucifying their King, was an attempt againſt the laws and authority of the Moſt High, no leſs daring than that of the apoſtate Emperor to rebuild Jeruſalem. It was an attempt which proved the infidelity of the times in which it was made, for had Moſes and the prophets been conſulted, they had informed the world ages before, that the Jews ſhould be a proverb, an aſtoniſhment, and an hiſſing, among all nations, until their converſion to God, and their acknowledgment of that ſame Jeſus, whom their fathers crucified, as Lord and Chriſt. As no act of parliament can convert, ſo none can naturalize them. It is ſurpriſing that the fulfilment of the ſcriptures in the diſperſion and diſgrace of that extraordinary people has not more effect than it ſeems to have upon ſceptical minds. The veracity of the bible we cannot diſpute, but the contents of it we cannot receive, as long as we are influenced by the ſpirit of the world;

nor will arguments or facts convince us, when our vices and inclinations oppose them.

It has been the opinion of those who have been best acquainted with divine truth and human nature, that the enmity of the one against the other is not so much in the head as in the heart of man. The apostle indeed represents the heart as the seat of faith, and of infidelity; for as he tells us in one place, that "with the heart "man believeth unto righteousness," so he guards us in another against an "evil heart of "unbelief, in departing from the living God." I have been told (and I think by Mr. Romaine himself) that the late Rev. William Grimshaw, minister of Haworth, in Yorkshire, used to be much with Lady Huntingdon, when she was in that part of the world; and had frequent arguments with her son, the late Lord Huntingdon, upon the subject of religion. In one of them he said, "I perceive that your Lordship's quarrel "with religion is not in your head, but in your "heart." His Lordship was so affected with the remark, that he never encountered that antagonist again.

As this Mr. Grimshaw was an eminently pious and laborious clergyman* (perhaps the most so of his own or any time), so he was among the

* I am happy to hear that his life is coming before the public, from the pen of a well-known, a most able and useful writer.

particular friends of Mr. Romaine. Soon after his death, which happened in the year 1763, Mr. Romaine preached at Haworth. His text was that well chofen paffage, Acts xi. 23, "Who, when he came, and had feen the grace "of God, was glad, and exhorted them all that "with purpofe of heart they would cleave unto "the Lord." The diftrefs of the people for the lofs of fo valuable a man, and their anxiety about a fucceffor, were not to be defcribed. The fermon was ftriking and impreffive, and had the good effect of putting them upon fervent and united prayers for the continuance of their fpiritual privileges, and the event anfwered their utmoft wifhes. The clergyman who fucceeded was the Rev. John Richardfon, a perfon of an excellent fpirit, whofe views of divine truth were remarkably clear and evangelical, and whofe unaffected piety, and exemplary conduct, continued to be an ornament to the church of God, and a bleffing to that parifh, till the year 1791, when he was called to his everlafting reft *.

* We are indebted for this account to Mr. Whitaker, now of Ringway, in Cheffhire, who was born in the parifh of Haworth. "And though," fays he, "I did not hear Mr. "Romaine preach, and was too young to have made any "obfervations, yet I have often heard the people fpeak of it "with the greateft fatisfaction and thankfulnefs."

In

In February 1755 Mr. Romaine changed his condition by marrying Miſs Price, who now ſits as a widow to lament the loſs of a moſt faithful, affectionate, and attentive huſband; and to whom I take this opportunity of expreſſing my thanks for many authentic communications concerning him. Upon leaving his ſituation in St. George's, Hanover Square, or ſoon after, he became curate and morning preacher at St. Olave's, Southwark, upon which office he entered in the beginning of the year 1756, and continued in it to the year 1759; and to this congregation he dedicated his Sermon upon the parable of the dry bones in Ezekiel, preached in their church, and publiſhed at their deſire. He reſided the firſt year in the rectory houſe, and removed from hence into Walnut-tree Walk, Lambeth. Here he had a delightful retreat, in which he ſpent ſome of the happieſt of his years. A little garden, which he dreſſed, kept, and planted; and as he viewed the productions of it with faith, and received them with thankfulneſs, he converted it into another Eden. Here he received his friends, particularly ſerious candidates for orders, and his younger brethren in the miniſtry, admitting them to his early breakfaſts, and feeding them with knowledge and underſtanding. An interview of this ſort, with a clergyman now living, has been kindly communicated to me, and the following account of it drawn up by his own

own hand. " I breakfaſted one morning with Mr. Romaine, ſomewhere I think in Lambeth pariſh, but it is now many years ſince. On taking the bread prepared, which I thought good, he mentioned the circumſtance of the late Dr. John Fothergill's having in ſome caſes adviſed the not giving to ſick people, and eſpecially to weakly ailing children, preparations from London bread, on account of the too frequent adulteration it underwent previous to baking. I was then a young clergyman, and ſhall not eaſily forget the manner (for I ſtill feel the impreſſion) of his turning the ſubject to the miniſterial adminiſtration of the bread of life to the people. He touched very clearly and forcibly on a variety of modes by which the word of God was perverted, and the ill-leaven and other ingredients too often mixed with that heaven-imparted ſuſtenance, which was intended to be meat indeed; and this he did in ſuch familiar, eaſy, and yet pointed terms, and with that paternal benignity of look, as left me equally pleaſed, and, I truſt, improved by the interview. It rendered bread to me of more value, both as a ſupport and as a ſign. I have yet cauſe to thank him for the diſcuſſion it produced, and ſhall ever revere his memory for ſo well-timed and happy an alluſion.

" The ſame morning I remember well his mentioning it as in his opinion a fault, to preach cenſoriouſly,

riouſly, ſarcaſtically, or harſhly of brethren in the miniſtry, or of others, however remote from ourſelves in matters of ſentiment and perſuaſion. My friend, Mr. George Whitfield, ſaid he, one day told me very candidly, that there was a time in his life, when he thought he had never well cloſed a ſermon without a laſh at the fat, downy, doctors of the eſtabliſhment. At that period, ſaid he, I was not lean myſelf, though much ſlenderer than ſince. I went on, however, and ſeldom failed to touch pretty ſmartly upon the objects of my diſſatisfaction, till one day, getting up into the pulpit in Tottenham-court-road, I found the door apparently narrowed, and moved in obliquely. The idea then ſtruck me, that I was becoming, at leaſt in appearance, a downy doctor myſelf; and from that time I never more made the downy doctors a ſubject of caſtigation." He acted wiſely, finding it much more comfortable to himſelf, and more edifying to his hearers, to preach Chriſt, and let other things and other people alone.

Mr. Romaine, after he left the cure of St. Olave's, was morning preacher for near two years at St. Batholomew the Great, near Weſt Smithfield, and romoved from thence to Weſtminſter chapel, where he had the ſame office for ſix months, till the dean and chapter withdrew their patronage and protection from it, and refuſed him their nomination for a licence to preach

preach there. The place then fell into other hands, and Mr. Romaine, who was immovably attached to the eſtabliſhed church, reſigned that ſituation. Nor had he any ſtated employment in the church, excepting the lecture ſhip of St. Dunſtan's in the Weſt, till he was choſen to the rectory of Blackfriars in 1764, to which, owing to a diſpute about the election, that was ſettled in the court of chancery, he was not admitted till the year 1766.

During the time in which he had no ſettled employment in the morning, he preached charity ſermons in many churches in London—ſermons, which have been the means not only of ſpreading the goſpel, but of proving its efficacy; for whatever may be ignorantly ſaid againſt it as inimical to good works, more good has been done by it, and larger collections produced by the preaching of it, than by all the mere eſſays upon charity put together. He preached often likewiſe at the Lock Hoſpital upon the firſt inſtitution of that charity, and the building of the chapel. Being honoured alſo at Lambeth with the acquaintance of Archbiſhop Secker, he generally aſſiſted in the pariſh church upon the firſt day of the month, it being the cuſtom of that venerable prelate conſtantly to attend, and to adminiſter the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper.

In ſpeaking of him as a preacher, we ought not to omit his frequent appearances in that character

character before the univerſity of Oxford. He printed ſome of his diſcourſes delivered there, ſuch as thoſe upon the "Divine Legation of Moſes," upon "Jephthah's Vow," upon the "Sure Foundation," and upon "the Lord our Righteouſneſs." This latter he ſent to the preſs, as being the laſt which he was permitted to preach, the pulpit being refuſed him in conſequence of it, and he publiſhed it with the following dedication to the Vice Chancellor:

"*To the Rev. Dr. Randolph, Vice Chancellor of the Univerſity of Oxford, and Preſident of Corpus Chriſti College.*

"When I delivered theſe diſcourſes, I had no deſign to make them public; but I have been ſince compelled to it. I underſtand they gave great offence, eſpecially to you, and I was in conſequence thereof refuſed the univerſity pulpit. In juſtice, not to myſelf, for I deſire to be out of the queſtion, but to the great doctrine here treated of, namely the Righteouſneſs of the Lord Jeſus, as the only ground of our acceptance and juſtification before God the Father, I have ſent to the preſs what was delivered from the pulpit. I leave the friends of our church to judge, whether there be any thing herein advanced contrary to the ſcriptures, and to the doctrines of the reformation. If not, I am ſafe.

If

If there be, you are bound to make it appear. You have a good pen, and you have great leiſure; make uſe of them; and I hope and pray you may make uſe of them for your good and mine.

I am, with my conſtant and hearty prayers for the univerſity's proſperity,

Mr. Vice Chancellor,
Your humble ſervant in Chriſt,
WILLIAM ROMAINE."

While there is nothing in theſe ſermons that can impeach his character as a ſcholar, or as a divine, there is ſomething in the dedication prefixed to them, that does him great honor as a gentleman and a chriſtian. Whatever reaſons the univerſity had for ſo ſtigmatizing a man, upon whoſe lips they had formerly hung, charmed by his eloquence, and edified by his doctrine, it is plain that he took the handſomeſt leave of them. He ſeems to have departed from them as the apoſtles did "from the preſence of the council, "which commanded that they ſhould not ſpeak "in the name of Jeſus, rejoicing that they were "counted worthy to ſuffer ſhame for his name." Acts v. 41, 42.

That Mr. Romaine neither committed miſtakes, nor betrayed infirmities, is what no writer of his life will affirm; nor would any reader of it believe: this would be to affirm and believe that he was not a man. But of his ſteady and uniform

uniform attachment to the doctrines and diſcipline of the church of England, no doubt can be entertained. It was an attachment which yielded to no diſcouragements on the one hand, to no allurements on the other; for though preferment was withheld from him in England, it was held out to him in America, from whence the moſt preſſing invitations were ſent to him to accept of St. Paul's church in Philadelphia, with a ſalary of ſix hundred pounds a year; and theſe were ſeconded by the moſt urgent and repeated intreaties of his friend Mr. Whitfield, who conſidered him as perſecuted in one city, and therefore clearly called to go unto another. But Mr. Romaine loved his church and his king; and though he felt and profeſſed that affection for Mr. Whitfield which every lover of Jeſus Chriſt muſt feel for ſo able and faithful a preacher of his name, ſo uſeful an inſtrument in the hands of God of reviving the doctrines of the reformation in this country, yet he never could agree with him in any mode of propagating the truth itſelf, which he thought inconſiſtent with the line of conduct preſcribed to a clergyman. As to America, where epiſcopacy was never likely to be eſtabliſhed, nor monarchy to be long endured, it was a ſoil by no means genial to him; he expected therefore little from being tranſplanted into it; and he lived to ſee many, who had fled to it, as an Utopia of religion and liberty, return

return with no ſmall delight to old England again.

As a proof of his unalterable regard for this church and nation, he firſt printed in 1757, the year of his diſmiſſion from the univerſity pulpit, "An Earneſt Invitation to the Friends of the "Eſtabliſhed Church, to join with ſeveral of their "Brethren, Clergy and Laity, in London, in ſet-"ting apart one Hour of every Week for Prayer "and Supplication during theſe troubleſome "Times." After having mentioned the motives and calls to prayer, he proceeds to the matter of it, and invites us to "pray for the peace of our eſta-"bliſhed church, and for all orders and degrees of "its miniſters, beſeeching God to give them his "grace and heavenly benediction, that both by "their life and doctrine they may ſet forth his "glory, and ſet forward the ſalvation of all "men. And to the end there may never be "wanting ſuch perſons in the church, let us "pray for all ſeminaries of chriſtian education, "eſpecially for the two univerſities, &c." As a proof of his good wiſhes towards all chriſtian people, he adds, "May the God of love diſpoſe "us alſo to pray fervently for all the proteſtant "diſſenting congregations which love the Lord "Jeſus in ſincerity. May he ſhed that love "abroad in all our ſouls, which alone can "effectually free us from party ſpirit, &c." This ſame tract he reprinted in the year 1779,

and

and again in 1795, a few months before his death. And it is to be hoped that being dead, he will yet ſpeak in it to many, and excite them to the practice of what he there recommends. If any additional arguments are wanting to enforce this good work upon chriſtians, beſides thoſe in this uſeful little tract, they are to be found in a ſermon publiſhed at the ſame time with the firſt edition of it, entitled, "The "Duty of praying for Others." It was printed indeed without a name, but bore ſuch indubitable marks of Mr. Romaine's ſtyle and ſpirit, as to leave no doubt reſpecting its author, and indeed it may be ranked among the beſt of his writings.

That which he recommended to others, he practiſed himſelf, and found ſo much encouragement to pray always and not to faint, as to be induced a few years afterwards to ſend a circular letter to every ſerious clergyman, whom he knew, and whom he remembered at the throne of grace, inviting them to ſet apart one hour in the week for calling upon God; imploring his mercy upon the eſtabliſhed church, that he would revive his work in it, and ſend forth more labourers into this part of his harveſt. This letter will appear in the printed collection; but as it will bear a ſecond and a third reading, as the ſubject is important in itſelf, and handled by Mr. Romaine in his choiceſt manner, as it is a true ſpe-

cimen of his zealous affection in a good thing, as well as of his particular love to this church and nation, as it ſhews his knowledge of himſelf, and contains much godly experience, which may be uſeful to others; it is here inſerted, as forming no inconſiderable part of his hiſtory; and may all the benefits, that he wiſhed, be the fruits of its publication.

" *My dear brother in our precious Jeſus,*

" In the year 1756, a weekly hour of prayer was agreed upon by ſeveral religious clergy and laity, in order to humble ourſelves under the mighty hand of God, till he ſhould be pleaſed to put a ſtop to the calamities of that time. He did hear us, glory be to a prayer-hearing God, and he turned our ſupplications into praiſes. About that period it began to be laid very near my heart to pray earneſtly and often for the proſperity of our Sion, for which I never fail to make interceſſion in all my addreſſes to the throne of grace. But once a week, on Friday, I have what I call the clergy's litany. In which, after general petitions for the out-pouring of the Spirit upon all the miniſters of our church, I make mention by name of thoſe my fellow-labourers, whom God has highly honoured in making them faithful and uſeful in the miniſtry. As I go over their names, recommending them to the care, and their people to the bleſſing of our Glorious Head, it is my cuſtom to aſk particularly for them,

them, ſuch things as I know or hear they want. Your name has been long in my liſt, and you owe me many, many prayers, a lawful debt, which now upon demand, I hope you will repay me. I aſk it in juſtice due to myſelf. I intreat it for the glory of our common Lord, and for the advancement of his own cauſe and kingdom, and for your own ſoul's proſperity. O that I may write any thing to ſtir you up to pray, till you as far outſtrip me herein, as to make it a point of gratitude for me to pray more and more fervently for you. I will mention ſome of the motives which moved me to this practice, and ſome of the advantages which I have found in it, and I beg of the Lord to make them the means of inducing you to join with me in this delightful exerciſe of brotherly love.

" 1. One of the firſt things which put me upon it was the frequent uſe of the hour of prayer, mentioned above. We are called upon in ſcripture to make ſupplications, prayers, interceſſions, and giving of thanks for all men; and we are very often exhorted to pray for the houſhold of faith, and more particularly for the miniſters of it, agreed together in this land to worſhip the ſame Lord in the ſame outward eſtabliſhment, to which you and I are very cloſely connected, both in profeſſion and principle. To us, as miniſters, the command ſhould be of great force —" Pray for the peace of Jeruſalem"—This peace

peace depends upon the Lord's ſending and bleſſing his ambaſſadors of peace. They are his miniſters attending continually for this very thing. He raiſes them up, he fits them for the advancement of it; he proſpers them for the ſake of the proſperity of his church, as he ſays, " I will " clothe the prieſts in Zion with ſalvation, and " then her ſaints ſhall ſhout aloud for joy." For this reaſon we find St. Paul in all his epiſtles deſiring to be prayed for—" Pray for us"—for grace, for gifts, for ſucceſs. He puts the churches upon aſking what their miniſters wanted. Although God has promiſed it, yet he will be intreated for it. The prayer of faith never returns without a bleſſing, which I have remarked again and again to the praiſe of him who ſays, " Aſk, and ye ſhall have," and this has been a

" 2. Second argument very powerful with me. The command given to pray for the peace of Jeruſalem has a promiſe—" They ſhall proſper " that love thee."—This has been fulfilled. I have ſeen manifeſt ſenſible anſwers to this prayer ---clear diſplays of the faithfulneſs of the promiſemaker. He has vouchſafed to give the deſired mercy---not for the merits of our prayers, but for the ſake of his own great Name. He put it into our hearts to ſee what his church wanted, to aſk the ſupply of him, and now having received it, to aſcribe all the glory to his grace---" Worthy

" is

" is the Lamb." His kindneſs hitherto is a mighty encouragement to go on, and is a

" 3. Motive for me to perſevere, and for you to join with me. He ſays when the work is great and the miniſters but few---" Pray ye the Lord " of the harveſt, that he would ſend forth la- " bourers into his harveſt field." This was our warrant to aſk, and aſking in faith according to his will, we had confidence in him that he would hear and anſwer ; and he has been as good as his word ; we have tried it, and found it cannot be broken. For theſe laſt eleven years we have been praying for more labourers, and every year he has ſent forth ſome more. O that he may give the word, and greater ſtill may be the company of the preachers. Have we not all the reaſon in the world to expect it ? The promiſe ſtands ſure---his hand is not ſhortened---his love is not abated---prayer has not loſt its efficacy with him to engage his love and power to fulfil the promiſe. Doubtleſs more, more labourers ſhall be ſent out, if more of us join in fervent prayers, nothing wavering. While we continue to pray, he will continue to anſwer. This is fixt as the throne of God---" I will not ſuffer my " faithfulneſs to fail." O how has my dependance on his unalterable word been ſtrengthened, by ſeeing it ſo conſtantly fulfilled ; and how has my attachment increaſed to our eſtabliſhed church, by his raiſing up more miniſters among

us! Indeed he owns our eſtabliſhment at this day; and thereby he encourages us to pray on; and if we do, we may hope to ſee greater things than theſe. May you and I find reaſon to be aſking the enlargement of Chriſt's kingdom in our land, until he remove us into his kingdom of praiſe.

" 4. Theſe arguments are continually enforced by the conſtraining love of Jeſus, which keeps the ſoul in a good frame to pray for the advancement of his honor and glory. While I find a warm heart to him, I cannot help wiſhing that others may be won over to the love of him. To ſet him forth, that they may behold his matchleſs glory, is our office. Every goſpel miniſter is raiſed up to ſound aloud the praiſes of the wonderful perſon, and of the infinitely perfect work of the divine Saviour, in whom all the perfections of the Godhead ſhine out in the richeſt diſplay of their beauty, love and power. The goſpel-miniſtry was ordained for this purpoſe, and it is bleſſed to this day to the hearts of poor ſinners, by bringing them to ſee, to admire, and to enjoy the love of the Father through the ſalvation of the Son, by the grace of the Spirit. This is the miniſtration, which exceedeth in glory. O what an honor is it that we ſhould be called to partake of theſe bleſſings ourſelves, and that by our means the Lord would, and does, convey them to our people. The ſenſe of this

is conſtraining. Under the influence of it we cannot but pray for his miniſters, that they may ſpread his goſpel, and advance his fame. O, for more love to this precious Jeſus! and to his cauſe in your heart, it will be as a thouſand arguments to put you upon praying for an increaſe of labourers, and an increaſe of uſefulneſs in thoſe he has already ſent out: and, if you do pray thus, and continue to pray, it will be the moſt likely means of your experiencing more of his love, for he cannot alter the word that is gone out of his mouth. His promiſe to them that pray for the peace of Jeruſalem is, "They ſhall proſper who "love thee," which is a

"Fifth encouragement. It is good for our own ſouls. They proſper by it; while we are concerned for the honor of Jeſus, for the advancement of his goſpel, we are taking the beſt care we can of our own intereſt. The ſoul that watereth others, ſhall be watered itſelf; ſo it proſpers. The prayer for bleſſings on our fellow-labourers brings a ſhower of bleſſings into our own boſom. I ſhould be very unthankful, yea, beyond meaſure, if I did not acknowledge it. I have not prayed in vain for theſe eleven years. No. I have indeed proſpered, and have received many mercies; ſome I will mention, not to ſet myſelf up for any thing, who am the very ſink of hell, and feel in me to this moment indwelling corruptions enough to damn a thouſand worlds; but I men-

tion them to the glory of ſovereign grace. There is in every one of us a deſire to be great and eſteemed, a bitter root of pride, which works in abundance of vile tempers, all diſhonorable to Jeſus, and hurtful to our own ſouls; I have found this praying for my dear brethren, and always by name, has given many a blow at that bitter root, and has checked ſeveral of its branches, ſuch as envy at their ſucceſs, ſhyneſs to their perſons, an evil eye at their gifts or their graces. That party ſpirit, under the bondage of which, no one ever laboured more than myſelf, has been in a good degree conquered; and ſo has the unwillingneſs to bear reproof, very hard to bear: and the will given to be thought leſs than the leaſt, the ſole work of almighty grace. And I aſcribe it to my conſtantly praying for God's miniſters, that he has enabled me in any degree not only to get the better of thoſe vile tempers, but alſo to grow in brotherly love. I find my heart knit to thoſe I never ſaw, and am glad of their proſperity in mind, body, or eſtate. My very ſoul rejoices in any good in them, or good done by them. Their preſent number (may the Lord add to them an hundred fold), their being almoſt of one mind, and of one heart, their growth in grace, their uſefulneſs among their own people, and their writings for the public benefit; theſe are become ſweet ſubjects of thankfulneſs. My prayers are more in faith

becauſe I reap the fruit of them, and can join praiſe with them. To every petition I can ſay, thanks be to the Lord; I have good encouragement to pray on. Every year I ſee our Jeruſalem proſper, and they alſo proſper that love it. Are not theſe great advantages, and are they not ſufficient to induce you to join your prayers with mine? As for me, God forbid, my dear brother, that I ſhould ceaſe to pray for you.—May the Lord the Spirit put it into your heart to pray for me, and for the reſt of our fellow-labourers, until you find more advantages from your prayers than I have done. If you weigh theſe things with attention, and God incline you to join us in prayer, there is a ſcripture which warrants this, and which contains ſome gracious promiſes to the practice of it; the conſideration of it has been with me a

Sixth motive. It is in Matt. xviii. 19, 20. "Again I ſay unto you, that if two of you "ſhall agree on earth"—We do agree to meet together in one place.—Where is there a better than the throne of grace? We do agree touching the thing we are to aſk, namely, the bleſſing of him that ſitteth upon the throne on his own miniſters. What can be more pleaſing to him, than to wiſh them well, to whom he has done ſo well, as to call them to, fit them for, and proſper them in, his work? O it is not to be deſcribed nor conceived, how his heart is ſet upon this.

To

To ſend out miniſters to promote his glory through the ſalvation of his people, is the ruling affection in the head of the church; and when he intends to ſend them out, he gives his people the ſpirit of prayer, to deſire of him paſtors after his own heart, and to encourage them to aſk, he promiſes, "Whatſoever ye aſk, ſhall be done "for you of my Father, who is in heaven: for "the Father himſelf loveth you, and will give "you whatſoever you aſk in my name: And "when any two of you agree to pray for more "labourers, or for greater uſefulneſs in them "who do labour in the word and doctrine, I "will then be in the midſt of you, ſpiritually "preſent, that you may have communion with "me in prayer, and that you may be ſatisfied I "do hear, and will anſwer." How inviting, how perſuaſive are theſe words! ſurely they ought powerfully to influence you and me. What may we not expect from meeting often in the preſence of Jeſus? Try, my dear brother. Be much in his company, and ſee what will come of it. Your heart will certainly be more knit to him, and he will knit you cloſer to his other miniſters in the unity of the Spirit. He will bring us to be of the ſame mind in the Lord. This is the three-fold cord which is not quickly broken, becauſe it is a bond of the Lord's own making, and of the Lord's own keeping. He maintains it, and he ties it cloſer

by

by giving us ſweet fellowſhip in one another's prayers, and by enabling us to act and live, according as we pray, for the good of our brethren. Thus he makes it appear, that we are taught of God to love one another, for he only can teach us to love unfeignedly, and with a pure heart fervently. This is the moſt bleſſed union upon earth, becauſe it flows from our being one with Chriſt, and proves that we hold the head, and are under him as living members in his body united together, having the ſame care one for another.—Hereby we know what the communion of ſaints is—we experience, and we rejoice in its bleſſings. O how will this ſtrengthen the hands of each other—it will make us mighty through our God to do our work, to endure hardſhip, to fight our battles, yea, to the many antichriſts of this our day, we ſhall become terrible, like an army with banners. May the Lord make you a good ſoldier in this noble army; and he will, if you will join with us. Your prayers will not return void into your own boſom. No, no. Every prayer for your brethren will bring down a bleſſing upon yourſelf, and you will find more arguments daily than I have room to mention. Only one thing more I muſt take notice of, which is my

"Seventh Motive, namely, the preſent neceſſity. Look round the iſland—examine the ſtate of it.

You

You cannot help ſeeing how things are going on. The proſpect is alarming. Our national ſins had been long crying aloud for vengeance, but the long-ſuffering of our God has withheld it; and to leave us, as a people, without excuſe, he ſent mercy inſtead of judgment. He revived his work—raiſed up miniſters—ſent them in his name to proclaim his grace in Jeſus, and to call ſinners to repentance. What has been the effect? O guilt, beyond that of Sodom and Gomorrah! The goſpel is rejected. This one ſin is filling up the meaſure of our iniquity faſt. Judgment ſlumbereth not. It is abroad. The ſtorm is gathering. A dark black cloud is hanging over us. It has not burſt yet, but God knows how ſoon it may. If it ſhould, what have we not to fear? The ſcripture character of the latter days is now fulfilled. We are in the dregs of time. The damnable hereſies, as foretold, are brought in. Atheiſm, infidelity, and their poiſonous fruits, harbingers of the great day, do abound, and ſecurity marks it to be near at hand. Thanks be to God there is a little light breaking through this diſmal cloud, which affords us a ray of hope. Jeſus has not left himſelf without witneſs. He has ſtill a cauſe, and miniſters to plead it, in our land. But how few are they? Bleſſed be God for any. He, who ſent them, can ſend more, and he bids us pray for more. What he bids, the times preſs

and

and enforce upon us. When was there, when can there be, greater need? Does not every thing precious in time and in eternity call upon us to pray for one another, and to pray, that the Lord may add to our number daily? Is not his glory blaſphemed openly, his mercy abuſed, his goſpel rejected, and therefore are not public and private virtues neglected, yea, deſpiſed? What can ſtop the deſerved ruin? Only God, and he only in the way of his own appointment. The goſpel is his ſaving ordinance, and miniſters are the means which he uſes to make the goſpel the power of God unto ſalvation. O let us pray then for more of them. To this let the love of dear Jeſus conſtrain us—the love of our king—and of our country—the love of our religious and civil liberties—the love of our families and children—the love of our own ſouls, and of our pariſhioners. O that God may put it into your heart by theſe, or any other motives, to join with us in praying him to ſend for more labourers into his harveſt Amen, Amen, ſay I. Let all that love the Lord Jeſus in ſincerity ſay, Amen.

" My dear brother, if God ſhould incline your heart to this work and labour of love, there are two things earneſtly recommended to you; the

" Firſt is to meet us at a ſet hour; that we may agree in our joint prayers, and may have the divine promiſe to depend upon for the bleſſing we aſk.

aſk. We have for ſome time met every Friday at noon, but it has been found inconvenient; and by conſent it is now fixed from nine o'clock on Friday morning to ten. You will then meet a great deal of good company at our court—ſeveral dear miniſters and fellow-labourers round the throne, beſieging it with their prayers for each other, and for the increaſe of their number. Whatever be the general iſſue, it will be well with us ſupplicants. Our labour will not be in vain in the Lord. If our prayers do not remove the affliction of Joſeph, yet we grieving for it have a promiſe of ſafety, when that affliction comes to be deſtructive, as you may read at large in Ezekiel, chap. ix. A

" Second thing is deſired of you, namely, that you would pray for the brethren by name. This is not a trifling matter. Indeed it is not. Make trial of it, and you will find more advantages in it than I have mentioned above. It has been exceeding profitable to my own ſoul for ſeveral years, and I doubt not but experience will make it ſo to yours.

" I leave all that I have ſaid in the Lord's hand, that he may apply it to you, as ſeemeth him good. Whether you join with us or not, I will not ceaſe to pray for you and yours, that the work of the Lord may proſper in you and by you. Only remember the time is ſhort. The work is great. The Lord God bleſs you in it,

that

that his harveſt may be got in ſoon, and his labourers may go to reſt. In this happy number may you and I be found. When our prayers are over may we continue our praiſes to Father, Son, and Spirit, three perſons in one Godhead, to whom we ſhall be giving equal glory, worſhip, and thanks, through a long bleſſed ſabbath. Hallelujah. Amen."

Such an epiſtle will bear, and indeed it requires, frequent reading. The buſineſs recommended in it ſhould not be forgotten. A liſt might be circulated every year of ſuch as call upon the Lord in every place, and labour in his word and doctrine. To their names might be added any particular circumſtances, which call for praiſe or prayer. And an hour, or more, might be well ſpent in making mention of each ſeverally before God, without vain repetitions. An anniverſary ſermon might be preached, giving a ſhort account of the progreſs of the goſpel in the kingdom, and publiſhed, as a hiſtory of the church, for the benefit of the preſent and future generations. It was Mr. Romaine's cuſtom to preach a ſermon of this ſort every year upon the ſecond day of March, being the day of his election to the living of Blackfriars. " In one " of theſe diſcourſes he mentioned that himſelf " and three others agreed to ſpend one hour in " the week, at a ſtated time, in prayer for the " revival

" revival of the power of godlineſs in the eſta-
" bliſhed church*." What an increaſe did he live to ſee! from units to hundreds! And what encouragement did he hold out to the miniſters and people of God, to devote a ſmall portion of their time to prayer, ſupplication, interceſſion, and giving of thanks, for the extenſion of the kingdom of Jeſus Chriſt! for the revival of that work of the Lord which ſhall ſtand for ever in a people whom he forms for himſelf, and of whom it may be obſerved, that in proportion as they are formed for the Lord in the next world, they are formed for good in the preſent one; the increaſe of them therefore is a great public concern.

We have now followed the object of theſe memoirs through ſome of the changes and chances of this mortal life, as well as through ſome of the trials and tribulations of the chriſtian life, to his final ſettlement as to this world in the rectory of St. Andrew, Wardrobe, and St. Ann's, Blackfriars. Nor were the leadings of Providence leſs wonderful in this circumſtance of his life, than they had been in moſt of the preceding ones. The right of preſentation to this living is veſted in the crown and in the pariſhioners alternately. Mr. Romaine's predeceſſor was Mr.

* See Memoir of the late Rev. William Romaine, in the Evangelical Magazine for November 1795, p. 449.

Henley,

Henley, a nephew of the then lord chancellor Henley. He enjoyed this preferment only about ſix years and a half, and died young of a putrid fever, in conſequence of viſiting one of his pariſhioners in that diſorder. He was a man of an excellent ſpirit, and of great piety, and promiſed to be very uſeful in the church; but it pleaſed God to remove him, and to incline the hearts of ſome in the pariſh, upon his deceaſe, to propoſe Mr. Romaine as his ſucceſſor. This was done without Mr. Romaine's knowledge or conſent: the firſt intimation which he received of it was from a newſpaper, which he took up by accident, when upon a journey. His friends, who firſt ſtarted the idea of nominating him as a candidate for the living, entertained little or no hopes of ſucceſs; but, upon ſounding their fellow-pariſhioners, they found that at leaſt two thirds of them were in his favour. In order to check their progreſs, a rumour was ſpread that he was above ſoliciting their votes and intereſt. But upon the day being fixed for each candidate to preach his probation ſermon, Mr. Romaine was appriſed of it, came immediately to London, and made his appearance among them. The day appointed for his preaching was the thirtieth of September 1764, upon which occaſion many abſented themſelves who had been in the habits of hearing him, leſt they ſhould crowd the church, and occupy the ſeats of the inhabitants;

bitants; and, by giving them offence, throw obſtacles in the way of his election. The ſermon, which he preached upon this occaſion, does him infinite honour as a chriſtian preacher, and an honeſt man. It contains the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as it is in Jeſus, with a very plain and cloſe application of it to each particular hearer. He thought fit to aſſign his reaſons in it for not having behaved towards them in the common way of ſoliciting their favour. "Some have inſinuated that it "was from pride that I would not go about the "pariſh from houſe to houſe, canvaſſing for "votes; but truly it was another motive. I "could not ſee how this could promote the "glory of God. How can it be for the honour "of Jeſus, that his miniſters, who have re-"nounced fame, and riches, and eaſe, ſhould "be moſt anxious and earneſt in the purſuit of "thoſe very things which they have renounced? "Surely this would be getting into a worldly ſpi-"rit, as much as the ſpirit of parliamenteering. "And as this method of canvaſſing can not be for "Jeſus's ſake, ſo neither is it for our honour: it is "far beneath our function: nor is it for your profit. "What good is it to your ſouls? what compli-"ment to your underſtandings? what advantage "to you in any ſhape, to be directed and applied "to by every perſon, with whom you have any "con-

" connexion, or on whom you have any depen-
" dence? Is not this depriving you of the free-
" dom of your choice? Determined by theſe
" motives, when my friends of their own accord
" put me up as a candidate, to whom I have to
" this hour made no application, directly or in-
" directly, I left you to yourſelves. If you
" chooſe me, I deſire to be your ſervant for
" Jeſus's ſake; and if you do not, the will of
" the Lord be done."

This ſermon operated greatly in his favour; it was well received by the pariſhioners, and publiſhed at their requeſt.

There were two other candidates for the living beſides himſelf, and a ſcrutiny was demanded in favour of each at the cloſe of the firſt day's poll. This ſcrutiny was entered into, but produced no deciſion, the proper qualifications not being ſettled which entitled an inhabitant to vote at the election of a rector. A ſecond election was agreed upon by the friends of the ſeveral candidates, which ended in favour of Mr. Romaine, who had a great majority of votes, and was declared duly elected. But this did not ſatisfy the other candidates; each put in his claim, and the buſineſs was tranſferred into the court of chancery. It continued there for more than a year, and, in the end of January or beginning of February 1766, a decree was given by lord chancellor Henley in favour of Mr. Romaine.

maine. He was inſtituted and inducted accordingly, but was obſerved to tremble much during the whole ceremony of his admiſſion. His feelings have been expreſſed by himſelf in a letter which he wrote upon the deciſion in chancery. "My friends are rejoicing all around me, and "wiſhing me that joy which I cannot take. It "is my Maſter's will, and I ſubmit. He knows "what is beſt both for his own glory, and his "people's good; and I am certain he makes no "miſtakes in either of theſe points. But my "head hangs down upon the occaſion, through "the awful apprehenſions which I ever had of "the cure of ſouls. I am frightened to think "of watching over two or three thouſand, when "it is work enough to watch over one. The "plague of my own heart almoſt wearies me "to death; what can I do with ſo vaſt a number?"

Such were the methods by which he obtained the living of Blackfriars, and ſuch the views with which he entered upon it. His aims were directed to the glory of God, the profit of his pariſhioners, and the edification of the church in general. They cannot be better repreſented than they have been by himſelf in two letters kindly communicated by a reſpectable clergyman, to whom he gave a title for orders the year after his admiſſion to the church of Blackfriars. As theſe letters are not to make a part of the printed

printed collection, they are here reſcued from oblivion; and ſuch parts of them produced, as expreſs the writer's ideas of his own ſituation, as well as of the duties incumbent upon a perſon who is offering himſelf a candidate for holy orders. The expreſſions alluded to are the following—" In this whole affair I have deſired ſimply to follow what was right, and to aim at the divine glory; and if I know my own heart, (which is not eaſily known) my eye is ſingle in your coming to me. I deſire your good, and not mine own; your being with me may be the means of much edification to your own ſoul, and may tend greatly to your future uſefulneſs. I would have my church a nurſery, where ſuch as you may grow, till you are fit to be planted out, and when fit, I would not keep you a day, but rather uſe my intereſt to provide ſome preferment for you. This is my plan, my title, and my pulpit, and what I have in conſequence of the Lord's ſending me to Blackfriars. I have them for the Lord, and I beg grace of him that I may employ them ſo as ſhall be moſt for his glory. I ſhall receive you on this footing when you come. May the Lord the Spirit unite your heart to me as mine is to you, and may we be taught of God to love one another.

" I hope you will not forget me in your addreſſes to the throne of grace, and if I may give my advice, it is needful for you at preſent to be much in prayer for theſe graces.

" Firſt, for the right knowledge of yourſelf—
" your vileneſs.

" Secondly, for the right knowledge of Jeſus—his glory.

" Thirdly, for a ſingle eye to his glory in your taking upon you to be his miniſter and ſervant in holy things. Fourthly, for a love to ſouls; when you know much of his love in ſaving your ſoul, that will make you labour much for Jeſus, in trying to ſet forward the ſalvation of others. And, laſtly, you ſhould beg of God, and be always begging as long as you live, for an entire dependance upon the Lord to bleſs you in his work. We toil all night and day, and catch nothing, till the Lord bleſs the goſpel net. The Lord bleſs it in you and by you, ſo prays your real friend and ſervant,

WILLIAM ROMAINE."

Lambeth, Auguſt 4, 1767,

This ſame gentleman expected to have been ordained upon Trinity Sunday, but was diſappointed. He gained by this loſs a ſecond letter from his friend Mr. Romaine, equally expreſſive with the firſt of his views of the chriſtian miniſtry.

" *Dear, Mr.*——

" It was not without good reaſon that the Lord would not ſuffer you to be ordained laſt Trinity. He had much to teach you in theſe months, and I hope you have been a good ſcholar. He wanted to teach you your abſolute unfit-

unfitneſs for the work of the miniſtry, and thereby to bring you to an entire dependance upon him. You cannot love the work, nor be ſucceſsful in it, nor, upon ſucceeding, give Him all the glory, but through his grace. He laid you by a little to make you more perfect in this leſſon. It is very hard to learn, for I am ſtill at it every day, and get but little ground. Self, proud ſelf is ſuch a dull ſcholar, and has ſuch a bad memory, that though I am ſatisfied to-day Chriſt muſt do all for me, and all in me, and all by me too, yet I ſoon forget, and ſoon want to be ſomething in the work myſelf; but I do know, and, bleſſed be the name of Jeſus, I do experience that his grace is ſufficient for me; chiefly in the pulling down of my pride, and in making me willing to be nothing, that Chriſt may be ALL. May he pour out upon you and me more of his Spirit, to lay ſelf very low, and to exalt the Saviour."

Theſe letters ſpeak for themſelves, being the language of a perſon who had determined to know nothing among his people, but Jeſus Chriſt and him crucified. A determination which being generally made in the Spirit, is generally purſued with ſteadineſs; at leaſt it was in the inſtance before us unto the end of his life.

He entered upon his living not only in the faith and patience of Jeſus Chriſt, but alſo with

a decided preference to the church of England, in which he was called to preach his name. He therefore adhered to her diſcipline, and explained her doctrines, with a view to enforce upon his hearers conformity to both, and a regular continuance in her communion. In purſuance of this plan, he declared his intention of preaching a courſe of ſermons upon the thirty-nine articles of religion, and in the proceſs of this ſervice he received from his pariſhioners the following petition.

" *To the Rev. William Romaine, Rector of the united Pariſhes of St. Andrew by the Wardrobe, and St. Ann, Blackfriars.*

" *Reverend Sir,*

" As you have been pleaſed to intimate an intention of preaching a courſe of ſermons upon the thirty-nine articles of the church of England, and have actually proceeded in a manner that has given general ſatisfaction—We, the churchwardens, pariſhioners, and inhabitants of the above-mentioned pariſhes, whoſe names are hereunto ſubſcribed, reflecting how many chriſtians are unhappily deprived of reaping any benefit from them, owing to their being confined within the narrow limits of a ſingle church, do, for the intereſt of religion in general, and for our benefit in particular, join in requeſting you (if agreeable to yourſelf) to print and publiſh

liſh the ſame; and we are the more prompted to make this requeſt, as we are informed that there is no work of the kind now extant.

John Whinn	R. Packer
Roger Butcher	I. Hutchins
Thomas Hunter, Sen.	William Cock
James Hudſon	Henry Adlidge
William Slade	William Mountague
John Edrington	John Wilkinſon
Harman Samler	John Righton
Richard Smedley	John Hore
Thomas Hunter, Jun.	Richard Hudſon
Ann Rodbard	M. Ramſey
William Trickets	John Griffiths
John Holton	Of. Olney
Henry Collins	W. Box
John Biddle	John Mullis
Ann Wells	Samuel Thomas."

This petition was found among Mr. Romaine's papers, but the requeſt contained in it was not complied with.

Nor was he leſs attentive to the temporal than to the ſpiritual concerns of his ſituation. He found the parſonage houſe wholly unfit for the reſidence of a paſtor, it having been turned into warehouſes, and being wholly out of repair. He took down the old premiſes, and built a handſome rectory-houſe cloſe to the church, for himſelf and his poſterity. The church alſo, when he took poſſeſſion of the living, was ſurrounded with a dead wall, and the avenues leading to it

very narrow. His parishioners, with whom he lived from the first in peace and harmony, were prevailed upon to repair the church, and to erect a gallery at the west end of it for the accommodation of his numerous hearers, to pull down the high wall that inclosed it, so as to give it light and air, and to make all the avenues to it wide and commodious; by which means it is become one of the best places of worship in London. Mr. Romaine, who never asked any favour for himself, but always acknowledged the smallest, solicited his friends that attended the church to present the united parishes with a token of their gratitude. This request was cheerfully complied with, and the sum collected towards defraying the expences of erecting the gallery, and other improvements, amounted to five hundred pounds, which the parishes have handsomely acknowledged by an inscription over the west door*.

* This Church was repaired and beautified Anno Dom: 1774, at the expence of the united Parishes, and the generous contribution of the congregation.

The Rev. William Romaine, M. A. Rector

of St. Andrew by the Wardrobe	of St. Ann's Blackfriars
Charles Griffiths	John Holton
Thomas Cook	John Davis

Church-wardens.

Love as Brethren.

Whilst

Whilſt he promoted the improvement of the Lord's houſe, he laboured much to obtain decent behaviour in thoſe who came there to worſhip. He too juſtly complained of that which with all his influence he was ſcarce able to remedy, the diſguſting and irreverent cuſtom of coming into church during the time of ſervice—as if confeſſion of ſin—the praiſes of God in his own pſalms—the reading of his will in his own word—and prayers founded upon the ſcriptures, and extracted from them, were a mere nothing: or as if we were to aſſemble ourſelves together for no other purpoſe than juſt to hear a ſermon. Whatever excuſes may be made for ſuch conduct upon a week day, none can be made for it upon the Lord's day, the great buſineſs of which is his public worſhip, and of courſe our gathering together in places where he has choſen to put his name. If our place of reſidence is at a diſtance from our place of worſhip, we ſhould act in this caſe as we do in every other, and conſider that the further we have to go, the ſooner we ſhould ſet out. If we are to go to market, or on a journey, or on any worldly buſineſs or pleaſure, we can riſe, we can dreſs, we can ſet out in time, and think an apology neceſſary if we are not punctual: but, as to church, it ſeems a matter of perfect indifference, when we go, or whether we go there at all. But why are we more diligent in things which are temporal, than in thoſe which are eternal? Why do we pre-

ſume to inſult the Creator, in a way in which we would not inſult a fellow-creature? How can we expect a bleſſing from one part of the ſervice, when we have deſpiſed and neglected the other; or indeed, how can we expect a bleſſing from any part, unleſs we have ſeriouſly and devoutly attended the whole?

There is alſo another cuſtom too prevalent in and about places of public worſhip, which was peculiarly offenſive to Mr. Romaine, and which was often reproved by him in more ways than one. The cuſtom alluded to is that of people's converſing together either in the church, or churchyard, in a veſtry, or in a board-room, as ſoon as the ſervice is over. He not only ſpoke againſt ſuch converſations from the pulpit, but frequently interrupted them, when he came out, by tapping the ſhoulders of thoſe who were engaged in them; and once, if not oftener, by knocking their heads together, when he found them particularly cloſe, and whiſpering in their ears, that they had forgot the "parable of the "ſower." He himſelf ſtudiouſly avoided every thing of the kind, being always in church ſome time before ſervice began, and retiring from it to his own houſe as ſoon as the ſervice was over, without ever ſpeaking a word, except to his curate, his clerk, or pariſh officers, upon neceſſary buſineſs in the veſtry. A woman, it is ſaid, once ſaluted him, as he came down the pulpit ſtairs, by telling him, that "he had been greater

"that

" that night than ever." And he anſwered her by ſaying, that " the devil had told him ſo " before he left the pulpit." If Mr. Romaine uttered theſe words, he took them out of the mouth of the celebrated John Bunyan, who is ſuppoſed to have been their original author, and to have uttered them upon a ſimilar occaſion. The zeal of the good woman, which provoked this ſaying, ſeems to have been ſomewhat like that of another in the company of our Lord, who cried out to him, " Bleſſed is the womb " that bare thee, and the paps which thou haſt " ſucked." And the anſwer of the ſervants might have been given in the ſpirit of their Maſter, " Yea, rather bleſſed are they that " hear the word of God and keep it*." Theſe certainly are the great ends for which we aſſemble together, and were they kept always in view, they would regulate our behaviour in the uſe of the means which lead to them.

Mr. Romaine was a great benefactor to his pariſhes in another reſpect, and that is, as a promoter of charity. There was ſeldom any occa-

* We cannot but admire the meekneſs and gentleneſs of Chriſt, as they were entirely free from that roughneſs and ſeverity which often cleave to the expreſſions of the beſt chriſtians. He does not treat this woman as though ſhe was a meſſenger of Satan, ſent either to flatter or to buffet him, but adviſes her to get more from his company than a mere tranſient impreſſion, which might be ſoon effaced without producing its effects in her religious conduct.

ſion

ſion of diſtreſs on which he did not call upon his hearers to contribute to the relief of the ſufferers; and the ſum raiſed was generally proportionate to the motive urged, viz. the love of Chriſt conſtraining himſelf and thoſe that heard him. The annual collections for the ſchools in the ward, and the poor of the pariſh, made in the church, at the weekly ſacraments, which he inſtituted, and after the charity ſermons, which he preached, amounted on an average to three hundred pounds a year. On his firſt coming to the living the pew-openers employed in the church were two in number; when he died, they were increaſed to eight, and each capable of getting a comfortable livelihood from what was given them by the congregation, without any aſſiſtance from the pariſh. When the dreadful fire happened in Blackfriars in the year 1793, by which a number of houſes were conſumed that had a poor family in each ſtory, Mr. Romaine was an eye-witneſs to the diſtreſſing ſcene. He called upon one of his pariſhioners at half paſt three in the morning during the time of the fire, and again at nine o'clock, anxious to know what could be done for the poor ſufferers. He commiſſioned his friend to give them ſomething for their immediate relief; and accordingly two guineas were given to each ſufferer, to the amount of about ninety guineas in the whole. Mr. Romaine made himſelf reſponſible for this ſum, and

on

on the mornings of the Sunday and Tuesday following he pleaded from the pulpit for his poor parishioners, who had been burnt out of their houses, and lost their all. The sum raised upon this occasion, added to a donation of fifty pounds from his Royal Highness the Duke of York, amounted to upwards of three hundred pounds, which, together with a collection made by the inhabitants of Ludgate-hill, enabled Mr. Romaine to distribute to the poor sufferers from ten to eighteen pounds a piece. He was no less zealous for every good work which came in his way. When the clergy were called upon to collect in their respective parishes for the French emigrants, he was not a whit behind the chiefest of them in this business; for which he had the honour of being noticed in an anonymous pamphlet; as if to relieve the distresses of a papist was to encourage the errors of popery. We may surely, and ought to separate the mistakes from the miseries of any man; not perhaps as causes and effects, but as to their respective influences upon our minds. We may be guarded against the one, without being hardened against the other. We may remember how the papists persecuted us in times past, but we have protested against them to very little purpose, unless we have learned to "love our enemies, to "bless them that curse us, and to pray for them "who despitefully use us and persecute us."

And

And I cannot but think, that the aſylum afforded them in this country, in their preſent diſtreſs, is to be ranked among the many acts of benevolence which reflect infinite honour upon the Engliſh nation.

There are many alſo of the public charities which have loſt a great friend and benefactor in Mr. Romaine. None will miſs him more than the Royal Humane Society. From a conviction of the uſefulneſs of this inſtitution, he preached a voluntary ſermon for them at Blackfriars, in the year 1777. He obſerved, that not only the lives, but the ſouls of ſome of his pariſhioners had been ſaved by the means of it; that their miraculous recovery made them ſerious; that their ſerioufneſs brought them to church; that the Lord of the church met them there, and gave them the ſpirit of faith, while they were hearing of his name. Mr. Romaine preached annually for this ſociety for ſeventeen years, latterly at St. Dunſtan's on the Sunday after his courſe of lectures was ended, and his ſermon generally procured thirty pounds, beſides two or three new annual ſubſcribers *.

* Theſe anecdotes were communicated by Dr. Hawes, regiſter of the humane ſociety, wiſhing them to be made public, and thinking very juſtly, that it reflects no ſmall honour upon an inſtitution which he has ſo much at heart, to have had its cauſe pleaded by o good a man as Mr. Romaine.

There

There is alſo another pious inſtitution which has reaſon to regret in him the loſs of a valuable friend, an inſtitution known by the name of the Bible Society, for the purpoſe of diſtributing bibles amongſt his Majeſty's forces both by ſea and land. Much good has been done by it, and Mr. Romaine had it much at heart; he preached for it in his own and other churches in London, and in different places in the country during his ſummer excurſions, by which means he was a great benefactor to it every year. I am ſorry to hear that it has been on the decline, and involved in debt; but it is to be hoped that God will raiſe up advocates to plead its cauſe, and that there will be a revival of ſo good a work, at a time when we not only want ſoldiers and ſailors, but when we want them to fight in the cauſe of God and truth, againſt the moſt daring ſpirit of error and innovation that was ever yet in the world.

The life of Mr. Romaine upon earth was the courſe of a man who purſued the even tenor of his way in the ſervice of Chriſt, and in the miniſtry of the church of England. It had little or no concern with the men, the politics, or the faſhions of this preſent evil world; it had therefore no great variety as to its outward appearances among men, except in his removals from one ſituation to another, till he was eſtabliſhed firſt in the lecturefhip of St. Dunſtan's, and afterwards in the living of Blackfriars. Theſe were

were the theatres in which he acted his part, and exerted his talents to the glory of God, and the good of men. His time then was moſt regularly diſpoſed of. He reſided in London, or near it, from the commencement of the law term in November, until the long vacation after Trinity term, when he generally ſet out upon a ſummer excurſion, which was always into the north as long as his mother lived, and afterwards chiefly into the weſt of England; where he had many friends, who were always refreſhed by his company, and many churches open to him, which were always benefited by his preaching. He ſeldom paſſed a ſilent ſabbath, and never by his own inclination, being deſirous, as he expreſſed it, to ſay a word for his Maſter in every place. His bible was his companion both in travel and at home, and regularly read through every year. He lived more with God than with men, and in order to know his real hiſtory, or the beſt part of it, it would be requiſite to know what paſſed between God and his own ſoul. Much of this has been brought to light in his "Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith;" and more will appear in his private letters, which are now collecting for the public view, and which are to be received as the effuſions of a good man, full of faith and the Holy Ghoſt, and as a little hiſtory of heaven upon earth.

He

He was a man naturally cloſe and reſerved, irritable to a certain degree, ſhort and quick in his replies, but frequently miſtaken as being rude and moroſe, where he meant nothing of the kind. Had he paid more attention than he did to the various diſtreſſes of ſoul and body, which were brought before him, he could have had no time left for reading, for meditation, for doctrine, for prayer, and, in ſhort, for what every man muſt attend to in private, who would be uſeful in public. It was not uncommon for him to tell thoſe who came to him with caſes of conſcience, and queſtions of ſpiritual concern, that he ſaid all that he had to ſay in the pulpit. Theſe people might be hurt for the moment by ſuch a diſmiſſion, but they had only to attend upon his preaching the next opportunity, and they found that their difficulties had impreſſed him as well as themſelves, that they had been ſubmitted to God, and been the ſubjects of his very ſerious and affectionate conſideration. This circumſtance contributed much to make his ſermons particularly uſeful, as they were firſt explanations of the text, and then particular and perſonal applications of it to the caſe and condition of every hearer. They were, without appearing to be, ſtudied diſcourſes; not aiming at excellency of ſpeech or wiſdom, but at that manifeſtation of the truth by which he might commend

mend himſelf to every man's conſcience in the ſight of God.

Not that he ſhunned converſation in its place and ſeaſon, and the mutual intercourſes of a ſteady and conſtant friendſhip, which he kept up with many for a ſeries of years. In company he was polite, affable, and inſtructive, without affectation; and in domeſtic life, where the tempers of moſt men are tried and diſcovered, he had none ſuperior to him as a maſter, a father, and a huſband. So that he was a man who improved upon acquaintance, and they who knew him beſt were they who moſt reſpected him.

As a family man he had his comforts and his trials. Of the latter none more ſevere than the loſs of his ſecond ſon, who died in the Eaſt Indies, of which event he received the following account in a letter from his commanding officer.

"SIR,

"It gives me great concern to be under the diſagreeable neceſſity of communicating to you a melancholy event, in which you are nearly intereſted. Captain Romaine was ſeized about a fortnight ago with a diſorder in his bowels, which terminated in a flux. I am ſorry to add that the conſequences have been fatal to him. Every attention has been paid to his memory which our ſituation permitted. I will not add

to

to the diſtreſs which this misfortune muſt occaſion, by deſcribing how much he was beloved, and how much was expected from him by every perſon in the regiment.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your moſt obedient and very
Faithful ſervant, &c.

Trincomaley, June 4, 1782. ———."

He received this letter upon a Thurſday, and being much affected with it, was preſſed by Mrs. Romaine not to go to St. Dunſtan's that evening; but he anſwered, that he muſt not leave his Maſter's concerns unattended to on that account, and he went and preached as uſual.

In nothing was Mr. Romaine more to be admired than in the management of his time. His hour of breakfaſt was ſix in the morning, of dinner half-paſt one at noon, and of ſupper ſeven in the evening. His family were aſſembled to prayer at nine o'clock in the morning, and at the ſame hour at night. His particular friends were admitted occaſionally to his morning ſervice, and found it a moſt profitable and precious occaſion; for his previous meditations had been upon the Lord's word: his Hebrew Pſalter was his conſtant companion at breakfaſt, and he has been often heard to ſay, how much his firſt repaſt was ſanctified by the word of God and

prayer. From ten o'clock to one he was generally employed in viſiting the ſick and his friends: he retired to his ſtudy after dinner, and ſometimes reſumed the exerciſe of walking, which he deferred till after ſupper, in the height of ſummer. After the evening ſervice in his family, he retired again to his ſtudy, and to his bed at the hour of ten. From this mode of living he never deviated, except when he was a gueſt in the houſes of his friends, and then he breakfaſted at ſeven, dined at two, and ſupped at eight. His adherence to rule in this reſpect was never more ſtrongly marked than in a circumſtance which befel him during the laſt years of his life. He was invited by a great dignitary in the church to dine with him at five o'clock; he felt reſpect for that perſon, and wiſhed to ſhew it; inſtead therefore of ſending a written apology, he waited upon him himſelf, thanked him for his invitation, and excuſed himſelf by pleading his long habits of early hours, his great age and often infirmities. Here was plain truth united, as it may be, with poliſhed manners: it rendered honour to whom honour was due, and it ſupported the character of a man who walked by the ſame rule, who 'minded the ſame thing, and who lived the life that he now lived in the fleſh by the faith of the Son of God.

Mr. Romaine derived many advantages from this regular diſpoſition of his time: he redeemed

it from many idle viſits, much vain converſation, and from all conformity to the world. His plan of life precluded all theſe things, and great muſt have been his gain in a pilgrimage of four-ſcore years. His chief arts of health were rule and temperance, and they were the means of preſerving to the end of his days the ſoundneſs of his mind, the health of his body, and the proſperity of his ſoul.

His natural temper, like that of moſt other people, might have given him plague enough; but it was ſubject to divine grace, and therefore furniſhed him with matter of praiſe as well as humiliation. In his latter years it was ſcarce diſcoverable; and whatever defects of it had appeared in the former parts of his life, he was not backward to acknowledge them. One proof of this may ſupply the place of many—the anecdote is authentic—it may be uſeful to many—it can be offenſive to none—for it reflects no little honour on the parties concerned in it, of whom our departed friend was one, and a diſſenting miniſter, now alive, the other. This miniſter had often attended Mr. Romaine's lectures at St. Dunſtan's, till hearing ſome very ſevere things thrown out againſt the diſſenters, and which he thought not juſtifiable, he determined to wait upon Mr. Romaine for an explanation. He did ſo accordingly; and having made his obſervations and complaints, Mr. Romaine re-

plied, " I do not want to have any thing to ſay to you, Sir."—" If you will hear me, Sir," added the other, " I will tell you my name; I muſt, Sir, acquaint you with my profeſſion, I am a Proteſtant diſſenting Miniſter."—" Sir," ſaid Mr. Romaine, " I neither wiſh to know your name, nor your profeſſion." Upon which Mr. Towle (who is the gentleman here alluded to) bowed and took his leave. Some time after Mr. Romaine, to the great ſurpriſe of his hearer and reprover, returned his viſit, and after the uſual ſalutation,—" Well, Mr. Towle, I am not come to renounce my principles, I have not changed my ſentiments, I will not give up my preference to the church of England, &c.; but I am come as a chriſtian to make ſome apology. I think my behaviour to you, Sir, the other day, was not becoming, nor ſuch as it ſhould have been, &c." They then ſhook hands, and parted good friends. The ſubſtance of this relation, when it was made to me, I immediately communicated to the ſurviving party concerned in it, requeſting to know the truth of it, with any additional circumſtances he might recollect, as well as his permiſſion to make it public. The following is part of his very handſome anſwer to my letter. " Without any heſitation, and with the greateſt cheerfulneſs, would I inſtantly comply with your requeſt, but really, Sir, it is not in my power. I cannot recollect the particular circum-

cumſtances of the affair you refer to, or the particular expreſſions uſed by Mr. Romaine and myſelf in our firſt interview, or afterwards by Mr. Romaine when he called on me. So far do I remember the ſubſtance of what paſſed both at his houſe and mine, that I am certain the account given in your letter contains the general outlines of the whole matter. Although at the cloſe of the laſt converſation Mr. Romaine and I poſitively diſavowed the leaſt idea of renouncing our reſpective principles, or being indifferent towards them; united in our abhorrence of that temporizing, which is too faſhionable in our day, each expreſſed a ſincere eſteem for the other, a friendly intercourſe was kept up between him and myſelf to the day of his death, and I have not the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion, but that, as long as I live, I ſhall remember him with veneration, as an eminently conſiſtent and reſpectable character."

This teſtimony is true, and worth a thouſand ſtories; it neither diſcredits the pen of the ſurvivor, nor the memory of the deceaſed; nor ought it to be without its uſe to the reader. We are prone to judge others, though we can ſeldom do it without condemning ourſelves; and if we are partakers with one another in faults and infirmities, we ſhall do well to be followers of thoſe who have ſhewed a conſciouſneſs, and made confeſſion of them.

Among

Among other friends and admirers of Mr. Romaine, was the unhappy Dr. Dodd. When he began the world he was a zealous favourer of Hebrew learning, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a preacher. From a profeſſed ſimilitude in ſtudies and principles, he cultivated an acquaintance with Mr. Romaine; but when he forſook ſuch companions, having loved this preſent world, he told Mr. Romaine, that he ſhould be glad to ſee him at his houſe, but hoped not to be acknowledged by him, if they ſhould happen to meet in public company. All intercourſe therefore ceaſed between them, till the love of the world, and the things that are in it, brought its victim to priſon. At this time, a particular friend of Dr. Dodd, who, much to his honor, ſtuck cloſe to him in all his diſgrace and adverſity, met Mr. Romaine in his way from Newgate at the bottom of the Old Bailey. Their converſation naturally turned upon the unhappy perſon, whom he had juſt left; and, after uſual enquiries, Mr. Romaine ſaid, he was ſorry to hear that Dr. Dodd in priſon was viſited by light and trifling company. The Doctor's friend was equally ſurpriſed and hurt at the report of ſuch an untruth; and particularly that it ſhould have been carried to one, of whom Dr. Dodd had ever expreſſed an high opinion, and with whom in former years he had lived in a degree of intimacy. He told Mr. Romaine that indeed he was

was ſadly miſ-informed; that by himſelf he might fairly eſtimate the ſociety of Dr. Dodd's room; that none reſorted thither but they whoſe minds were duly and deeply impreſſed like his own; and that even as to others, he conceived that the ſurrounding circumſtances of horror were ſufficient to preclude all levity and impertinence. Mr. Romaine expreſſed himſelf as glad to hear this, gave up his authority upon which he made his former aſſertions, and promiſed to do all in his power to ſet right ſo injurious a buſineſs. He then left Dr Dodd's friend at the door of St. Dunſtan's, where he was going to preach his evening lecture.

Whether his prejudices were removed by this interview, or whether his pity was excited by the circumſtances of the priſoner himſelf, Mr. Romaine afterwards viſited him at his particular requeſt. A gentleman one day met him there, and wiſhing to know his ſentiments, took care to leave Newgate at the ſame time; when, walking out together, he aſked him, if he, who knew ſo much of the human heart, thought poor Dodd a real ſincere penitent. Mr. Romaine anſwered, I hope he may be a real penitent, but there is a great difference between ſaying and feeling, "God be merciful to me a ſinner." This ſaying, as the lady who communicated it juſtly obſerved, deſerves to be written in letters of gold. The ſame lady has favoured us with another

another anecdote of Mr. Romaine, which equally proves his abhorrence of ſin, and his pity for the ſinner. He was walking in the ſtreet with a gentleman, when he overheard a poor thoughtleſs man ſolemnly calling upon Jehovah to damn him for ever to the bottomleſs pit. Mr. Romaine ſtopped, took half-a-crown out of his pocket, and ſaid, "My friend, I will give you this, if "you will repeat that oath again." The man ſtarted, and ſaid, "What, Sir, do you think I "will damn my ſoul for half-a-crown? Mr. Romaine mildly replied, "As you did it juſt "now for nothing, I could not ſuppoſe that you "would refuſe to do it for a reward." The poor creature, ſtruck, as Mr. Romaine meant he ſhould be, replied, "God bleſs and reward you, "Sir, wherever you are; I believe you have "ſaved my ſoul. I hope I ſhall never ſwear "again as long as I live."

It were to be wiſhed, for the ſake of poſterity, that a man, whoſe heart was ſo whole with God, and whoſe very ſoul was in the work of Chriſt, had kept a diary, or committed more of his thoughts, and the occurrences of his life, to writing. But among all his papers only one of this ſort has been found; entitled, זקן, "An Old "Man," and written on the day when he attained to the age of threeſcore years and ten. A happier day was never ſpent upon earth. Take the deſcription of it in his own words.

"Through

" Through the gracious hand of my God I have this day arrived at the age of man: I have therefore ſet it apart for meditation, prayer, and praiſe. May the Holy Spirit help me to improve it, that I may ſpend the little of my remaining time with more faith and unceaſing gratitude. When I look back, I would be all adoration. As a creature I worſhip the Creator. Once I was nothing, and He brought me into being. O, what diſtinguiſhing favour to make me a rational creature! And as I was a ruined man, a ſinner guilty, helpleſs, miſerable! O, what ſovereign grace to make me a new man! Who can tell (I cannot) how great the love was which provided a Saviour for ſuch a rebel! What patience, how infinite! To ſpare me through childhood, through youth, through manhood, when every day, and every thing in the day, were calling aloud for vengeance. I might have been many years ago in hell, and moſt juſtly; and now I adore the long-ſuffering of God, which kept me out of it. He had purpoſes of love toward me, which he made known in his own time and way. It was ſovereign love which brought me to know myſelf, and to know Jeſus. His own Holy Spirit begun and carried on the work. He opened mine eyes to underſtand the ſcriptures. He gave me to believe their truth, and to feel their power; and now I ſet my ſeal to every word in them; finding God to be true and faithful, true in the promiſe,

promiſe, faithful in the fulfilment. Rec. Chriſt —one with him—live by him—live on him—worſhip him—do all on earth as well as I can, till he enable me to do it better in heaven.

" In this believing view of things, I acknowledge that I have lived to a bleſſed time. All that is worth enjoying has been freely given to me. By the quickening grace of the Spirit, brought into oneneſs with Jeſus, and to partake of the Father's love in Him, all is mine. Glory be to Father, Son, and Spirit in the higheſt, the covenanting 3ty*. is mine. Theſe are the proſpects which faith, looking back, opens to the chriſtian with delight; and thereby renders my preſent condition a ſubject of praiſe and thankfulneſs. My time is almoſt run out, and what is ſhort is now alſo but labour and ſorrow. So ſays the Oracle. And I feel it. The infirmities of age, the decay of the faculties of mind as well as body, conſequently uſefulneſs in one's place and ſtation dying daily, theſe are always giving warning that the houſe made with hands muſt ſoon be taken down. It begins to be very troubleſome to keep it up. One prop falls after another, and repeats the leſſon---You muſt ſoon

* The *Trinity*. In this inſtance, as well as in another, a few lines above, viz. the abbreviation *Rec.* for *receive*, I thought it beſt to leave the expreſſions as I found them in the original manuſcript.

be

be turned out. Look after the houſe not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Bleſſed be God for giving us the earneſt of his Spirit, to enable us to look forward with a pleaſing hope, when mortality ſhall be ſwallowed up of life.

" It is by this ſame faith that God has reconciled my heart to his providence. He is my Father, Jeſus my portion, and my exceeding great reward; my God, and my Keeper. It is my privilege that he is to manage for me. He knows what is beſt for me, and to him I leave it. To be richer or greater, in more health, or in more honor, would be no addition to my happineſs. I have enough of this world's goods. I am content with my place and ſtation, and aſk for nothing but more thankfulneſs for what I have. O what a calm does this bring upon my mind! Looking back I can ſee his gracious dealings with me in all the events of my life. And he has brought me and ſettled me in the very condition in which I ought to be. What has God done? What has he not done to make me ſatisfied? Indeed I have all the reaſon that ever man had to adore him for his providence, and to bleſs him for his dealings with the children of men.

" This day ſuch are my views of his goodneſs to me in the time paſt, both in temporal, and alſo in ſpiritual mercies. All is well; and bleſſings on his name, the proſpect before me, notwithſtanding

withſtanding the infirmities of age, is comfortable. The promiſes in the word afford exerciſe for faith, and never ceaſing dependance; not only general promiſes, but alſo particular, ſuited exactly to my preſent circumſtances. Our God has made gracious proviſion for old age, and has enabled me to make uſe of it, that through patience and comfort of the ſcriptures, I might now have hope. He has given me a general warrant for my ſecurity. I have committed myſelf into his care and keeping; and he has declared, "I will never leave thee nor forſake "thee." This is a continual cordial, and extends its heart-felt influence to the ſpecial promiſes, ſuch as, Iſaiah xlvi. 3, 4. This is ſpoken to the whole Iſrael of God, who have not only the life of the body from him, but chiefly the life of the ſoul. He creates them anew by the Spirit of life in Chriſt Jeſus. He is the Author---He is the carrier on---He brings that life to its full perfection. It is every moment ſupported by his power, and bleſſed with his paternal affection. Age may come, hoary hairs may appear, the vigour of the faculties may decay, but his love is the ſame. He reveals it. He applies it. The old man feels it, and he turns it into the prayer of faith. O my Father, I do hearken unto thee; Thou haſt ſupported, Thou haſt carried me from my birth to this moment; and I doubt not but now in mine old age, and in my hoary

hoary hairs, Thou wilt ſtill carry me and bear me, until Thou haſt finally delivered me. *Amen* ---I believe, Lord, it ſhall be done unto me according to thy word."

The laſt years of his life ſeem to have taken their turn from this day. His " hoary head " was found in the way of righteouſneſs, and " it was indeed a crown of glory." There appeared to be little but heaven in his ſermons, and in his life. He was " an example to be- " lievers in word, in converſation, in charity, in " ſpirit, in faith, and purity." It has been obſerved to me of him, that he was a diamond, rough often, but very pointed, and the more he was broken by years, the more he appeared to ſhine. There was indeed a light upon his countenance, and particularly when he preached, which appeared like the dawn, or the faint reſemblance of glory. If one met him by the way, and aſked him how he did, his general anſwer was, " As well as I can be out of hea- " ven." He made this reply a little before his death, to a friend and acquaintance older than himſelf, and of a different communion; and then added, " There is but one central point, in " which we muſt all meet, Jeſus Chriſt and him " crucified." This was the object which he kept always in ſight---this the ſubject which dwelt upon his heart and tongue---the wonderful God-man, whom, according to his own expreſſions, he had taken for body and for ſoul, for

for time and for eternity, his preſent and his everlaſting all.

He has drawn his own character when deſcribing the "Triumph of Faith" over the infirmities of age. He was a cheerful pleaſant old man. He walked in the ſteps of the faith of Abraham, and "brought forth more fruit in "his age, till he died an old man and full of "days," ſatisfied with all that was paſt, all that was preſent, and all that was before him. He purſued his miniſterial labours, and his ſummer excurſions (which he frequently denominated his ſummer and winter campaigns) to the laſt, keeping the field as a good ſoldier and ſervant of Jeſus Chriſt, till it pleaſed his Maſter to call him to an honorable retreat, and ſoon to give him his final diſcharge. The decline of his mortal life was gentle in itſelf, and rapid in its progreſs; but ſo protracted, as to enable him to ſhew, that the "Lord his ſtrength was true, "and that there was no unrighteouſneſs in him." The ſame faith, which employed him ſo well and ſo happily in his health and life, was his ſupport in ſickneſs, and his joy in diſſolution.

His fatal illneſs attacked him on the ſixth day of June, and put a period to his mortal life on the twenty-ſixth day of July. A ſeaſon of ſeven weeks, in which he was exerciſed as a patient inſtead of a preacher. As the preſence of God had been with him in one ſtate, ſo it did not leave

leave him in the other. The laſt ſermon which he preached, was on the preceding Thurſday evening at St. Dunſtan's; it was an expoſition of the eighteenth chapter of St. John's Goſpel; he remarked to his curate, that he muſt get on as faſt as he could, leſt he ſhould not get through the Goſpel, as it was his intention to do, before the lectures were over. He complained of languor after preaching, and returned to Mr. Whitridge's houſe at Balaam-hill, beyond Clapham, where he was then upon a viſit. His concluding ſermon at Blackfriars was on the preceding Tueſday morning, from the thirteenth verſe of the hundred and third Pſalm. "Like "as a father pitieth his children, ſo the Lord "pitieth them that fear him." He was going through the Pſalm, and though he did not preach upon the following verſes, he practiſed them in a very remarkable manner, and left his dying teſtimony to the truth of them. "For "he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that "we are but duſt. As for man, his days are "as graſs: as a flower of the field, ſo he flou-"riſheth. For the wind paſſeth over it, and it "is gone, and the place thereof ſhall know it "no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from "everlaſting to everlaſting, to them that fear "him: and his righteouſneſs unto children's "children. To ſuch as keep his covenant, and "to thoſe that remember his commandments to "do

" do them." The mortality of man, and the mercy of Jehovah, here ſo pathetically deſcribed, met together in the perſon of Mr. Romaine, and formed a moſt delightful union. The one releaſed him from all miſery, the other introduced him to all happineſs. But how ſad is the caſe when theſe things are ſeparated? What a wretch is one, ſubject to mortality, and not at the ſame time an object of the mercy of the Lord?

Mr. Romaine, from the moment that he was ſeized with his illneſs, conſidered it as his laſt; and though at intervals he had faint ſymptoms of a probable recovery, yet he never attempted to reſume his miniſterial functions. He ſpoke of himſelf as a dying man, but always in the language of one who was living and believing in Jeſus. On the morning of his ſeizure he came down to breakfaſt at ſix o'clock as uſual, preſided in family devotion, and prayed moſt earneſtly to God, that " He would fit them for, " and ſupport them in, their trials that day, " which might be many." Such they were to his friends, if not to himſelf; for he received his ſummons " to depart, and to be with Chriſt." He returned the ſame day to London, and converſed moſt profitably and comfortably in the way, on the approach of death, and near proſpect of eternity. " O! how animating is the view which I now have of death, and the hope laid

laid up for me in heaven full of glory and immortality!"

The next day was the ſabbath, and he was expected to preach as uſual. The feelings of his congregation, when he did not appear among them, and the painful office, to which his fellow-ſervant in the miniſtry was called, when he ſtood up in his place and aſſigned the cauſe of his abſence, are more eaſily conceived than deſcribed. Lamentations more ſincere never were excited, and prayers more fervent never aſcended from earth to heaven.

He continued three weeks in London under medical advice, and made uſe of the means which his phyſician thought fit to preſcribe to him. "You are taking," ſaid he, "much "pains to prop up this feeble body; I thank "you for it; it will not do now." His Hebrew Pſalter lay cloſe by him, and out of it he frequently read a verſe or two, not being able to attend to more. The nature of his diſorder was ſuch, that he could ſpeak but little; and being once aſked if he would ſee ſome of his friends, he replied, "he needed no better "company than he enjoyed." The Lord his God was with him, and ſo bleſſed him with faith and patience, that not one fretful or murmuring word ever eſcaped his lips.

Soon after he was ſeized, a friend called upon buſineſs, and took the opportunity of ſaying,

he hoped he was better, and happy in his views. "Yes," replied he, "upon that point I have "no doubt, for I have much of the preſence of "Jeſus with me." He ſent a meſſage by this perſon to his curate, being unable to converſe with him, to deſire his prayers; and that his friends, and all the congregation would remember him at the throne of grace. This he frequently afterwards repeated to his curate. At other "times he ſaid, he had been in the deep waters, "but had enjoyed much ſupport; that he waited "to enter into the courts of the Lord; that his "ſoul was a thirſt for God, yea even the living God."

On the twenty-ſixth day of June he left town, and went to a friend's houſe at Tottenham, for a fortnight, where he was ſo much better, as to be able to walk about the garden. Upon his return to town, he was again viſited by his curate, and thought to be a little revived. He ſaid, that he had long lain at firſt in the arms of death, and, if recovering, it was very ſlowly. "But this," ſays he, "is but a poor dying life "at beſt; however I am in his hands who will "do the beſt for me," and added with a peculiar energy, "I am ſure of that." "I have "lived to experience all I have ſpoken, and all "I have written, and I bleſs God for it." After much the ſame expreſſions he added to another friend, "I have the peace of God in my con-"ſcience, and the love of God in my heart; "and

" and that you know is found experience."—. And again—" I knew before the doctrines I " preached to be truths, but now I experience " them to be bleſſings." Thanking another friend for a viſit, he ſaid, " that he had come to " ſee a ſaved ſinner." This, he had often affirmed, ſhould be his dying boaſt, and that he deſired to die with the language of the publican in his mouth, " God be merciful to me a ſinner*."

In this frame of mind he continued a few days in London, and returned on the thirteenth day of July to his friend's at Balaam-hill, where he had been originally ſeized. His ſtrength from that time rapidly decayed. He had frequent ſpaſms at his heart, and ſhortneſs of breath, attended with degrees of pain and convulſion; but his faith and patience never failed him. He was frequently ſaying, " O how good is " God!" " What entertainments and comforts " does he give me! What a proſpect do I ſee " before me of glory and immortality! He is " my God in life, in death, and throughout " eternity." On the twenty-third day of July, as he ſat at breakfaſt, he ſaid, " It is now near " ſixty years ſince God opened my mouth to " publiſh the everlaſting ſufficiency and eternal " glory of the ſalvation of Chriſt Jeſus; and it " has now pleaſed him to ſhut my mouth, that " my heart might feel and experience what my

* See Mr. Good's Funeral Sermon.

" mouth hath ſo often ſpoken." On the twenty-fourth day of July, after he had been helped down ſtairs, he ſaid, " O! how good is God! " with what a night has he favoured me!" requeſting, as he had often done, that prayers without ceaſing might be made for him, that his faith and patience might not fail. He expreſſed exceeding great kindneſs and affection for his partner Mrs. Romaine, and thanking her for all her care of him, he ſaid, " Come, my love, " that I may bleſs you; the Lord be with you a " covenant God for ever to ſave and bleſs you." He addreſſed himſelf with the ſame tenderneſs and affection to his ſon; of whom alſo he ſpoke much and oft during his illneſs, expreſſing his hope of him as a ſon in the faith as well as the fleſh. The lady, who was cheriſhing in her houſe ſuch a dying gueſt, upon ſeeing and hearing him bleſs his wife, ſaid, " Have you not a " bleſſing for me, Sir?" " Yes," he ſaid, " I " have; I pray God to bleſs you;" and ſo he ſaid to every one that came to him. On Saturday the twenty-fifth day of July, he was not down ſtairs at all, but lay upon the couch all day, in great weakneſs of body, but ſtrong in faith, giving glory to God.--The power of Chriſt was reſting upon him, and keeping him in the continual exerciſe of prayer and praiſe. This was the laſt day he ſpent upon earth, and in the cloſe of it he was thought to have ſaid, " Yea,

" though

" though I walk through the valley and ſhadow " of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with " me." About an hour before he died, his friend and hoſt went up to him, and ſaid, " I " hope, my dear Sir, you now find the ſalvation " of Jeſus Chriſt precious, dear, and valuable to " you." His anſwer was, " He is a precious " Saviour to me now." Theſe were the laſt words which he uttered to man. To the Lord he ſaid, " Holy, Holy, Holy! Holy bleſſed " Jeſus, to thee be endleſs praiſe!" And in the firſt hour of the next day, which was the ſabbath day, he reſigned his ſpirit to God who gave it.

So lived and ſo died the Rev. William Romaine.

It was the deſign of his ſurviving relations to reſtore his duſt to the earth with a plain and private burial; but every intention of this ſort was prevented by the affection of his numerous friends, who were all importunate to ſhew the laſt reſpect to his perſon, by attending his remains to the grave. On Monday the third day of Auguſt, 1795, the corpſe was removed from Mr. Whitridge's houſe at Balaam-hill, in order to be interred in the rectory-vault of Blackfriars church. The funeral proceeded at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and was joined on Clapham-common by near fifty coaches, filled with the lamenting followers of their revered

and beloved paſtor. It was attended by many more on foot, who ſurrounded the hearſe, or followed it weeping. By the time that the proceſſion reached the Obeliſk in St. George's Fields, the multitude collected was very great indeed; but ſilence, ſolemnity, and decorum, univerſally prevailed. At the foot of Blackfriars-bridge, the children of the charity ſchool, together with the pariſh beadles, were waiting to attend. The city marſhals on horſe-back with their men, and with black ſilk ſcarfs and hat-bands, rode before the hearſe to the entrance of the church. Theſe had been ordered out by the Lord Mayor, as his token of reſpect to the memory of a man who had ſuſtained ſo great and ſo uſeful a character in the city of London. The conſtables of the ward alſo attended to preſerve order, leſt any evil-minded people ſhould take advantage of ſuch an opportunity to raiſe a diſturbance; but nothing of the kind appeared: there ſeemed to be but one mind in the vaſt multitude, and but one impreſſion made by the loſs of an able miniſter of the New Teſtament, and a faithful ſteward of the myſteries of God.

Excepting the ſpace left for the entrance of the corpſe and its attendants, the church was previouſly filled with people, who were clothed in black, and were inwardly mourning over their departed miniſter. The funeral ſervice was performed by the Rev. Mr. Goode to a very

numerous and affected audience, weeping, not for him who was at reſt from his labours, but for themſelves and for their children, who had loſt the benefit of them.

The church was hung in black, as was alſo the church at St. Dunſtan's, and three funeral ſermons preached on the Lord's day following. The ſame tokens of love and eſteem were ſhewn in different places of worſhip, and the ſame teſtimonies borne by different miniſters to the excellencies of a man who deſerved ſo well of them all. He lived and died in the communion of the Engliſh church, and in moſt cordial fellowſhip with all who love the Lord Jeſus Chriſt in ſincerity.

There remains to be paid but one tribute more, and that is a monument, which is now in the hands of an eminent artiſt, by order of his friends, and is ſoon to be erected in the church where his body is laid. A monument, which will be inſcribed not with the virtues of a ſtateſman or a hero, but with the heavenly virtues of a man whom God "called out of darkneſs into "his marvellous light," whom He permitted to ſhine for a ſeaſon in his church upon earth, and has now gathered to his people in heaven; where they "that be wiſe ſhall ſhine as the "brightneſs of the firmament, and they that "turn many to righteouſneſs, as the ſtars for "ever and ever."

A

CATALOGUE

OF THE WRITINGS OF

The Rev. WILLIAM ROMAINE, A. M.

PUBLISHED BY HIM IN HIS LIFE-TIME.

1739. The Divine Legation of Moſes, demonſtrated from his having made expreſs mention of, and inſiſted ſo much on the doctrine of a future ſtate: whereby Mr. Warburton's attempt to prove the divine legation of Moſes from the omiſſion of a future ſtate is proved to be abſurd, and deſtructive of all revelation: a Sermon, preached before the Univerſity at St. Mary's in Oxford, March 4, 1739, from Mark xii. 24, 25, 26, 27.

1741. No Juſtification by the Law of Nature: a Sermon, preached before the Lord Mayor at the cathedral church of St. Paul, September 2, from Rom. ii. 14, 15.

1742.

1742. Future Rewards and Punifhments, proved to be the fanctions of the Mofaic difpenfation: a fecond Sermon, from Mark xii. 26, 27, preached before the Univerfity at St. Mary's in Oxford, December 6, 1741.

Jephthah's Vow fulfilled, and his Daughter not facrificed: a Sermon, preached before the Univerfity at St. Mary's in Oxford, from Judges xi. 30, 31.

1747. Concordance and Lexicon of Marius de Calafio, 4 vols. folio, printed at London.

1753. An Anfwer to a Pamphlet entitled, Confiderations on the Bill to permit Perfons profeffing the Jewifh Religion to be naturalized. Motto, Act xiv. 4. Reprinted by the Citizens of London, 1753.

1755. Nine Sermons on the 107th Pfalm.

1755. A Difcourfe on the Benefit which the Holy Spirit of God is to a Man in his Journey through Life: preached at Chrift Church in Newgate-ftreet, on Whitfun-Monday, May 19, from Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26, 27.

1755. A Difcourfe upon the Self-exiftence of Jefus Chrift, preached at St. George's, Hanover-fquare, and at St. Dunftan's in the Weft, from John viii. 24.

1755.

1755. A Method for preventing the Frequency of Robberies and Murders: propoſed in a diſcourſe delivered at St. George's, Hanover-ſquare, St. Dunſtan's in the Weſt, and at ſeveral other places in London, from Matt. xv. 19, 20.

1755. An Alarm to a Careleſs World: a Diſcourſe preached November 30, at St. Dunſtan's in the Weſt, from Amos iv. 12.

1756. The Duty of Watchfulneſs Enforced: in a Diſcourſe preached December 14, 1755, from Matt. xxv. 13.

1756. The Sure Foundation: two Diſcourſes preached before the Univerſity of Oxford, April 11, in the Morning at St. Mary's, and in the Afternoon at St. Peter's, from 1 Cor. iii. 11.

1756. The Parable of the Dry Bones: interpreted in a Sermon preached at St. Olave's, Southwark, October 24, from Ezek. xxxvii. 4.

1757. The Lord our Righteouſneſs: conſidered in two Diſcourſes preached before the Univerſity of Oxford, March 20, in the Morning at St. Mary's, and in the Afternoon at St. Peter's, from Iſaiah xlv. 8.

1757. An Earneſt Invitation to the Friends of the Eſtabliſhed Church to join with ſeveral

ſeveral of their Brethren, Clergy, and Laity, in London, in ſetting apart one Hour of every Week for prayer and ſupplication, during the preſent troubleſome times. Motto, Pſalm l. 15.

1757. The Duty of Praying for Others: a Sermon on Acts xii. 5.

1757. A Seaſonable Antidote againſt Popery, in a Dialogue upon Juſtification. Printed for John Palmer, Bookſeller, Wine-ſtreet, Briſtol.

1759. Twelve Sermons upon Solomon's Song.

1759. The Knowledge of Salvation precious in the Hour of Death: a Sermon, preached January 4, upon the Death of the Rev. Mr. James Hervey, from Luke ii. 29, 30.

1760. Twelve Diſcourſes upon the Law and Goſpel.

1762. The Bleſſedneſs of Living and Dying in the Lord: a Sermon, upon the Death of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Jones, Chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark, from Pſalm cxvi. 15.

1763. The Life of Faith.

1764. A Sermon, preached at St. Ann's Blackfriars, on Sunday September 30, upon his Nomination as a Candidate for the Rectory, from 2 Cor. iv. 5.

1765.

1765. The Scriptural Doctrine of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper briefly ſtated.
1771. The Walk of Faith. 2 Vols.
1775. An Eſſay on Pſalmody, with a Collection out of the Book of Pſalms, ſuited to every Sunday in the Year.
1795. The Triumph of Faith.

This Catalogue is as exact as we can make it; but we are not certain as to the Dates of ſome of the Publications, not being able to get at the firſt Editions of them.

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

Rev. WILLIAM ROMAINE.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be loſt.

LETTERS, &c.

Letters to the Hon. and Rev. W. B. C.

LETTER I.

June 15th, 1782.

My Dear Friend,

OUR Lord has been ſhewing you ſome tokens of his ſingular regard for you. Whom he loveth he takes pains with. He has been trying you with his rod: the trial on his part was altogether love, and graciouſly intended for your improvement "I will feed them, ſays the good ſhepherd, with the rod."—Strange food to reaſon and ſenſe, but rendered truly nouriſhing to faith. It learns to feel what ſin, exceeding ſinful ſin, is. The ſmart ſays, "ſin deſerves ten thouſand times more than this:" the ſmart continues, "Jeſus, Lord thy will be done, only let faith and patience have their perfect work, that I may love thee for mortifying the life of ſenſe:" the diſorder abates, "O dear Saviour, keep me humble and thankful, that I may ſo cleave to thee

thee with full purpoſe of heart, as to be dying daily to other objects, and be more alive to thee; as the pain drove me to thee, may the removing it keep me nearer to thee, ſo that I may practically learn to ſet the Lord always before me." Theſe, and many other improvements, I hope, followed your late viſitation. It was ſent to yield you the peaceable fruits of righteouſneſs; yea, a harveſt of bleſſings—may they be rich and ripe to the glory of the Giver!

Theſe ſentiments were upon my mind, and I could not help ſending them to you, although my writing was upon another occaſion. A friend of mine offered laſt year to bring me to R——, but, as we did not return to London, we refuſed his favour; this year we accept it. I am thankful for your great aſſiſtance to the Bible Society. If it be quite agreeable to you, that I ſhould once more recommend that bleſſed book in your pulpit, I am ready. We wait for your anſwer, and for your fixing a Sunday: the ſooner the better for us, if convenient for you. Mrs. R. deſires kind remembrance.

I am,

With brotherly love in our common Lord,

Your Friend and Servant,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER II.

BRISLINGTON, *Sept.* 3, 1783.

Dear Friend and Brother,

MRS. ROMAINE desired me to convey the enclosed to you, with her respects to Mrs. C. with which I very gladly complied, that I might have an opportunity of acknowledging your great kindness to me, during the long visit which I paid you at R——. You may continue the favour, though we be absent, by daily remembrance of me in your prayers. I have nothing beyond these to ask of any one; and I am particularly happy in believing, that I have many (Mr. C. among them) who interest themselves for me in this way. Do your best---be fervent---continue instant---persevere---you will not soon get out of my debt.

I have just finished my reading of the Bible for 1783. It has been a season of great teaching; I never went through it with more delight or with more profit. My soul has found it more precious than gold, and it is really sweeter than honey. But still I see much before me to be learnt and to be experienced. I do not doubt of the promise being fulfilled to me Jer. xxxi. 33, 34. but I am seeking and waiting for its being engraven deeper in my heart, and more

fairly copied out in my life. O that the Lord, the Spirit may caſt you and me into the mould of the word, that we may take the impreſſion of every truth, and receive it in the love of it. I have put down my obſervations on this year's reading, and perhaps you may ſee them the next time we meet.

Mrs. R. with cordial reſpects to you and Mrs. C. and to our common friend Mrs. T. joins

W. R.

LETTER III.

Nov. 29, 1783.

My Dear Friend,

I HAVE been out of town this week, and could not take earlier notice of your letter. If I may adviſe, I would by no means employ any body out of R. Many, many reaſons offer themſelves to me. As it is quite neceſſary to enlarge the church, begin in faith, and in the prayer of faith. As to the money, it is forth coming. I have not had an opportunity to mention it to any body, but you need not doubt of its being raiſed. Get your plan and your eſtimate, and then communicate it to your friends.

Do.

Do me the honour to put me down for one of your subscribers and collectors; and, when the gallery is finished, send for me, and I will consecrate it for you. At present, I will follow your design with my prayers, that the great head of the church would approve of it and bless it. Every good wish to you and your partner; remember us to our old friend Mrs. T. whose heart rejoices with mine to see St. —— so highly favoured.

I am, with great truth,

Yours, in the best bonds,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER IV

Dec. 5th, 1783.

My dear Friend,

WITH this comes Mr. L. such a man as you want, able and faithful: I have proved him; when you prove him, you will say the same. I do not recommend him for an experienced christian, but he is worth a thousand of the professors of this day. Go on and prosper in this and in all your other works. We did

not forget you yeſterday, morning, noon, nor night. There is an union which ſanctifies all others. As the head quickens all the members, ſo our Head puts his life into all our enjoyments, and he makes our ſweets ſweeter, and our bitters ſweet; only we don't love the taſte, or elſe he would make the bittereſt ſweeteſt. When we leave him out of any thing, it is well if we feel it empty or diſpleaſing; and ſo for wife, children, ſervants, pariſh, indeed for every thing, we muſt put him in, if we get any good out of it. My congratulations have been made to him, and my prayers alſo, that he would bleſs your connection, and turn your water into wine. You know what that is, and it is his ſtanding miracle.

Our true love, Mrs. Romaine's and mine, to Mrs. C. and yourſelf. Remember us to Mrs. T. She is a wonderful monument of mercy. To dine at the vicarage! Well—what cannot our God do? Pray for

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER V.

BLACKFRIARS, *Dec.* 23, 1783.

Dear Sir,

BY favour of Mr. Neucatre, I ſend my hearty wiſhes for your meeting the birth of Chriſt with the ſpirit of the angels. It was the triumph of their joy that Chriſt the Lord was born; and yet he was not ſo nearly related to them, as to you and me. But they thought according to God's thoughts; and, as far as they underſtood them, they admired and adored his ineſtimable love in taking our nature into union with himſelf. What a miracle of philanthropy! "Will God in very deed dwell with men" on the earth? O yes! though it puzzled Solomon: yet God's counſels of old are now faithfulneſs and truth. The word is incarnate. Glory be to God in the higheſt, the Peacemaker is come to the earth, and has demonſtrated the delight of his Father towards men. Bleſſed be his witneſs---that you believe it: bleſſed be his grace---that you enjoy it: thanks be to his holy name---that you preach it. May your meditations upon it, and your preſent preaching of it, warm your heart with more than angel's joy. Try to get a note above them; I am ſure you ought,

ought, notwithſtanding they were ε. υψιστοις. I am aiming at it this Chriſtmas, but have not yet attained. And this makes up ſome of my beſt praiſe---what he is to me---and what I am to him. I ſee, and am under ſuch infinite obligations, that I am willing to be in his debt for ever and ever. Even then I ſhall pay him nothing; or if it be worth any thing, it will be all his own. All my freſh ſprings of glory, as well as grace, ſhall be in him.

I could not ſtop my pen, for he is precious. I hope and pray for his favor on the deſign, and his bleſſing on the uſe of the intended gallery. You muſt have a faculty---The order of veſtry muſt be ſent to Saliſbury---Mind, an unanimous veſtry. I ſhall not move in the ſubſcription, till matters are ſettled. But think it not a doubtful point; the money may be eaſily raiſed. God bleſs Mrs. C. this Chriſtmas with his light and his love. I do not forget your neighbour Mrs. T. I ſhall not, while ſhe is in the reach of prayer; and when that is done, I ſhall praiſe him for ever. I intreat you to remember me in your beſt moments. When the *King* ſmiles on you, aſk a favour for

W. R.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

March 5th, 1784.

My very dear Friend,

I HAVE two letters of yours before me; one relating to the gallery, which I have much at heart, and ſhall not be leſs earneſt in collecting for it, although I have, at the onſet met with two repulſes. However, theſe things only make me more earneſt to do what I can. On ſome good day, when the Lord ſmiles, I will go out in his name, and I hope his work will proſper in my hands.

Mr. H. may wait on me, whenever he gets the ſeals: I ſhall think it an honour to frank him on your recommendation. L—— is a favoured place, in which the Lord delighteth to dwell; he has made himſelf known there for more than thirty years to my knowledge. Mr. C. S. was there, and Mr. W. L. was curate there before he came to me. The good ſeed was ſown, and took root. May Mr. H. be a ſucceſsful labourer, and the Lord's harveſt proſper in his hands!

We have begun our hour of prayer from eight to nine on Sunday evenings. I dread what is coming upon this land; I have long read it in the

the word, and now I ſee it about to take effect. If nobody ſtand in the gap, vengeance will find its way. We have pleaded and prevailed. If we cannot this time, and the meaſure of our iniquities be full, it will however be well with them who are on the ſide of the Lord and his Chriſt: (Ezekiel ix.) None of them who had the mark periſhed. May we mourn and pray for our ſins and others'---ſigh for the diſhonour offered to our almighty Jeſus, and to the Spirit Jehovah, and to the word of his grace. Let us do what we can in the way of prayer, and may He who ſitteth upon the throne hear and anſwer my prayers for you and yours eſpecially. Remember

W. R.

LETTER VII.

July 30th, 1784.

My very dear Friend,

I received yours by the hand of Mr. L. My ſervice was ready to aſſiſt you at the Lock, Aug. 1: the diſappointment was not owing to me. Whenever the gallery opens, I hope our Lord will be there to fill it with his glory.

I wiſh

I wiſh you joy of a troubleſome job, from which the Biſhop has delivered you. Should it not put your pariſh in mind of a new church?

We purpoſe on Monday to ſet out for the North; in all probability for the laſt time. I have three ſiſters alive, all in years, as well as myſelf; and we are to have a family meeting, to take our leave, final as to this life. It has brought a great ſolemnity upon my ſpirit; and it would be too much for my feelings, if I had not all the reaſon in the world to believe that our next meeting will be in glory. Mr. Whitfield uſed often to put me in mind, how ſingularly favoured I was--he had none of his family converted; and my father, and mother, and three ſiſters, were like thoſe bleſſed people---"And Jeſus loved Martha, and her ſiſter, and Lazarus;" and, as they loved him again, ſo do we. I hope to return about the middle of September, and to viſit you ſoon after.

I am, with Mrs. Romaine's, and my beſt wiſhes to Mrs. C.

Your Friend and Brother,
In our common Lord,
W. ROMAINE.

The Prince of Peace was very much honoured in this city yeſterday. I ſcarce ever felt ſo much of his preſence in ordinances any day of my life. There was alſo great outward reverence paid by all, except Quakers.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

MONDAY EVENING, *Dec.* 13, 1784.

My dear Friend,

I HAVE been waiting a long time for news out of Yorkſhire relating to the Sunday Schools. I can give you now a full and ſatisfactory account of them. They have been chiefly uſeful in the trading parts, where there are great numbers of the manufacturers' children employed, as ſoon as they can do any thing, all the week, but let looſe to miſchief and wickedneſs all the Lord's day. It was with a view to prevent this, and alſo to inſtruct them in the way of ſalvation, for their own ſakes, and for their parents', and for the public, that ſeveral perſons, laity as well as clergy, tried to get them together, and teach them to read, write, and learn the catechiſm. The Lord God has marvellouſly favoured the plan. He has inclined vaſt numbers of children to come; the parents in general are thankful; and the ſchoolmaſters and miſtreſſes have given great ſatisfaction. I know not of any thing more promiſing for the riſing generation, eſpecially as it is made an indiſpenſable part of their Sunday's employment, that they attend the church regularly with their maſters and miſtreſſes. Mr. T. informs me of

one

one good effect, that it has been the happy occaſion of many converſions, by bringing poor people to ſee their children at church, who never before came to any place of worſhip. Others have alſo been won over to let their children attend by the little preſents made to the neighbours' children, and by ſeeing their improvement in reading and writing. If you are diſpoſed to do ſomething in this way, you have my prayers for ſucceſs.

I hear you ſtay Chriſtmas at R. May it be a ſeaſon of much thankfulneſs, as they ſang "glad "tidings of great joy." This Advent has brought forth Iſaiah xl. 1, 2, 3, &c.) verſes, to my unſpeakable joy. I have trod upon John the Baptiſt's heels, and have been favoured with ſome of his views of the Lamb of God. It is a moſt delightful portion of God's word. Yeſterday we had verſes 9, 10, "God incarnate, almighty to "ſave. Our next jubject is, verſe 11. "God "incarnate, the good Shepherd, whoſe love is "almighty to bleſs them." Our kindeſt reſpects to Mrs. C. and to yourſelf. Remember us to Mrs. T. Do not, I charge you, do not ceaſe to pray for

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Nov. 26. 1785.

My very Dear Friend,

METHINKS I heard a voice, ſaying, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourſelves." However, I could not help weeping for our loſs, although we are certain ſhe is entered into reſt. The church and people in R——, have a great loſs, and none more than yourſelf: for ſhe really was a mother to you in love, in every good office, and in continual prayer for your perſon and for your labors. The poor will feel their loſs. Her long experience made her wiſe in the things of God, by which ſhe could teach the ignorant, with a meekneſs quite her own. Her natural temper, ſanctified by grace, enabled her, frequently to check the ſpreading of furious zeal, and wild ſeparations: both which have had their day, but I thank God, ſeem to be dying away at R——. Though we have not the effect of her prayers--Yet her Lord is our Lord—He ſtill reigneth: and to him I will make my ſupplication. He will hear me often before his throne on the ſame errand. For many years his intereſt at St. G——'s, has been upon my heart. Still I feel it warm: and I hope it will be warmer. When you ſpeak in public upon the occaſion of her

her death, I will be praying him to make it the means of giving life to many dead ſinners. The Lord Jeſus bleſs your preaching that day, to all who hear it. My feelings are ſuch, that I am ſure I could not be able to ſpeak upon the ſubject. My eyes are running down with tears, while I am writing, I do not reſiſt his will: O no, I kiſs the rod, but I do feel the ſmart, and ſhall for ſome time. God ſanctify it! May the Comforter take of the things of Jeſus, and with them help us to improve this viſitation: may Mrs. C——, profit much, and all of us learn, that there is no bleſſing upon earth, but living in the Lord, and then great will be our bleſſedneſs, when we come to die in the Lord. Mrs. R——, very heartily joins, and begs to be remembered with

Your's,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER X.

Jan. 19, 1795.

My good Friend and Brother,

YOU will pleaſe to accept this little book, as a ſmall token of my great love for you. If any thing in it appear wrong, or that might

be improved, it would be a favor to me, if you would mark it; and, if what is right agrees with your experience, thank our divine teacher, the Holy Spirit, for leading me in it the truth, and for keeping me in it, through ſuch a long life, and for the moſt bleſſed proſpect opened to me, when this life ſhall be ended. May he be with you, and bleſs you in all your labors, for his glory, according to the warmeſt wiſhes of the heart of,

W. ROMAINE.

Our love to Mrs. C.

LETTER XI.

Feb. 14, 1793.

My very Dear Friend,

I HAVE ſent a parcel of two hundred invitations, one for yourſelf, and the other for the printing-office: and I follow them with my prayers, that they may be the means of bringing ſome to pray, who do not uſe it, and ſome who do, to pray with more faith. The cloud over us is very dark, but prayer can pierce through it, and enter into the ears of the Lord of hoſts.

If any good is done, I muſt thank you for it; becauſe it was from your mentioning it to my ſon, that I ſet about it.

I am really obliged to you for the offer of your aſſiſtance: if you ſleep in London, and would preach at St. Dunſtan's, Thurſday the 26th, it would be a great favor. If inconvenient then, might I expect you at my own church, on the 24th. I cannot deſire both: pleaſe to let me know.

I thank my God, for of him cometh our harmony of ſentiments and experience. May he confirm us, and eſtabliſh us yet more and more, that our preaching and living may ſpread the fame of our Jeſus—and you may be bleſſed in doing both—after he has diſcharged me. Our reſpects to Mrs. C. and with great truth,

I am,

Your friend in the Lord,

W. ROMAINE.

To Sir R. H. Bart.

LETTER XII.

Nov. 18, 1791.

Honoured Sir,

I DO not know, that you are returned to England, but if you are, I am ſure you have ſeen enough abroad, to endear your native country to you more than ever. It is at preſent the favorite of heaven. Our privileges as free men, and as chriſtians, ſet us far above the nations of the earth. It is my office to plead with the Lord and governor of church and ſtate, that we may not be ſuffered to ſin away our diſtinguiſhing bleſſings. I have ſome intereſt with a very great prince, and I am often mentioning you to him, and recommending your caſe. For he delighteth in mercy. May you know him, more than I do, and love him, and delight in him, and every day find him a more, ſtill more precious Jeſus. O how marvellous ſhould he be in your eyes—yours are not common favors—that he ſhould vouchſafe to call one of your fortune and rank, ſhould admit you into his friendſhip, which I am ſure is heaven upon earth—O bleſs him for what he has done—and pray for greater things yet. Holding the truth

truth in love, may you grow up into him in all things. May your ſiſter, and brother, partake of the ſame bleſſings, is the daily requeſt of your friend and ſervant in the Lord Chriſt,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XIII.

Dec. 3, 1791.

My very dear Friend,

I HAVE a long letter from H. full of complaints. I know one, whoſe very ſoul is delighted with hearing ſuch complaints: for they are the breathings of his own Spirit in the heart of his redeemed, and therefore ſent, that Chriſt may be more neceſſary, and more precious: but indeed, my friend, you legalize them, and make thoſe things diſtreſſing, which were only intended to be humbling. The cauſe of every poſſible complaint is in you, whether you feel it or not. You have an abyſs of corruption; ſo have I, and perhaps felt it deeper, than ever you have, or will feel it. But I have a teacher, who makes this whole body of ſin profitable, and to the increaſe of my faith,

and to the magnifying the grace of my almighty Saviour: my daily leſſon is to carry my burden to him, and he carries both me, and it: and while we thus go on lovingly together, he often lets me look into the hell within, but he keeps my conſcience ſprinkled with his atoning blood, and even then I do feel its ſovereign virtue to cleanſe me from all my ſins, if they were ten million times more and greater than they are. Thus believing, yet groaning, under my dreadful load, I hear the father's teſtimony, and I honor it; "Thy ſins and iniquities will I remember no more."

You met an old Saint at Sandwell; and you wiſhed to be in his caſe. I do not. I ſuppoſe you mean F. C. I know him well. I dare not unchriſtian him. But I thank my God for his leading, I think in a more goſpel way, and I am ſure a ſafer. Carrying about me a body of ſin and death, I groan under it, being burdened; it is my continual plague night and day; it makes me loath myſelf, and repent in duſt and aſhes. Hereby I am kept ſenſible of my wants, my unworthineſs, my helpleſſneſs, my vileneſs: and through grace theſe things are made uſeful to bind me cloſer to my beloved. They render him abſolutely neceſſary to my deſperate caſe, and preach that ſelf-abhorrence which makes Chriſt very precious. This ſhould be the happy improvement of all the bitter things you write againſt

againſt yourſelf: in my judgment and experience they make for you. Under the law, they ſpeak guilt and miſery. Under the goſpel, they magnify the grace and ſalvation of our God. I obſerve alſo, that you attend too much, by far, to what others (perhaps profeſſors) ſay of you; and it brings diſtreſs upon you, and hurts your ſpirits. But they are not your judges; neither are they competent. Thus I read—brethren, let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God. God can be with you. God can help you to glorify him by your abiding in your calling. He has promiſed it. In a cottage in Wales you would be out of your place and duty. You would carry yourſelf there. Retirement in will worſhip would make you feel more the plague of your own heart, and your cottage would be a very hell upon earth. Becauſe you had left the ſtation, wherein God, and his help, and his comforts, were to be found. Indeed, Sir R. you have no juſtifiable ground of diſtreſs, either from God, or man. You know the truth of what I ſay, but ſtill the effect remains. Your heart is not perfectly ſettled in the goſpel reſt. He that ſettled me, he alone can ſettle you. There comes in another part of chriſtian friendſhip, which I do exerciſe, and am diligent in. The prayer of faith availeth much—to keep you, as you are, ſtill full of complaints, but improving them in a free ſpirit to the glory of the Savi-

our; a child of Adam, deſerving hell; a believer in Jeſus, an heir of heaven. May he keep you, by his mighty power, till he bring you ſafe to his promiſed heaven. Thanks for your many favours, and the love that ſends them. Our real love to your ſiſter, brother B. and to the houſhould of faith. Mrs. R. joins

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XIV.

TIVERTON, *Sept.* 5, 1794.

My very dear Friend,

THE will of the Lord be done. He does all things for the beſt, and he is teaching you not only to ſay it, but alſo to feel it: I know it, for his compaſſions fail not. And he will make you ſenſible, that all his dealings with you are in loving kindneſs and great tenderneſs. Look back, ſee and admire in what a gracious way he has led hitherto all your ſteps. O what diſtinguiſhing favours—to call you by his grace—to make you obedient to his call—to teach you his goſpel, in a manner vouchſafed to very few—to keep you by his own power for ſo many years, that you have not fallen, nor diſgraced your profeſſion

profeſſion of our moſt holy faith, and that to this hour he preſerves you, waiting for the mercy of our Lord Jeſus unto eternal life. Indeed, my dear Sir, theſe are ſovereign bleſſings, and I verily believe, that you are well taught how to apply them on the preſent occaſion: nay, thanks be to him, I have it under your own hand, that he has enabled you to ſubmit to his will. He has taken away a ſiſter—but ſhe is with him. You have loſt a friend, but he has found her. She is dead, but ſhe liveth. O moſt bleſſed change. She is gone from ſin and ſuffering to live with God for ever. I am ready to ſay, notwithſtanding ſhe will be ſo much miſſed in your family, from my very heart I praiſe and worſhip him, that he has taken her into his heaven and glory. He did it too in a way which was ſingularly kind to her ſurviving relations. I mean thoſe hidings of the Lord's loving countenance, and thoſe deſertions and darkneſs, of which ſhe complained.* You cannot think, what a great refreſhment this was to my ſpirits, and what a teſtimony it was of the ſoundneſs of her faith, and of her experience. On all theſe accounts let your ſorrow be turned into joy. Survey your mercies, perſonal: look at your family; where can you ſhew me ſo many choſen and called?

* After this ſeaſon of darkneſs, ſhe was enabled to rejoice in God our Saviour, and departed in full aſſurance of faith.

Let

Let B. ſpeak. Let Mrs. T. ſpeak. Let all that love H. ſpeak, and ſay, he is good to them indeed, for his mercy to them endureth for ever. Bleſſings on him; he is good in what he gives. He is good, yea bleſt of all, in what he takes away. Strew her hearſe with praiſes; and if a tear be ſhed, let ſorrow be turned into joy: for what we depoſit of her, we commit into his care and keeping, who will make it one day ſhine like his own moſt glorious body.

I thank him, therefore, for the good news which you ſent me: and with my thanks I join my prayers for your profiting from this providence. It warns you to be ready. You are in the laſt ſtage of your journey. He can make it the beſt. He has promiſed it: and he cannot break his word. He has a marvellous ſkill, and an equally marvellous love, in making the infirmities of age ſo many motives to truſt him more. Leſs of ſenſe, more of faith. Leſs of ſelf, more of Chriſt. An infirm body, a ſound mind. Nature failing, grace reigning, and that unto eternal life, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. May you find every day, and for every thing, that he is with you—keeping your conſcience in his peace—your heart in his love—your life in his hands—and your hope in his glory. Whatever intereſt I have in him, is yours: and I truſt he will make the prayer of faith, which is fervent for you, effectual alſo. Your letter of Auguſt

26th

26th did not come to my hands till September 5th. We are in Devonſhire at my wife's ſiſter's, from whence we remove next week to Mr. Ireland's, Briſtol, for the remainder of this month. Mrs. R. is not behind me in beſt wiſhes for you and B. and Mr. and Mrs. T. if with you. It is no ſmall part of my happineſs, that brotherly love continues. I thank him who gave it—who keeps it—who will keep it unto the end. May he bleſs you with the choiceſt of his bleſſings, and give you to pray for

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XV.

CLAPHAM, *Sept.* 30.

My good Friend,

I WAS made to believe that I ſhould have the pleaſure of ſeeing you to-day: but I am ſadly diſappointed. I wanted to thank you for paſt favors of this year, as well as many before.

I wanted alſo to inform you, that no perſon living ever heard me ſpeak a word againſt M's. doctrine. As far as I know he is ſound in the faith; and I eſteem him for the truth's ſake.

It

It would have been a real favor done me, if I had an opportunity perſonally of wiſhing you a good journey. The 121ſt Pſalm be your viaticum: fulfilled in every day's travel: and the laſt verſe made good to you as long as you are upon faith's ground, and then for ever. My love to my dear brother B. I hope he has an Hebrew bible, and will tranſlate the pſalm. I ſet out after church to Clapham. To-morrow we go to Southampton. God be with you, and guide and keep you. So prays

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XVI.

Feb. 7, 1795.

Dear Sir,

IN ſome former wars this treatiſe met with your approbation, and it pleaſed God to own it, and to bleſs it: at the deſire of my friends I have reprinted it, in hopes it may, through the divine favor, bring his people again upon their knees. You know well, that prayer has diſperſed blacker clouds than the preſent. And if we are humbled under his mighty hand, God is never at a loſs for ways and means to grant us our requeſts. Pleaſe to communicate this

this to my brother B. and tell him, that I believe he will meet ſome of the beſt company in the kingdom, at eight o'clock, on Sunday evening.

I am, with great reſpect,

Your Friend and Servant in the Lord,

W. ROMAINE.

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*To A. S. Eſq.**

LETTER XVII.

March 14, 1774.

Dear Sir,

I WANT no argument to convince you of the friendſhip of Mr. S. to W. R. or vice ver. I believe it is of his making, who ties eternal bonds. Whenever I think of you,

* This Correſpondent firſt heard Mr. Romaine, on Luke i. 74, 75, in March 1762; but their perſonal acquaintance did not commence till late in the year 1764. From this period to the year 1774, both living in or near London, there was no occaſion for epiſtolary communication. Upon the departure of this Correſpondent from the metropolis to America, and then on his return to the country, the letters which follow, among others, were written to him by the author.

I have

I have only one thing to blame myſelf for; which I am to try to make amends for the firſt opportunity I have in perſon.

Your letter has warmed my heart with a freſh proof of your friendſhip: I do not think it right to take any ſteps in it myſelf, but leave it to the great Lord.

Poor R. It is the worſt day that town ever ſaw. But remember, my good friend, neither you nor I love Chriſt's flock, nor can love them, as he does. I am afraid, the called are called--- and the called ſhall be well taken care of. They cannot periſh. Mrs. T. is amazingly ſupported. But I am runnning on I know not whither; and Sunday evening. People are coming in. My work begins. Adieu, your's in our dear, common dear Lord,

W. ROMAINE.

My bleſſing on your children.

LETTER XVIII.

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS,
July 1, 1774.

My very dear Friend,

I AM forced to make my apology for not coming according to appointment. I ſhall not

not be in town till the 10th inſtant; God willing I ſhall call at K. on the 11th, and ſhall be happy to meet with you. Do not forget to pray for

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XIX.

May, 5, 1777.

My very dear Friend,

THE great breadth of the Atlantic Ocean, nor long diſtance, nor my not hearing from you, can keep you and me aſunder. What a wonderful attraction is there in chriſtian love! I have fellowſhip with you in ſpirit, though far abſent in body: and in ſuch a bond, as no nearneſs of fleſh can tie. Your concerns are mine. I feel them. I rejoice with you. I mourn with you. I pray with you. I meet you at one throne. Our mutual requeſts are poured into one boſom. His eyes, his heart are upon us both. He ſends my prayers for you back with increaſing love to you, and to him for it. Such a friend is our Jeſus! Who is like him? By his magnetical virtue, two perſons diſtant thouſands

thouſands of miles, can have a fellow-feeling. And by means of their common intereſt in him, they can do one another the very beſt ſervices: for his Spirit actuates all his members; who by their oneneſs with the head, are ſenſible of their mutual pains and pleaſures, as our members in the body are. The nerves all over in contact: and if one member be affected with pain or pleaſure, all the members feel with it. I reckoned this my privilege. Among the number, and I truſt it is not ſmall, who are wiſhing you all bleſſings, I have the honor to be among the foremoſt, and will yield only to one. My thoughts often turn upon your preſent ſituation: diſtant from your wife, and children, far from your friends, ſeparate from your worldly connections; theſe do not excite pleaſing ſenſations. But I am chiefly affected for your diſtance from the ark and ordinances. Does this grieve you? There was one in the wilderneſs of Judah in your caſe. Happy ſhould I be, if his ſentiments ſhould be yours. Excuſe my jealouſy over you: for indeed it is a godly jealouſy. Turn to the lxiii. Pſalm, and may the breathings of your heart be like his!

I meet with many people, who ſay they never ſaw ſuch a need of this petition as at preſent. Grant us peace in our time, O Lord. I keep on praying, but the cloud does not diſperſe. It is ſtill thick, black, and lowering. The ſtorm gathers,

gathers, and threatens a wide ſpread ruin. This makes me pray more earneſtly. I would be found among the holy mourners, deeply concerned not only for mine own ſins, but for their's alſo, which have brought down the juſt wrath of heaven. Sin is the cauſe of our preſent ſuffering. Judgment is gone forth, and if there be no turning from ſin, judgment will continue: yea, if there be hardneſs in ſin under judgment, it is not only the forerunner of greater miſery, but is alſo a part of the ſentence executed. O what a proſpect does this give me of American miſery! What can be worſe, than they be, left as they are to themſelves? God ſeems to let them alone. He has done with them. Hence they are given up to blindneſs and hardneſs. They ſee not, they fear not their certain ruin. There is not a word in all the book, ſo fearful in my view, as what I ſee now fulfilling—Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone.

Thus dark is the proſpect looking at America: but thank God, we have a brighter ſcene. The great king over all the earth is manifeſting wondrous care for England, in which we rejoice. His church flouriſhes. Many young miniſters come out, more coming. A great awakening ſtill all over our land. Some ſucceſsful attempts towards a general reformation. Much prayer and ſupplication for our turning as a people to the Lord. Signs of the good will of God to his church

church and people, and earneſts, I hope, of better things provided for us.

I could not avoid this opportunity of teſtifying my regard for you, Mrs. S. having promiſed to encloſe this note in her packet. It comes with all prayer for you, and is loaded with a ſhip-load of good wiſhes from me and mine. You will give me credit, and believe me to be, in the beſt bonds,

Your's, W. R.

LETTER XX.

BRADFORD, *Wilts.*
Oct. 20, 1777.

My good Friend,

I DO not forget you, nor your's. I have you on my heart in prayer, and have been recommending Mrs. S. in her time of need. Let me hope ſhe is the living mother of a living child, and one of our kingdom, which is the only thing worth being born for. Our excurſions are over for this year; and we purpoſe to dine with Mrs. Talbot next Tueſday. The ſight of you would add much to the entertainment, if it could be, and convenient. If we may not expect that favour, I ſhould be glad to hear

hear from you. It is a great prize to meet with a real friend, and a greater ſtill to meet with an approved one. A friend of Chriſt's making is better ſtill; becauſe he makes everlaſting friends.

I am ſtill on my knees before him. He does not caſt out my petition: but we are not yet fit for victory and ſucceſs. His end in chaſtiſing is in a great meaſure anſwered in his own family. They are humbled. They own the rod is righteous. But he will ſmite harder, till ſinners feel it. The lofty looks of this nature will be humbled. If it be but as Ahab, it will bring Ahab's mercy. However I pray on, and I do not, I cannot deſpair. Common means fail: then is God's time. Till it come, may we wait and truſt.

Our love to your dear partner---and my bleſſing on all your offspring. Do not forget, in your beſt moments,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XXI.

Dec. 22, 1779.

My dear Friend,

I NEED not tell you, that I have you always upon my heart. At this time I am praying for you, that you may be kept very hungry and

thirſty after Chriſt---among them whom he pronounces bleſſed, and whom he will make bleſſed. It is a ſign of health to have a good appetite. There is no better evidence of our having taſted, that the Lord is gracious, than ſtill to be waiting on him for the bread of life, and for the water of life. And he does truly nouriſh us, when we feel the manna ſweet, and the Spirit refreſhes our hearts with it. Then that meat is not light bread, but a delightful feaſt; and the cup of ſalvation is full, yea, runneth over with bleſſings. May theſe be the choiceſt of your Chriſtmas fare. And to make you more willing than ever to ſit down with the Lord at his royal table. May the ear of faith hear him ſpeak to you all the twelve days of the feaſt, yea, all the twelve months of the year---Eat, my friend, drink; yea, drink abundantly, my beloved. None more welcome than Mr. and Mrs. S. He would have you to be free and to take your fill. The meat is from heaven, and feeds the heavenly life. The drink ſobers. The more you take of it, the more it will deaden your ſenſes to earthly joys; and it will render ſpiritual joys more ſpiritual: for it comes from heaven, and taſtes of heaven; and it is indeed a fountain of water, ſpringing up into everlaſting life. In his name I invite you this Chriſtmas, and out of ſome of his love I wiſh you to ſhare with us in thoſe bleſſings. If not

preſent

preſent in perſon, I hope you will be with us in ſpirit at our banquet: and ſo to live upon Chriſt with his redeemed, as to ſay with them---He is a feaſt of fat things---all delights in one. Bleſſed be יהוה אלהים our matchleſs Immanuel, the God of Iſrael, who only doeth wonderous things: and bleſſed is his glorious name, not only at Chriſtmas, but, for ever, and the whole earth ſhall be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.

I ſend you ſome of my remarks on the year 1779, as they occur in my memorandum book. If you can add to them any freſh matter of praiſe in your obſervations, it will be a very acceptable preſent at Blackfriars.

Anſwers to prayer in the year 1779.

Encouragements to pray on in the year 180

Providences appear in favor of England.

I. A very plentiful harveſt, and fine weather to get it in, all over the kingdom.

II. Delightful ſeaſon in Autumn---fruitful in graſs, and favourable for the ſeed time.

III. The camps remarkably healthy, even to their time of breaking up, although it was late in the year.

IV. Invaſions threatened, and attempted, at Guernſey, at Plymouth, but without ſucceſs.

V. All our fleets brought ſafe home.

VI. The enemies either taken by us, diſperſed and deſtroyed by ſtorms, or rendered uſeleſs by ſickneſs.

VII. The enemies at home, as violent as ever, but reſtrained by him, who ſet bounds to the raging of the Sea.

VIII. The bleſſing of God on our arms in Aſia; ſo great, that not one enemy left in the Eaſt Indies.

IX. Providences againſt France. 1ſt. They neglected their trade. 2d. Impriſoned all their ſailors on board their ſhips of war. 3d. Crowded them alſo with ſoldiers. 4th. Hence our great ſucceſs in privateering. 5th. The hand of God againſt the French, in viſiting their fleets. And 6th. Armies with ſickneſs, by which more have died than many battles could have deſtroyed. And 7th. Againſt them in the hurricane at Martinico.

X. Providences againſt Spain. 1ſt. Infatuated by French councils to act againſt their own intereſt. 2d. Againſt every chriſtian principle in favouring the American rebellion. 3d. Suffer for it in their miſcarrying in their attempt to take our eight Indiamen. 4th. In their ſiege of Gibraltar. 5th. And in the loſs of many rich ſhips. And 6th. In the loſs of Omoa, as reported in the Saturday's Gazette.

XI. Providences againſt America. 1ſt. In their attempt againſt Penobſcot. 2d. In their public

public diſtreſſes. 3d. In their diſſentions. 4th. In their paper currency. 5th. In their loſs of all vital religion. And 6th. In their preſent deſpair on the victory over the French arms and fleet.

N. B. I have a brighter view ſtill to give of God's anſwer to prayer in ſpirituals, but my paper fails. Surely God is on our ſide. He has done great things for us, without our fleets and armies. To him be all the glory. Prayer and praiſe muſt go together the next year. Much prayer will afford matter for much praiſe. Remember in both

W. R.

LETTER XXII.

March 18, 1780.

My very dear Friend,

I do not follow impulſes, as you very well know; but I cannot reſiſt the preſent; night and day it is upon my mind; my heart runs upon it, and when I would have other thoughts, this will intrude and come uppermoſt. It will be ſome relief to me to give it vent, and perhaps anſwer all my wiſhes in communicating it to

you; for I muſt inform you that you are the perſon concerned, and it is in your power to grant me my heart's deſire. Ought you not to write up over your door, *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*; and ſhould it not engage your moſt ſerious attention. How ſhall I employ theſe *horæ ſolitariæ* moſt and beſt to the glory of my God? and as far as he pleaſes to enable me to promote the intereſt of his dear people. I think you was not ſent to M— for nothing. Outward cauſes we look beyond. His hand hath certainly done it. Well then, come forward. When you know your call, be ready---Here I am, ſend me, what is the will of my Lord? He has given me leiſure; my capacity, be it what it may, is his ſovereign gift. "And the right uſe of it is alſo of his ſovereign "grace. What would my Lord have me to "do, in order to ſhew forth his praiſe?"

I can anſwer for you, that theſe are your ſentiments---I am certain they are. And will you give me leave to point out, what appears to me a moſt profitable and a moſt ſeaſonable improvement of this gracious opportunity. I ſuppoſe you are now and then thanking that great and good Saviour, who had led you to glorify his name and his offices, and had enabled you to bear a noble teſtimony for his Godhead in this day of blaſphemy. In ſuch ſeaſons of gratitude does it not ſometimes occur to you, that you was

was aſſiſted in this work by him, who leadeth into all truth. Indeed, Sir, you are under marvellous obligations, the greateſt which can poſſibly be, to the Lord God the Holy Ghoſt. You owe him more than you can ever repay---more than you can ever count up. Your returns, the moſt grateful, are but acknowledgements; and theſe are alſo his gifts, What! if you was to ſit down, and try to eſtimate your debt. Conſider who he is---what he does in the ſpiritual world---what he has done for you and in you---will do as long as you have your being. Revolve all this in your mind, pray him to impreſs it deep upon your heart. The conſequence, I verily believe will be, that the bleſſings derived from him are infinite, and your obligations ſuch as demand everlaſting praiſe. With a heart warmed with theſe views, you could not be able to reſiſt the dictates of gratitude. You would look up and ſay, May the ſpirit of wiſdom and revelation aſſiſt me to treat of his true and eſſential divinity---His ſcripture names, Holy---Spirit---Jehovah, Lord, God, Almighty---Attributes---Works---Offices---Spirit of Life---Lord and Giver of Life---Continuer of it---Giver of all grace, faith, hope, love, loving obedience, patient ſuffering. Leader into all truth---A Witneſs for Jeſus---Glorifier of Jeſus---Sanctifier of all the elect people of God---Who abideth with them for ever---The Comforter---The Advocate---The Strengthener

Strengthener—The taker of the Things of Jeſus, who ἀναγγελει makes them clear and plain.

Here is work for you, may he fit you for it with good will and power. My prayers ſhall follow my advice. And may he put it into your heart, as I truſt he has into mine. The bleſſing of the Bleſſer of all nations be with you and with Mrs. S. and all your children. I entreat you never to forget

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XXIII.

June 13, 1780.

My very dear Friend,

THE only deſign of my writing to you is to fulfil my promiſe. The firſt viſit we paid this ſummer was to be in ———. The time is come, if agreeable to you, next week, on Monday or Tueſday; your anſwer early will be a great favor. Having many, many things to ſay afreſh on the old ſubject—the evil of ſin, and the bleſſedneſs of grace, they muſt be reſerved to our walks in your retirement. Pray for us; we want your prayers more than ever. I do not forget Mrs. S. and all yours. Remember me and mine, who are in bonds of real love,

Your true ſervants,

W. R.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

June 19, 1780.

Dear Sir,

O HOW uncertain are human hopes. I was to have been in ——, at the time I am writing this; but I could not attain my wiſh. The effects of the late troubles begin to be felt: Mrs. P. died of the mob laſt Saturday. I am obliged at her requeſt, to ſtay to preach her funeral ſermon. Perhaps ſomebody may ſoon preach mine; my houſe and life are both threatened: but my Lord ruleth over all. I deſire to live and die by the faith of the Son of God.--- How he pleaſes to diſmiſs me, when, and where; not my will Lord, but thine be done! if I am permitted to ſee you in the fleſh, I can tell you of perſons and things, at which both your ears will tingle. If I cannot get to you ſoon, I would gladly convey your manuſcript, with my imprimatur, if I knew of any conveyance. I am really with you in the Spirit. Every bleſſing of the covenant be with Mrs. S. Remember me, called at laſt, to the hardeſt ſervice.

Pray for,

W. R.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

BLACKFRIARS, *Aug.* 30, 1780.

My Dear Friend,

I HOPE this will reach you to-morrow morning, Aug. 31, to be my harbinger. God willing, I ſhall follow it to your houſe on Wedneſday, and if all things favor, be with you before two o'clock: I am ſtill at prayers, waiting for a favorable anſwer, which I expect ſoon. My comfort is, amidſt all confuſions---The Lord reigneth: the government is on his ſhoulders, and well managed. He has but one ſimple plan: he intends his own glory, and makes all things work together under him to promote it; with which his people's good is inſeparably connected. I have many things to ſay, but truſt to get time to tell you, how much I am in the beſt bonds,

Your's, for Jeſus' ſake,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

Sept. 18, 1780

My Dear Friend,

I LONG to ſee you face to face, and if you have no other engagements, the time is near; we hope to dine with you at two o'clock this day ſen'night, 25th inſtant; if all be agreeable, give us a line to put us in ſpirits; not that I want them, about any thing, except our ride. In ſuch ſtorms, we muſt repoſe ourſelves in our pilot's ſkill and power, his ark is ſafe, and all embarked in it will get to their deſired port. But I feel for them, who are at preſent toſſed with us in the ſtorm, but not in the ſame keeping of his Almighty love. To them I preach. For them I pray. O that they may ſee their danger, and get into the ark, before they periſh; but I reſerve theſe things for converſation. Mrs. R. joins in every good prayer to Mrs. S. and yourſelf, with your very much obliged, and faithful friend,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

Nov. 3, 1780.

My good Friend,

WE have a ſort of correſpondence, but it is through others, and a good deal in ſigns and dumb ſhew; and yet we diſcover one anothers mind, but not clearly and diſtinctly. When we are at Mr. S's. he has a daughter, who was once dumb, and is ſtill deaf; but ſhe has learnt to ſpeak, and converſes with us; ſometimes ſhe cannot underſtand us, and then we are forced to write our mind to her. I am in the ſame ſituation at preſent.

Your preſent ſtudies are much upon my heart. May that ever bleſſed perſon, to whom they relate, deign to favor, and ſmile upon them. Among his other high ſtiles and titles, there is one divinely glorious, which has greatly employed my thoughts, and affected my heart of late, viz. " the Spirit of adoption:" the received meaning of which is, taking a ſtranger into the family, and giving him the privilege of a ſon. This is among men, a matter of pure favor; and it increaſes in value, according to the greatneſs of the eſtate hereby conveyed. When the Adopter has thus raiſed a poor beggar, he may enrich him with a princely fortune, but he cannot give him the temper and affection of a dutiful child. The adopted may prove ungrateful; he

he may abuſe the favor, miſpend the fortune, and be worſe for the adoption. But it is quite otherwiſe when God gives his Spirit: he, at the ſame time, creates ſpiritual life in the adopted ſon—unites him by his almighty power to Jeſus, and thereby enables him to live by faith, in and on Jeſus—through whom he knows and finds the father's love: thus he forms the ſon for the family.—He lives, as Chriſt does—has the mind of Chriſt—judges of things as Chriſt does, Eph. i.---Has the ſame affections as, 1 John v. 1, 2, 3.---Has the ſame relations with Chriſt, as John xvii.---Has the ſame inheritance, Rom. viii. ---And for the ſame duration, Acts xxvi. 17, 18. Eph. i. 14.---In this view, the Spirit of adoption beſtows the higheſt dignity a creature can poſſibly receive---united by one Spirit to Immanuel, and in him united to the Father, and thereby capable of enjoying the greateſt happineſs, of which any creature can poſſibly partake, even to be a partaker of the divine nature.

In meditating upon this ſubject may our ſentiments be the ſame with the apoſtle, 1 John iii. 1, 2, 3. And our experience like his.

I deſire to be remembered by you on all propitious occaſions. When prayer is fervent, and brotherly love active, recommend to the king's eſpecial favor and grace,

W. R.

And all his.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

BLACKFRIARS, *Jan.* 31, 1781.

Dear Sir,

MY ſilence has been owing to a ſore finger, which has for ſome months hindered me from writing at all; at preſent it is with pain. I have ſeen the outſide of Mr. H's. publication; but have no deſire to take one view within. I wiſh to keep to my motto---*Homo ſum unius libri*; of which, the more I read, the more I long to read; it is always new-- always inſtructing--always delightful. In books I converſe with men; in the bible I converſe with God. That moſt bleſſed Spirit, of whom you are writing, ſpeaks with the word to my heart; and then I look up, and intreat him to get himſelf glory from you and your labors. In this ſweet intercourſe, I am often preſent at ——. I pay you frequent viſits in your ſtudy, and rejoice in beholding the advancement of the work. When I ſee you hard and induſtrious in your writing, I cannot help praying the Holy Ghoſt to inſpire your thoughts, and to give you the pen of a ready writer. What if you are laid aſide for a little while, and kept out of your line of life ---May it not be of mercy, that you may have leiſure to improve in ſelf-knowledge? O bleſſed retirement!

retirement! If it prove the means of leading you to devote your time and talents to the ſervice of that God, who has conferred ſuch favors upon you. He has given you life---life from the dead---What is that mercy! who can tell? It paſſeth knowledge. He has given you the Spirit of life---who has been teaching you to live upon the fulneſs of Immanuel. He has been teſtifying of that fulneſs to you, and I hope enabling you to glorify it in word and in deed: his gracious office herein, is one of the moſt intereſting views which we can take of his, and of the Saviour's love, as repreſented John xvi. 14, 15. A favorite text of mine, on which I have preached many times. If you look to the Greek, you will conſider the word ἀναγγελει, tranſlated, to ſhew, a very groſs miſtake: it belongs to the ear, and not to the eye---not to ſeeing, but to ſpeaking---To the word, which preached clearly, begets faith, and which believed nouriſhes faith; and, as faith increaſes, glorifies ſtill more that fulneſs of Jeſus, out of which comes every grace and bleſſing. Hence the word is often uſed in the New Teſtament for preaching the goſpel, by which the teſtimony of the Spirit is received, and the fulneſs of Jeſus glorified and made uſe of. I would render the word; he ſhall clearly declare or preach, and ſo manifeſt the things of Chriſt, that they ſhall become the object of faith, and hope, and love. I could write a volume on this

this moſt gracious office of the Spirit: may you ſee it in my light, or rather in his own light; and let it ſhine before men. The winter is retiring. Already the aconite proclaims the genial influence of the returning light. And yet I have not viſited, as it was intended, Reading friends, and St. Giles's pulpit; but it has not been in my power, as you ſhall hear bye and bye. A new member, I truſt, born of your family into ours: God bleſs him. My love and Mrs. R's to the mother: my finger aches, and when you ſee where the ſore has been, and is ſtill, you will wonder how I can write at all.

Farewell,

And pray for

W. R.

LETTER XXIX.

June 2, 1781.

My dear Friend,

I AM not maſter of my time, nor of myſelf; London is my priſon, for I cannot do what I would: when I have ſet me down to read your papers, preſently, a knock, Sir, you are wanted; and this, again and again. At laſt I reſolved to get a little way out of town, which I did this week; and being quite alone, I have had leiſure to go through them. My remarks upon

upon them are ſo many, and ſo material, that what I have put down, can be of little uſe, unleſs I can be with you two or three days; my lectures finiſh July 1. My life may before. God ſparing it, I would make my firſt excurſion to ——. I ſend you ſo long notice, that, when it is fixed, nothing may hinder our meeting. Let us know as ſoon as you conveniently can, that we may order our matters accordingly: time is ſhort. Working time for God ſhorter ſtill. May we do his will in our places: glorify him in word and deed; and when activity ceaſes, glorify him in ſimple dependence. It is but right, you ſhould leave a teſtimony under your own hand, of his unſpeakable love to you, and more ſo in this blaſphemous generation. After I have communicated my thoughts to you, I ſhall gladly give my imprimatur to the bleſſed truths which you have written. Mrs. R's love to our old friend Mrs. S. my bleſſing on your children. I am juſt got home; and have much to do for to-morrow's meſſage.

Pray for

W. ROMAINE.

This day, laſt year, the riots began. The thermometer is again at riot-heat. Grant us peace in our time, O Lord! He has ſtopt---He does ſtop---He will ſtop the madneſs of the people.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

READING, *March* 5, 1782.

HERE I am, in my way Sion-ward---Salutes to fellow-travellers at Heckfield---Go forward---Your time ſhortens faſt---The journey will ſoon be over---Let nothing ſtop you---He, who ſet you in the way, has provided every thing needful to keep you in it ſafe from the malice and power of all your enemies. Look to Jeſus. May you never loſe ſight of him by faith, till you be admitted to the open viſion of our God. I have many things to tell you of him, all good, and ſcarce any thing good, of any one elſe. You will favor me with a viſit, when convenient, and continue to pray for

W. R.

Who never forgets you, or yours.

LETTER XXXI.

SOUTHAMPTON, *Sep.* 29, 1782.

My Dear Friend,

MY heart leaped for joy at the reading of your letter: I have much and long wiſhed to viſit you at Heckfield, and this would have

been the opportunity; but I am here for health, and have only bathed twice: after about five or ſix times more, I muſt hurry to London to a wedding---the parties being waiting impatiently for my arrival; none elſe muſt do it, both being my children, whom I cannot refuſe. Now I know I may come, it will be no difficulty to find my way another time. Indeed, I ſhould have been glad to have aſſiſted at the dedication of your new houſe; but you begin, and we finiſh: ſo it will be well conſecrated in time. Let me intreat you not to lay aſide the reviſal of your papers; my heart is much ſet upon their publication. I flatter myſelf, that I ſhall find your laſt hand put to them: and my prayers for a bleſſing on writing, will be turned into prayers for a bleſſing on printing. May the Holy Ghoſt be ſent down from heaven upon it, and may he accompany it with his effectual grace. Mrs. R. joins in every good wiſh to you and to Mrs. S. my bleſſing on your children. As I have you by name in my Love's Litany, which I uſe to night, do not, I intreat you, forget to pray for

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XXXII.

TUESDAY, *July* 1, 1783.

My very Dear Friend,

I AM looking forward with pleaſure, to the day, when I ſhall ſee Heckfield friends: my preaching at Reading, is fixed for the 20th inſtant. If it be quite agreeable to you, we will make our journey that way, and be with you the 16th. I underſtand, that you have a reviſe now with you—If this comes time enough, you will favor me with a line, that we may be certain about our route. You can receive no viſitors more truly attached to your beſt intereſts. I have you much on my heart, and in my prayers. It is my privilege, and I feel it my happineſs to be in the beſt bonds,

Your friend and ſervant,

W. ROMAINE.

Mrs. R. joins in every good wiſh, as does my ſon, who is with us, to you and yours.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

My very Dear Friend,

A SURE foundation is a great mercy: ſo I learn daily: my Lord, and He only, is that foundation; all beſide, is חבל, what more fixed, than given under my hand---" On the 16th, I " ſhall be at Heckfield." But Mr. C——— has overturned my plan. He thought it not right to have the ſociety ſermon on the day of the confirmation; he wrote to me about it: I acquieſced. It is to be Sunday the 27th, but intending to finiſh my ſummer campaign to morrow, it ſeemed a favorable opportunity to go to ſee my ſon, for ſome days. We purpoſe to ſtay with him till Friday next: and hope to be at Reading at the Crown, early in the afternoon, ſo as to eat our bread and cheeſe at Heckfield. We very thankfully accept the offer of your chaiſe, on Friday next, and ſhall be glad to ſee it at the ſaid crown: excuſe this yea and nay work, in which I am quite patient; and believe me to be on other grounds,

Yours,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XXXIV.

READING, *Aug.* 2, 1783.

My very Dear in the Lord,

WE are in continual danger; our friends, our enemies lay ſnares for us—ſmiles may hurt, as well as frowns. But where we love God in our friends, he gives us a ſpiritual uſe of their love. Our converſation, and every mutual intercourſe of kindneſs is ſanctified. He makes us a bleſſing to one another, and thereby gets glory to his grace. I am ſure he did from me at Heckfield; and I never felt his goodneſs more in all my life, than in worſhipping him at my Oratory: there I ſet up my Ebenezer afreſh. The bench, and the oak, and the heath, and the ſpring, can all witneſs for God, that he is good, and that his mercy endureth for ever. Through his kind hand over us, we purpoſe to be ready Monday morning to make uſe of your offered favor, Mrs. R. will be prepared about eleven, God gives us a profitable meeting. I am adoring his bounty for ſuch an harveſt---ſuch weather---and with my praiſes, joining prayers for a ſpiritual harveſt, that his laborers may get it in faſt, and the Lord's garner be ſoon full. Lord haſten

that

that moſt glorious day, and keep you and me haſtening to it! Our love to Mrs. S. my bleſſing on all your children. Do not forget, I beſeech you,

W. R.

LETTER XXXV.

SOUTHAMPTON, *Oct.* 14, 1783.

My Dear Friend,

HAVING an opportunity of conveying a line to you, by means of Mrs. C———, I gladly embrace it. I write from Southampton, where we are to ſtay till the 21ſt or 22d inſtant: it is not determined yet, what road we take---but it is abſolutely fixed, that we ſhall be at home by the 26th. Mr. and Mrs. C———, preſs hard to make Reading in the way: if they prevail, it will only be for the Thurſday evening's lecture: and perhaps our ſeeing you face to face, may incline us to prefer the Baſingſtoke road.

I have good news to tell you from a far country, as refreſhing as cold water to a thirſty ſoul. God has ſpared me to read over my bible once more: O what a treaſure---what unſearchable riches are there in this golden mine! I never dug

dug deeper, nor found more precious jewels, than upon this laſt peruſal. You know it is my conſtant cuſtom, as ſoon as St. Dunſtan's lectures are over, to begin the bible, and without ſtopping or interruption, to go on from Geneſis to the end of the Revelation; this exerciſe is always begun with prayer, and carried on with a ſettled dependence on the ſpirit of prayer; and I am always wiſhing to aſcribe all the profit (and it has been very, very great) to the praiſe of the glory of his grace. At preſent, I am not reading my bible, in order to find out ſome new truth, but to be eſtabliſhed in what I do know, and to attain more confirmation of it. This I would chiefly ſeek for, that I may get growing experience of the wiſdom of God, and of the power of God in his word, and may thereby enjoy the bleſſings of his love promiſed in it. With this view, I ſend you ſome of my obſervations on the reading of the bible in the year 83. I am happy in believing, that your heart harmonizes with me in them. One of the firſt things to be noticed and expected is, the actual fulfilling of the promiſes to this day, namely, that the holy Spirit is ſtill in the word: he works in it, and by it. He makes it at preſent, as much as he ever did, the great ordinance of God unto ſalvation, as you may obſerve in Iſai. lix. 20, 21. hence it is called the miniſtration of the Spirit; becauſe in it he holds forth

Jeſus

Jeſus Chriſt to be the Almighty Saviour: and whomſoever he calls by it to come to the Saviour, he makes his call to them effectual. They receive the Spirit, by the hearing of the word, as Gal. iii. 2.

This, my good friend, is what you and I ſhould above all things ſeek. We ſhould be always praying for the Spirit to accompany his own word. It is our duty to hear and read---but we ſhould always do it with the fixt dependance of our hearts upon his divine teaching; without which, the word itſelf will profit us nothing, as we read Heb. iv. 2. "The word "preached did not profit them, not being mixed "with faith in them who heard it." May the good Spirit keep us in the uſe of means, but entirely dependant upon him in the uſe of them. Thanks be to him, that in this frame of mind, I have once more gone through his word---ſettled and grounded more ſtedfaſtly, than ever before; that the word of God can be made uſeful to me, only by the Spirit of God. The next thing that engaged my attention, was the divine and infallible truth of the holy ſcriptures, of which I have been convinced with all the riches of the full aſſurance of underſtanding. Our Lord ſaid in his laſt prayer---"Father, thy word is truth." And I ſay the ſame. I have ſet my ſeal to it on this laſt reading:

ing: every line, every word is according to the mind of the infinitely wife God. It is his revealed will; and it difcovers to us objects in God's light, as he fees them---Whereby the Holy Spirit renews us in true knowledge, after the image of him that created us: he brings our underftanding to fubmit to be informed by his unerring word. Whatever it reveals of Jehovah, of the three perfons in Jehovah, of the God-man, of his falvation, of the way of receiving the benefit of it in time and in eternity; he has made me willing to live in entire fubjection to its teaching. My conftant enquiry is---What it reveals. Not, why? I ftudy to know it, not as a metaphyfician, but as a chriftian. I feek, not fo much to comprehend it, as to believe it. Nothing appears to me more reafonable, than that my reafon fhould fubmit to God's reafon: And therefore I am kept praying for divine grace, to make his word, like the light of the fun, clear in my head, and fruitful in my heart.

My dear friend, let me recommend to you this method of reading your bible. Ever take it up as the oracles of God---the infallible ftandard of truth. The abiding perfuafion of this, will fave you a great deal of trouble, and will bring you in vaft profit. You will not have much occafion to confult authors, or to fpend your time in perufing many books. If you take up your

your bible with a ſettled conviction, that it is the truth of God, and that it has the ſtamp of divine authority, this will be the means of your underſtanding more of the ſcriptures, than all the comments in the world could give you: becauſe your mind, having received the impreſſion of divine truth, is now diſpoſed to receive the impreſſion of divine power; which is another matchleſs excellency of the word of God.

The Spirit of God ſtill works in it, and by it; as in the firſt creation, ſo in the new creation---He does all by his Almighty Fiat. He ſpeaks, and it is done: he commands, and is obeyed. His, is a creating word; he calls, and the dead hear. It is a life-giving word. He follows the call, and the quickened ſinner believes---faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God; and this faith is as great a demonſtration of divine power, as raiſing Chriſt from the dead was; as you may ſee Eph. i. 19, 20, &c. Then he puts his word into the inward parts, and the believer is enabled to feed upon it, and to be nouriſhed thereby, even up unto life everlaſting: ſo that he often ſays to his Lord---"Jeſus, to "whom ſhould I go? Thou only haſt the words "of eternal life." This divine efficacy of the ſcriptures, is the principal thing, by which God magnifies his word above all his name. He has made it his ordinance, like the fixt laws of nature

nature—by which he ſtill keeps up intercourſe and communion between himſelf and his people, and gives them to ſee and to enjoy his perfections. His Spirit makes it effectual to begin, and to carry on fellowſhip with the Father and the Son. And thus he is daily magnifying it, by realizing the promiſes, and putting believers into poſſeſſion of the graces and bleſſings promiſed in it. So that it is to this hour, the mighty power of God, as truly as when he ſpake the world into being; as effectual, as when he ſaid, "Lazarus come forth." My dear friend, may you and I feel it more, ſtill more: may we live happy partakers of its influence---and whenever we hear it, read it, or meditate upon it; may we get freſh experience of the power of God in his word: which will bring us another bleſſing peculiar to the ſcriptures: by acknowledging them to be the truth of God, and finding them to be the power of God, we ſhall come to experience their divine ſweetneſs.

It is by continual dependence on the teaching of the Spirit, in and by the word, and by mixing faith with it, that we come to find its value, and to taſte its pleaſures: for it then opens a new world to us, a ſpiritual and eternal world---it reveals to us the God of that world --our father, loving us in his ſon---It makes known the ſon's wonderful perſon, and his heavenly work in ſalvation, with all the bleſſings of it, which faith

brings

brings into preſent enjoyment. The believer is made alive to them, and then has his ſpiritual ſenſes exerciſed upon them---and each ſenſe has its proper object, and its peculiar delight, as we read---O come *taſte*, and *ſee*, how gracious the Lord is---*hear* his voice, for it is ſweet---*ſmell* the good odour of his perfume; for his name is as ointment poured forth---come and *handle* the word of God. What a paradiſe is here! as real, but more bleſſed, than Adam's. Believe me, Sir, I know you do---In my laſt reading, God has thus bleſſed me; what the word reports, the Spirit has realized. In the way of believing the promiſes, I have found the fulfilling of them. I ſpeak for God, and his glorious word. Away ſelf. The Holy Ghoſt the comforter, does by it at this day make good his name, and his office; he ſhall take of mine, ſays Jeſus, and ſhall ſhew it, manifeſt it unto you, the ſpiritual world, all the graces, all the glories of it---he will not only manifeſt them to you clearly; but he will alſo enable you to believe them with a pleaſing earneſt, and to enjoy them with many a ſweet foretaſte of the glory, that is to be revealed.

There is a very delightful account of this in the 19th Pſalm. What, if I ſhould ſet my ſeal to it, and ſay, that I know what is ſpoken in the firſt part concerning the light of this world to be matter of fact, as well as what is ſpoken

in

in the ſecond part concerning the light of the ſpiritual world. Would not you allow me, Sir, to be a competent judge of both? And when the ſame prophet adds---" O, what love have I " unto thy law! I rejoice in it, as one that " findeth great ſpoils! Yea, it is dearer to me " than thouſands of gold and ſilver;" bleſſed be God, I find it ſo. Indeed, upon every reading of the Bible, it grows more precious to me, as it did to David: becauſe it is not only the diſcovery, but it is become alſo the conveyance of the unſearchable riches of Chriſt---theſe are revealed in the word, and applied by the word. Faith is the lawful key, which opens the infinite treaſury, and hears the proclamation of grace--- " O ye that are ſeeking durable riches---theſe--- " all theſe are yours---come, take all you want--- " uſe all you wiſh---you cannot do the free " giver a greater favor, than to enrich yourſélves " daily out of his boundleſs ſtore---Read his " promiſes, how exceeding great, how exceed- " ing precious they are---Read his faithfulneſs to " them---Only truſt---take---uſe---all that is in the " promiſes ſhall be yours in time---Yea, yours " in eternity." This proclamation of grace I have heard. I believe it. Bleſſed be a promiſe-keeping God, I enjoy it. And I can aſſure you, Sir, there is more to be had out of Chriſt's fulneſs, than any one upon earth has yet enjoyed. For he not only giveth freſh grace, but alſo more

grace.

grace. I have never been more thoroughly convinced of this, than upon my laſt reading. God has humbled me, and has made me feel more of mine own poverty, and has thereby led me to live more upon Chriſt's everlaſting treaſury. You do not ſuſpect me of boaſting, O no. I would glorify the word and work of the Almighty. A beggar would not be reckoned proud for ſaying---" when I was juſt ſtarving, I met " with a charitable perſon, who not only fed me, " but alſo feaſted me ; and then moſt generouſly " provided for me, all the reſt of my days." Should not ſuch an one acknowledge his benefactor and bleſs him ? So do I. Thanks be to him, who realized to me his word---who opened mine eyes to ſee wond'rous things out of his law---who often made me to look up and ſay---" O how " ſweet are thy words unto my taſte, yea, ſweeter " than honey unto my mouth"---Bleſſed be God for his good word---It is really manna---it is angel's food---it comes from heaven---it taſtes of heaven.

When I ſat down to write, I little thought my pen would run ſo faſt, or that it would hold out ſo long. Will you excuſe this long ſcribble ? You will. I am writing to a friend, who knows that I have ſtill much more to ſay of my laſt reading. I beſpeak your candor, while I am mentioning one thing more---and that is, the great end and deſign of the ſcripture, which is to conform us to it. This is the completing

work of God, the Spirit by his word; all the reſt were to lead to this. When the word is underſtood, and believed, and lived upon, then he makes it the means of conforming the whole man to it. The believer is caſt into the mould of it, he takes the impreſſion---every feature. It is ſo aſſimilating, every tint is to be ſeen upon him. He lives the word---it is to be read in his looks---viſible in his walk---manifeſt in his tempers. See him---ſtudy him---he is the lively picture of a bible-chriſtian: let your converſation be as becometh the goſpel of Chriſt. By this rule, he orders it; he ſeeks to be a pattern of the truth, as it is in Jeſus, and does not ſeek in vain. The Spirit by faith, makes Jeſus very precious. The heart loves him, loves to be like him; much fellowſhip with him endears him more to the heart: and it becomes true liberty---it is real happineſs to have conſtant communion with him, eſpecially to feel the influence of his croſs, and the power of his reſurrection.

My much beloved, may this be your experience. Outſtrip me, as far as you can: may your ſentiments, your affections, your life and conduct, all of them be conformed to the rule of God's word. I ſhall pray for it---for you and for yours, that you may live by goſpel motives, and do all to goſpel ends. And may the Bible be made good and fulfilled to you in earth and in heaven.

I ſtop;

I ſtop; but not becauſe my ſubject is exhauſted. I have daily freſh matter of praiſe. Still I am reading and admiring. New beauties ſpring up. Yearly, daily, I ſhall have praiſes to give for this moſt bleſſed book: and if I live to walk with you on Heckfield Heath, I may continue the ſubject. May your Lord and mine open our underſtandings, that we may underſtand the ſcriptures.

Mrs. R's. with my real love to Mrs. S. My bleſſing on all your children. Do not ceaſe to pray for

W. R.

LETTER XXXVI.

Dec 7, 1783.

My very dear Sir,

HAVING an opportunity of ſending you a line by a friend coming to Reading, although I am very buſy, yet I could not help telling you, that I rejoice with them that do rejoice. I congratulate you on the birth of your ſon; and I thank him who has been ſo kind as to ſpare mother and child, both, I hope, for his own kingdom and glory. I have a heart-felt

pleaſure,

pleaſure, which I never heard any body mention of themſelves; namely, when I hear of the birth of any perſon: it rejoices me to think, that there is one more born into our family, and one more voice added to the grand concert. Among them let us number our little John—I don't mean that his name ſhould be called John, but that he may be a gracious child, as that word ſignifies; and a ſignificant name, and a ſcripture name too, I think is beſt. I have a cuſtom in Lent to catechiſe the children; and at every freſh time of ſtanding up, I aſk a new perſon, What is your name? And I tell them what it means, and beg of them to remember it. If they do not live up to it, not only I will witneſs, but alſo their very name will riſe up againſt them. John, for inſtance, your name ſays, that you have grace. Now if you tell lies, and are angry, and fight your brothers and ſiſters, or diſobey your parents, then you are graceleſs John. This often ſtrikes children, and others alſo; for I knew a woman who came in on a Friday, into our church; and God made this ſimple way (the ſpeaking to the children) the means of her converſion. On the birth of the infant, be his name what it may, only let it be a ſcripture name, I will ſend you a birth-day ode, of a very ancient date, but on the greateſt occaſion that ever was or will be recorded; on which you and I muſt place all our hopes. It is called,

" A Pſalm

"A Pſalm to be ſung by the Sons of fallen "Man;" and among them my ſoul is now ſinging it, and I am making melody in my heart unto the Lord. They firſt took it up and ſung it:

"1. When they laid the foundation (of the temple) on the mountains of the Holy One. 2. (Then it appeared, that) Jehovah loved the gates of Sion, more than all the dwellings of Jacob. 3. For the moſt glorious things had been foretold of thee, thou city of the Alehim: Selah (weigh this well.) 4. I will cauſe it to be mentioned to them who ſhall know me, at Rahab, and Babylon; yea, behold to them alſo of Philiſtia and of Tyre, This name ſhall be born (God incarnate.) 5. And to Sion it ſhall be ſaid, a perſon and a perſon (God and man) ſhall be born in her, and he himſelf (the God man) ſhall eſtabliſh her (the church Sion.) 6. Jehovah has recorded it, when he was regiſtering the people (of his church) that this name ſhall be born. 7. (And then all his people) the ſingers, as well as the performers on inſtruments, ſhall ſay, "All my freſh ſprings are in thee." All, all the ſprings of grace, all the ſprings of glory, ariſe from the incarnate God. I feel eternal bleſſings on him, a little ſtream of this grace; and I do moſt heartily join the whole choir, who are now giving glory to God and the Lamb. I know you will ſay, Amen."

Here is an ode for you. Sing it on your ſon's birth. In the light I view it, it is one of the greateſt compoſitions in the word. Indeed, it is the ſum of all. Jehovah incarnate includes the whole of our faith and practice, and the experience of it is our bleſſedneſs in earth and in heaven. May it be our crown of rejoicing. How I write on! It was to be a note—and ſee, how it grows into a long Letter! But I muſt ſtop—the bearer is come. Adieu. God be with you and yours.

Pray for

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dec. 23, 1783.

Dear Sir,

Mr. N. juſt now tells me, he is coming to Reading to-morrow to aſſiſt Mr. Cadogan, and will wait while I write my thanks for your laſt by Mr. M. We can get out of debt with one another by our acknowledgments; but we grow more in debt, the better we acknowledge our great debt. In my preſent view of things, I would

I would not be an Armenian for the world; becauſe I am not only willing, but happy in getting more and more into Chriſt's debt. They are only penſioners in heaven; they take all from him in uſe, and carry all back to him in praiſe. God teach us this heavenly leſſon. Although I have learned but little, yet I would not be ſaved in any other way, than by ſovereign grace; for only by this can I find employment in oneneſs with God, or happineſs in God---All is grace, all is debt. The ſenſe of this keeps one humble, and thereby willing to acknowledge favors received from one another. I feel it towards you. May the ſame be yours this Chriſtmas---thankfulneſs on your heart---bleſſing God, that he would dwell in man, that man might dwell in God. Glory be to him εν υψιστοις for this infinite mercy. You ſay, and I ſay, Amen.

But N. waits, and muſt go I ſtop my pen---My heart is the ſame. May you never forget, in your beſt moments,

W. R.

And when you have the King's ear, aſk a favour for me. God be with all yours.

LETTER XXXVIII.

March 5. 1784.

My very dear Friend.

Mr. N. juſt now informed me, that he was coming down to Reading, and would wait while I wrote two or three lines. I am firſt to acknowledge your obliging letter of Feb. 23, and am thankful for that gracious aſſiſtance which has been vouchſafed unto you, to begin, to carry on, and now to complete your teſtimony for the honor of the eternal Spirit. He will make what uſe of it he pleaſes: ſucceſs is his; we cannot command it; but we have been ſeeking to him for it, my prayers have been as conſtant as yours. Beſides the truth, we want the power; this I have been aſking, intreating him to ſet his ſeal to the work, and then it will anſwer your purpoſe and mine. And for this, alſo, I ſhall continue to make requeſt.

I have much to ſay, but want time. Our hearty love to your dear partner. My bleſſing on the children.

Remember

W. R.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

June 14, 1784.

My dear Friend,

I HAVE this moment received your letter. I ſay nothing of the contents, for he does all things well; ſo you will find it, the longer you know him, and the more you truſt him. I am at preſent his priſoner, as well as you. But ſickneſs with Jeſus is paradiſe; and he will give you at Bath the water of life which proceeds from the throne of God and the Lamb ---an antidote againſt the fear as well as the ſting of death. You propoſe too ſhort a time to give the waters a fair trial---Six weeks is the general allowance; but you will judge as you find them agree. You are to lodge and board at Mrs. S. on the parade---Every body knows her. She will make your ſtay as agreeable as ſhe can. Make uſe of my name. You will ſoon find ſhe is a bigot to ——; but I truſt a real chriſtian notwithſtanding---I am not afraid of her making you a bigot that way.

As to my viſit at Heckfield, it is ſo far off, that I cannot even gueſs at the time: it cannot be till September, if then; my courſe lies quite another way.

May

May God be with you, your guide on the way, give virtue to the waters, and bring you home in health, proſpering in body and mind. I can only add our real love to your dear partner. My bleſſing on all the children. May you never forget, in your beſt moments, your friend in our common Lord.

W. ROMAINE.

O that 85th Pſalm has made me much ſweet melody in the houſe of my pilgrimage; for I know a little of that holy longing, which the bleſſed man felt in his heart, and which made the preſence of God in his houſe and ordinances ſo delightful to him.

Mrs. R. joins me in all my good wiſhes to you and to yours, Mrs. S. and family.

LETTER XL.

January 7, 1785.

My very dear Friend,

I HAVE been living upon promiſes, but ſadly diſappointed---Promiſes of men. Mr. M. ſaid, you was to be in town in November. Then I heard you was to bring your ſon to Mr. Clarke's; after, you was to come early in the year.

year. I have waited, and lo! dumb —— came. Nothing to be depended on ſtill. Well, although I have nothing new to ſend, yet the old repeated wiſhes of a happy new year. And I will ſpeak of the ——, if nobody elſe will, and declare it is very good; indeed, according to Mr. Locke it was eloquent, for it ſpake in actions from whence it came: it taſtes of Heckfield. Our motto this year was "Go forward." All in a wrong way till ſet right. He who ſets us in the right way, has provided every thing needful to keep us going, preſſing on, till he bring us to the end of our journey; to which he encourage us by promiſes, by examples, by ſetting before us the ſhortneſs of the journey, and what awaits us at the end of it. I wiſh you had been with us in perſon; as that could not be, I rejoice in your company as a fellow traveller; and I am happy in believing that I have your prayers, as you have mine, for our perſevering--Going forward, till we finiſh our courſe with joy. I am in the laſt ſtage; and, for the proſpect of ſafety and happineſs through life and death, bleſſed, moſt bleſſed be the name of my Jeſus.

I have many things to ſay, which I cannot enlarge upon in this note. As firſt, you ſhould conſider of a new edition of the firſt volume; there is a great demand for it; while the ſecond is on ſale, the firſt will be always aſked for, and as it is not to be had, it ſtops the ſale of the ſecond.

ſecond. The method of publication ſhould be conſidered. I do not propoſe any thing, but could wiſh you to add what would make it about the ſize of the ſecond; and to be at no expence, I am ſure bookſellers could be found, who would print it. Pray, Sir, weigh this matter---aſk our Great Councellor his advice; and favour me with a viſit ſoon. I would come to you, but my Lord's work will not ſuffer; and I aſſure you under my hand, although it has been this Chriſtmas almoſt too much for me, yet he made it the beſt Chriſtmas in my life. O, he is indeed a very bountiful Maſter---His work is wages. To be weary in his ſervice is a cordial. Eternal thanks be to him for his moſt undeſerved favors to ſuch a poor creature. I adore him for you---your teſtimony---*Horæ Solitariæ*. Tell Mrs. S. I love her, and make intereſt often for her to my good Lord. May he take care of all the family at home and abroad; and as they grow up, make them his.

LETTER XLI.

April 16, 1785.

Dear S.

I HAVE not many things to wiſh to live for; but this is one. It is on my heart to ſee the new edition with additions of the firſt volume of *Horæ Solitariæ*. I have been much mortified in my

my application to the bookſellers. We muſt uſe the world and the people of it for our Lord's honor. If you ſee nothing foreign to that in the preſent propoſal, you will pleaſe to let me know. Rather than it ſhould not be publiſhed, I will ſtand between you and him, and ſave you ſome uneaſy feelings. I was in ſuch a hurry to communicate this intelligence, that I do not delay a moment. I am often at Heckfield, and viſit my bench. Come as often to Blackfriars, and pray, without ceaſing, for

W. ROMAINE,

And all his,

As he does for you, and for yours.

LETTER XLII.

SATURDAY, 2 o'Clock.

My dear Friend.

WE could not call on you yeſterday---We met with many diſappointments, and got to Reading late. But our great journey is proſperous---Mine is nearly at an end. Backward, forward, looking to the preſent---all is well. The greateſt miracle of grace that ever was or will be. To-morrow I hope to ſee you, and to tell you ſomething of his love and of my love. The little flame of mine kindled by his, and kept alive by it---His kindled our's alſo. May it

it evince itſelf day by day, till it be ſwallowed up in his love for ever and ever. Our kindeſt wiſhes to Mrs. S. and my bleſſing on all your children. Remember, I believe you do, but continue to remember,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XLIII.

July 22, 1785.

My very dear Friend,

WE muſt thank you very much for the offer of your chaiſe; but, although I purpoſe to be with you the 16th, yet I cannot fix any hour or place. God will direct our way to you. I believe our meeting is as much under his eye, and will be as truly with his bleſſing, as the good old father met his ſon in Egypt. May he fit us for his favours, as well as his trials, and make both work together for good. If, through his providence, I could be certain of time and place, I will let you know; if I cannot, expect us not till you ſee us. Our love to Mrs. S. and my bleſſing on all your children.

I am, very ſincerely,

Your's in our good Lord,

Who is the bond of all holy union,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

October, 1785.

Dear Sir,

We are all disappointed at not seeing you, and acquiesce only in His will, who knows how to turn all our disappointments into good. All is well requires faith in exercise---may your trials improve it. You are on my heart always---you and yours. Mrs. Talbot continues in a weak, and as I think, a dying state; but is safe and in good hands. I do not forget Mrs. S. Pray still for,

W. R.

We return home on Friday for our winter campaign.

LETTER XLV.

Nov. 21, 1785.

My dear Friend,

I HAVE taken great pains to get some of your sort of potatoes. Last year I employed Mr. Thatcher, Seedsman, in Fleet-street, and

and this year Mr. Robſon, in Holborn, who ſpoke to Mr. Howard, the perſon who firſt brought them into England. He is the writer of the hiſtory of all the jails in Europe, which he has viſited. He is now gone to ſee the ſtate of the Calabrias', ſince the earthquakes, from thence to the Barbary coaſt, to enquire into the preſent method of treating the plague, and what can be done to ſtop or to cure the infection: he is a man of great fortune and of great charity---and ſays, that he grows none, at preſent, but what he gives away to the poor. Therefore I muſt come at laſt to you, through neceſſity. My real friend, Mr. Walter Taylor of Southampton, is very preſſing with me to get him ſome againſt the next ſeaſon. If you would let me have them in my own way, it would be a great favor. I want enow to plant two acres; but if you will not let me pay for them, I would be beholden to you for a ſmall quantity for him to begin with. Mr. Howard ſays, he plants twenty buſhels to an acre, which, on his light land, near Bedford, in a wet ſeaſon, produce an amazing increaſe. Incloſed you will receive a preſent of my own Hebrew bible (not a bribe) but a token of chriſtian love, that remembering me as often as you ſee it, you may pray for me, while I live, and bleſs God for me, when I die. It is truly a precious book. Every day it grows more precious---not only from it, freſh light, and life, and comfort,

fort, but alſo more. Many years ſtudies, with God's bleſſing upon them, have favored me with an inſight into the meaning of Col. ii. 2. Eternal thanks be to a divine teacher for opening all the riches of the full aſſurance of underſtanding! O what, what a happineſs is it to be quite ſatisfied, that objects in the ſpiritual world are exactly as they are deſcribed in the bible: for by being thus taught, one gets ready hold of the ſpiritual parts of ſcripture inſtruction, and faſtens at once upon the enjoyment of them by faith. This is truly a preſent heaven. I wiſh you more than I have of it: though I have my ſhare in its chartered graces and bleſſings: which I have now entered upon by holding the truth in love, and am thereby growing up into Him in all things, who is the head, even Chriſt. In this view the bible is ineſtimable. It is not only a perfect map of the ſpiritual world; but the believer, ſurveying its riches, and beauties, and pleaſures, has a good warrant to ſay---All theſe are mine. For God is mine. I cannot tell you how great the happineſs is, when the eternal Spirit opens, and applies, and puts the believer into the preſent enjoyment of the graces here promiſed, as ſo many earneſts of the glory, that is to be revealed. You know enough to make you join me in bleſſing and adoring our Sovereign Lord and God, who has given us in it, and by it, to taſte how gracious He is. I have

no words to deſcribe the value of theſe mercies. My thoughts are quite loſt in the ſurvey of them: Why me? What was I? What am I? that this great charter of grace, with all its privileges and honors, ſhould be by infinite mercy granted unto me. I daily ſit me down in admiration, content with my Lord's own meditation upon the ſubject. Matt. 11, 25, 26, 27.

Mrs. R. ſends her beſt wiſhes to Mrs. S. I remember her preſent caſe and wants. My Lord train up your children. May he give you to pray for

W. R.

LETTER XLVI.

March 4, 1786.

My dear Friend,

I AM often with you at Heckfield, in the Spirit of that good man, who found himſelf happy in the happineſs of others—"Though I be "abſent in the fleſh, yet am I with you in the "Spirit, joying and beholding your order, and "the ſtedfaſtneſs of your faith in Chriſt." I ſalute you, brother, and the church in your houſe. I have fellowſhip with you in our common head. I feel the ſame Spirit breathe through us,

us, even the ſpirit of our glorified Jeſus, very remarkably giving us the ſame judgment---forming our hearts to the ſame affections---and influencing us to walk in the ſame way. Bleſſings on him for this great grace. As I ſee it---great it is indeed: for yet a little, very little while, it will grow to full perfection. And we ſhall have the ſame Spirit, uniting us ſenſibly, to the ſame head, and giving us to receive out of his infinite fulneſs glory for glory: and this is the charity, love to the head, and thereby love to the members, which never faileth. It is waxing cold on the earth, as it was foretold, but they who live near to the Sun, ſtill receive ſome of thoſe enlivening beams, which make the everlaſting day. I have felt their influence, as you have done in your ſolitary hours, and I rejoice in hope that they will abound yet more and more in knowledge and ſenſible experience, αἰσθήσει. I ſat down to thank you for your love---and for its fruits. But I cannot help it---at once I am led by the ſtreams to the fountain head. And I look upon it to be no injury to the ſtreams, to ſay, they flow from ſuch a fountain as covenant love. All the honey in the world could not ſweeten my tea this morning, as receiving it from my Lord's grace, and uſing it to my Lord's glory---And the Morning Pſalms wonderfully enriched the feaſt, 19, 20, 21. Three Pſalms in praiſe of his matchleſs beauty, and infinite love.

Truly,

Truly, Sir, there is ſomething of heaven in the ſpiritual enjoyment of our creature comforts. Put Chriſt into them, and they are marvelloufly refined and exalted. I look at him in your gifts---the motive and the effect. You generouſly offer me a waggon load of potatoes. I thank you: but I have got two buſhels from Mr. Howard, who firſt brought them to England, and have ſent them to Mr. Taylor. When the ſeaſon comes, I ſhall nevertheleſs accept your ſix ſackfulls, cut and prepared. Before that time I live in hopes of ſeeing you face to face. Yet I may not forget another kindneſs; for which Mrs. R. deſires we may join in thanking you.

I am become a great admirer of Phil. ii. 1—12. The dark ground ſets off this delightful picture. O what times do we live in! Parties, diſputes, quarrels, contentions, who ſhall be the greateſt---yea almoſt hatred itſelf in the family of love. We have much hearing, and little doing. The apoſtle James would be frightened to ſee the profeſſors of the day, all ears, without hands or feet---nothing about them active, but a goſſiping tongue. For theſe things I mourn, and preach, and pray: not without ſome profit. I ſee ſome love the goſpel, and thoſe that profeſs it make us live more at home. You at Heckfield, and I in London: yet I am as private as you. I very ſeldom go into any company, and when I do, I return

return to my ſtudy, bleſſing God that I am once more alone: and this makes the haven, of which I have the proſpect juſt before me, a very delightful appearance; becauſe there, and only there, the wicked, ay, and wickedneſs, ceaſe from troubling.

My dear Friend, Let me beg of you, ſo long as I am ſuffered to be upon this ſtormy ſea, to have a conſtant intereſt in your prayers. I do not want to get into the harbor with full ſail, but to get in. The how—The when—I leave. He knows beſt: and I am certain will do the beſt. Help me all you can, and approve yourſelf like Him who loveth unto the end. Mrs. R. deſires kind remembrances to your partner. My bleſſing on all your children. The Lord be with you all; the fervent prayer of

W. R.

LETTER XLVII.

May 11, 1787.

My dear Friend,

MISS. P. dined with us yeſterday, and made me quite aſhamed of myſelf. A book,

called "The Chriſtian Remembrancer," was lying on the table. Upon her taking it up, ſhe ſaid ſhe believed it was yours, of which I had no hint before. What! thought I, does Mr. S. write books faſter than I can read them. I have not read *Horæ Solitariæ* yet, and I did not intend to write till I had gone through it, and could thank you for the Second Editon as heartily, or more than I did for the firſt. But I can refrain no longer: although I am indeed, Sir, almoſt worn out, and good for nothing. My frame, and my preſent feelings, the infirmities of mind and body, keep me very cloſe to my laſt leſſon. Every thing, within and without me, preaches to my heart the neceſſity of being ſaved freely and wholly by grace; and the bleſſedneſs of this leſſon is, by long experience, become very precious. What could I do now, if it were otherwiſe? I cannot look back: no comfort there. Activity, vigor in working, livelineſs, are over. It's true, I keep on public exerciſes, but they grow too much for me. When I am quite jaded after a hard day---"It's time to ſpare yourſelf," ſay my friends, "What! ſtill four times a week, "and often five. O it's not required of you!" No, it is not. But His love conſtrains me: it is as a thouſand arguments, inſpiring me with courage not to ſtop in ſhewing forth his praiſes before men, which I hope ſoon to take up before ſaints and angels. Let the fleſh complain---I owe

owe it no favours---If it be tired with the praiſes of my Jeſus---ſhame upon it, that it ſhould ever be weary with the joys and glories of heaven. But weary it is---even now, the writing of this letter is a burden. I have dropt all my correſpondents: and keep the little Spirits that remain for public preaching. No body knows what I feel this morning, what uphill work it is, even to take up my pen, as I am in duty bound; and to acknowledge, that I owe you ſo much, that like a man over head and ears in debt, I am aſhamed to meet my creditor. A letter from Heckfield, if not two. A very acceptable preſent from the farm. Six volumes of *Horæ Solitariæ*. Six volumes of *The Chriſtian Remembrancer*, (if it be your's) And, what ſum ſhall I put to that brotherly love, which was the fountain from whence theſe friendly ſtreams flowed? May they flow on, and never, never ſtop! I believe they will not: they cannot. It is at this moment a bleſſed proſpect, "Unto the "place from whence the rivers come, thither "they return again." They all come from Him; "all my freſh ſprings are in thee." Our love, with all its comforts, in thankfulneſs to Him, and kindneſs to one another, is from his infinite grace. To Him be all the glory of Heckfield favours. I am ſure, the more we thank Him, the better we ſhall thank one another. Pray for me. Before I write again, I have two books to read, and

cannot take them up till June the 25th. Perhaps I may ſee you before. The maſter of the houſe bleſs the children. Send you ſervants after his own heart; and fulfil all his purpoſes of grace to Mrs. S. and yourſelf. Mrs. R. joins with your's in every holy bond.

W. R.

LETTER XLVIII.

Jan. 26, 1788.

My dear Friend,

A. this week called, and dines with us to day. He brought me nothing under your hand of your good wiſhes for the new year: but I give you full credit under my hand, that I am remembered by you, as I ought to be, and that my beſt wiſhes are not ſpared in prayer for you and your's. I am ſtill "looking to Jeſus;" our word for the year 1788. A preſent look to him will make this year much better entitled to annus mirabilis, than either the victory over the Spaniſh Armada, or the Revolution. They are gone and paſt: but ours is altogether wonderful: in its duration, an endleſs year: and, in its

 bleſſings,

bleſſings, more and greater than any heart can conceive—and heightened by the motive from which all comes—the eternal grace of the eternal Three. Proud Arminians may laugh at—Why me! But they, in whom Jeſus will be admired, can now ſee no reaſon in themſelves: their true Spirit is ſelf-loathing and ſelf-abhorrence. Their one ſong is—"Worthy is the "Lamb, &c." may this be ſweeter melody in your heart every day---yea, may every look to Jeſus throughout the year be more humbling to you, and me, that we may be getting into a higher note of praiſe. And truly, Sir, I can ſing a little bit of G. Sol reut in alt.

We are in great want of *The Chriſtian Remembrancer*. My ſale of it has been very large--inſomuch that Mrs. Trapp wonders what I do with them: it is a nice book to give or ſell. It ſuits modern reading. If I had known the new edition was ſo forward, I would have propoſed a new chapter, but it is too late. In my journies through England laſt Summer, I diſpoſed of great numbers---and had frequent opportunities of reading it myſelf. Go on; and the Lord proſper you!

Having an opportunity of ſending a parcel to my ſon this morning, I encloſed this little note, with my reſpects to Mrs. S. am thankful our good Lord appeared again for her. O He is good, and doeth good. Deſire her to look back, and

and ſee, obſerve how he has led her hitherto. May ſhe truſt and not be afraid of his future guidance: to him I commend you all, and pray you to remember

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XLIX.

March 8, 1788.

My dear Sir,

I KNOW one that ſaid, "It is more "bleſſed to give than to recieve," and I know his reaſon. He that ſaid it, is the giver of all bleſſings, even of liberality to give, and of thankfulneſs too for it, both in the giver, and in the receiver. In nothing are we more like him, than in beſtowing, as he does, moſt freely and bountifully. Much faith in him always works love to Him, and to His. I feel, while I am writing, that I want a more thankful acknowledgment of Heckfield favors. Let me ſet ſome of them down, to bruſh up my memory. Mr. S's letters. Mrs. S's kind note. Six of the ſecond edition of the Chriſtian Remembrancer. Mr. Mathews ſent me The deep Things of God, &c. I cannot tell who I am to thank for it, but *ex pede Herculem.* All this is friendly

enough; but the motive (of which I do not judge doubtfully) enhances every thing. I verily believe our intercourſe is carried on by the Lord. And, though you have got above me in ſome things, you have more to give: yet I may not yield to you in others. I have an infinite fulneſs to go to, to make and to keep me truly thankful. This I get as I want it: the prayer of faith brings in the grace, and is pleading for you and your's---that you may be the bleſſed of the Lord.

I mentioned a ſubject which I greatly deſired to ſee treated by your pen. It is "on the "profitable hearing of the word," and ſhould come in after the 36th chapter, p. 188. I need not tell you my reaſon. A creature, "all ear," has ceaſed to be a monſter. Give them a word in ſeaſon. Certainly the goſpel is heard for better purpoſes, when it is mixed with faith, than to be only the pleaſant voice of a ſweet ſinger; which neither adminiſters food, nor nouriſhment, nor growth. Do, Sir, oblige me with a little chapter there, on the character of a profitable hearer of the goſpel. If I don't ſee you before, I hope to have the pleaſure of meeting you in April. In the mean time pray for

W. ROMAINE.

Mrs. R. ſays, I have not expreſſed her thankfulneſs ſo ſtrong as I ought. I mention this at her requeſt.

LETTER

LETTER L.

June 12, 1788.

My dear Friend,

OUR time is fixed for coming into your neighbourhood, of which I acquaint you early, in hopes it may ſuit you to admit us under your roof. But you will be quite free to tell us of your engagements, that we may not break in upon any of them. We expect to be at Reading about the latter end of this month, and will inform you of the day, when I hear from you. Our Lord is exceeding gracious to me in all things, in hand and in promiſe; he makes me admire his infinite bounty, giving me to repeat David's words, with ſome of David's ſpirit, Pſalm xxxiv. 1, 2, 3.

Pray for me, as I do for you and your's, that we may all hold on our way rejoicing.

I am, in our deareſt Jeſus,

Your Friend and Servant,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER LI.

Dec. 22, 1788.

My dear Friend,

I HAVE your Remembrancer by me, and I ſend you mine for the next year. Accept it, and uſe it, that it may help the exerciſe of brotherly love. It has been long my *Vade Mecum*; for in the blank memorandum part I record the memorables temporal and ſpiritual of the day. I find the review always humbles, always exalts God's mercies; and as to the preſent time, it is certainly good to try to faſten ſomething to the flying moments, which may hinder them from running to waſte, eſpecially when they have almoſt done their flight, as they have with me. What ſhould I do now without Chriſt! Much time to redeem---every earthly help failing---and theſe few days are in all reſpects evil---private---public---church---ſtate. O! what Καιρὸς, as our Lord calls it. Happy for us, he is on the throne, and ruleth right. Our word for 1789 is to be "The Lord reigneth," Jehovah Jeſus, over all worlds and over all creatures; and to him every knee ſhall willingly, or unwillingly, bow. My dear friend, remember me in an eſpecial manner on New-year's Day, that when I ſpeak of the character of our Royal Sovereign, the King of Kings, of the nature of his

his government, and of the peculiar happineſs of his ſubjects, I may be enabled to ſpeak, in ſome meaſure, ſuitable to his fame and high renown. You know one, who ſaw a great deal more of him, than any of us do, and who ſpoke with admiration—" Who can utter the mighty acts " of the Lord? Who can ſhew forth all his " praiſe?" Becauſe he could not, he did not give over praiſing. O no! he never ſtopt; he is at it ſtill; through the ages of eternity he will be bleſſing God and the Lamb. I am living in hopes it will not be long before I ſhall join him; and his ſubject of praiſe, which is mine now, will be mine then. The proſpect is big with bleſſings. I am deſired to return thanks to Mrs. S. for her kind preſent. Chriſtmas mercies be her's and your's, and all your children's. In the preſent ferment, I find a ſweet retreat in my ſtudy, and much refreſhment in converſing with my beſt friend. All my politics are with him, תהלה Pſalm 109, 4. The words cannot be tranſlated, as you know. The more I get into the ſpirit and practice of them, the more I ſhall be

Your Friend and Servant,

In Jehovah Jeſus,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER LII.

READING, *June* 1789.

Dear Sir,

ALL the family preſents thanks; we took a great deal of pains to bring them ourſelves, but could not ſucceed; my ſon was all the morning trying to get a chaiſe, but could not. I am forced to acknowledge your bounty to us to-day, by favour of Lawrence, and by whom I inform you, that we are ſtill in hopes to come and take our leave of the favored Heckfield, where I have ſpent many days very pleaſant, and with whoſe inhabitants I hope to ſpend many more, even more than can be told by multiplication. The good Lord has called you to another place. It is his will—it is his work you are to do—He has given you talents; I am to pray for his bleſſing upon the uſe of them; that the public, yourſelf, your family, your friends, may be profited by your preſent ſtation; and among the reſt,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

Dec. 18, 1783.

My dear Friend,

I THINK it right to acknowledge the receipt of twelve books from Mr. Trapp, by your order; and alſo to thank you for your good advice to the growing generation, which was never more wanted than at this day. The ſpirit of the times runs ſtrong againſt all ſubordination; even the firſt commandment with promiſe "Honour thy father and thy mother," &c. is loſing its authority daily. I have great need to follow your book with my prayers; and I do. May it pleaſe our Sovereign Lord to accompany the reading of it with his effectual power: may the young learn ſubjection to all their ſuperiors, in the family, in the ſtate, and in the church; ſo that the times may be quieter in our land, than I fear they will be.

You are waiting: it is not loſt time; I have found it very teaching, and very profitable. Put the Lord in, and it will be bleſſed waiting—"My ſoul, wait thou only upon the Lord," &c. May this be your preſent Heckfield leſſon; and, as to the event of what you wait for, it is in his hands, who can make no miſtakes: ſubjection to his will is heaven.

Mrs. R. remembers you, and all yours, eſpecially Mrs. S. with affection; ſo does

W. R.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

April 12, 1790.

My very dear Friend,

I WAS thinking this morning, what excuſe I could make for not acknowledging a very acceptable preſent, and for not anſwering a friendly note with it long ago. Like moſt of us, very glad to receive favours, but tardy in giving of thanks, I was for laying it upon more buſineſs than I was become equal to, having very near attained that late period of life, in which Moſes ſays, (and I feel it) Pſ. 90, 10. our utmoſt efforts are עמל and און, pain and wearineſs, both of mind and body. Our ſtrength is really to ſit ſtill. And a bleſſed leſſon it is, when, human efforts ceaſing, we are led to make the works of Jeſus all our ſalvation, and to find by happy experience that it is become all our deſire. O what a good time has he lived to, whether he be young or old, who is dying in this faith!

But when I had written this excuſe down, and read it, I was quite aſhamed of it, becauſe it confuted itſelf. It favoured a good deal of their practice, (Gen. 3.) who ſought to lay the blame upon any thing, rather than themſelves; for, indeed, moſt excuſes are lies. An indolent temper, when what muſt be done of neceſſary preparation

preparation for public preaching was over, unwilling to ſet about other things; wanting to relax; and too often eaſing the mind by that ſpirit, by which many treſpaſs upon God's goodneſs, delaying from day to day—I will write tomorrow; or, what ſignifies it, when I do write, I ſhall ſay nothing that will be worth poſtage. All my former excuſes failed me this morning, April 12; and I now cry *peccavi*—I have got to the true cauſe, forgive me this wrong. I am to thank you for a Chriſtian Remembrancer of this laſt edition finely bound for Mrs. Romaine. Better late than never to repent and amend. In theſe troubleſome times I find it good to follow Habakkuk's example, which is all the politics I wiſh to know: he prayed, he got into his watch-tower, waited for an anſwer, and he received it, and praiſed God for it. I am doing the ſame for the public—at prayers for the church, groaning under an oppreſſion harder than the Chaldæan bondage. I pray on, but am ſtill in my watch-tower—I can get no anſwer—One can ſee no end of the preſent troubles—The cauſe is not removed; therefore they continue; they increaſe, as if ſo many fiends of hell were let looſe, and ſuffered to do all the miſchief which Satan himſelf could wiſh. We know where to lay the blame: unbelief is the provoking ſin; it has brought ruin upon many great kingdoms; ſo that we can trace the vengeance

of

of heaven againſt it from age to age, down to the preſent miſeries of Europe. Infidelity led the way---" We will not have this man to reign " over us;" then he left them to themſelves: upon which Antichriſt, i. e. Apollion, brought out his legions and armies to deſtroy, and they have deſtroyed all law, order, property, religion, inſomuch that the earth is made by them like another hell. I tremble; for who takes warning? O my country, my country! I fear for England. We are not much unlike the kingdom of France, very near her in her ſin, and may not be far from her in her puniſhment. Therefore I keep me in my watch-tower, praying and pleading for mercy, begging our Lord to ſpare us for his own name's ſake. This is my only plea. Are we better than they? It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not conſumed, becauſe his compaſſions fail not. May theſe move him to pour upon us a ſpirit of prayer and ſupplication, that, as a nation, we may with national repentance keep the 19th inſt. humbled under his mighty hand. This is ſuch a faſt as he hath choſen; and for his own glory may he work a general reformation, that iniquity may not be our ruin. I hope you will keep me company in my watch tower; then eſpecially, but at all times there to plead for you and your's.

W. R.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

July 8, 1790.

My dearly Beloved,

LET brotherly love continue, and increaſe. I have to congratulate Mrs. S. and you, on the ſucceſs of Rev. Mr. ——. He rejoices me, in hearing of his preſent ſituation, and in hope of his ſucceſs in it. We hope to ſet out from London, ſoon after the 18th inſtant; and, if it be quite agreeable, we purpoſe to viſit friends at Heckfield in the courſe of that week. If no objection be made, we ſhall be at Reading, and will make our time and circumſtances known unto you. The favor of a line to Blackfriars, will be an additional obligation to the multitude already conferred on

Your true friend,

And humble ſervant in Chriſt,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

Dec. 15, 1790.

Dear Sir,

MY ſon has been coming down for a long time, but he has been detained. I waited to ſend my acknowledgments by him, not thinking they were worth poſtage. You know we then do the beſt, when Jeſus gets all the praiſe. I hope in your leiſure hours, in ſome of theſe wet days, you have him ſtill in your eye, and are putting down ſome of your thoughts concerning Him, and His*. I have a hand in them, as far as prayer can go, and that with him is a great way, James v. 16. Mrs. R. is not behind in our love to Mrs. S. and in reſpects to the family.

Truly yours in him,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER LVII.

SATURDAY, 2 o'Clock.

My dear Friend,

WE are at prayers for the ſick of your family---my Doctor is the beſt, becauſe he cures infallibly, and eternally---To his care I am com-

* Alluding to a book, entitled, The Church of God.

mending Mrs. S. and Miſs Ann---and hoping he will proſper R's advice and medicine, as he did to Mary ; in whoſe recovery, we all rejoice and are thankful.---I am the ſcribe, becauſe I would requeſt, for Chriſt his ſake, a conſtant remembrance in your prayers for myſelf, that I may finiſh my courſe with joy---and my farther teſtimony for Jeſus, in my Triumph of Faith, may be to his glory : whoſe I am, and whom I ſerve ;

Yours in him,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER LVIII.

SOUTHAMPTON, *Oct.* 18, 1791.

My very dear Friend,

I HAVE a great deſire to take ſweet counſel with you, concerning my preſent ſtudies : and thankfully accept of your kind invitation, to ſpend a day or two with you for that purpoſe. We hope to be able to get to Heckfield the 25th inſtant, in the evening, but do not wiſh to trouble you for your chaiſe ; it will be more convenient on many accounts to take a chaiſe at Baſingſtoke. The family here deſire to be, with

with due reſpect, remembered to you: Mrs. R. joins me in my beſt wiſhes to you, and to Mrs. S. and to all the family. My Lord has been teaching me ſome of my laſt leſſon. He is taking down this earthly tabernacle; but he does it like himſelf---gently---lovingly---with no more pain, than as he enables me to ſay---all is well. May he vouchſafe us a happy meeting by the way---and the beſt at laſt: ſo prays

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER LIX.

Jan. 14, 1792.

My dear Friend,

YOU will give me credit, farther than you have heard or ſeen, that I have not forgot your kindneſs. I alſo thank One for the full conviction, that it was a love of his teaching, which inſpires your heart and mine, and that it will not end, when faith and hope have done their perfect work: glory be to him in the higheſt.

I am ſpending two or three days at Tottenham, and ſo get time to acknowledge my debts, which I never can get in London---what with much preaching, and many works of charity, I

live there for the public: and I do not regret it, becauſe my time is ſhort, and I would labor while it is day. I have reached the 11th chapter of the Revelation, with much comfort to myſelf: I dare not ſay, that I have given the whole mind of the Holy Spirit; but, according to my light, I have delivered nothing contrary to it; the moſt difficult parts of the book are to come: but I am looking up for his teaching, who can lead me into all truth; he is my commentator: for all the reſt have failed me. Help me in your prayers, as well as with your hints (which I value much) that this my laſt preaching may be the beſt.

Our word for this year, was---Grow in grace---what grace is, in favor, free favor---a cool breeze after a ſultry day, as refreſhing as the dew upon herbs, for to theſe it is compared.

What growth is---an increaſe of the favor of God, by the increaſing knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt: ſo I read the words ---grow in the grace, and in the knowledge, &c. by the Spirit, through faith in the word, prayer over it, more dependence on the faithfulneſs and power of God to fulfill it. In this view, I wiſhed my people, and you a growing year: may much of the rain and ſhining of heaven upon the good ſeed, make it bring forth an hundred fold, in London and Heckfield, to the praiſe of the ſower, who is the ſon of man.

Black

Black clouds, and great ſtorms are gathering---but יהוה מלך nothing but a full perſuaſion of this could make us lift up our heads with joy. He has told us, that theſe latter days would be the worſt. So it is---infidelity triumphs---The fancied rights of men uſurp the rights of God---republicaniſm throws off ſubjection to God's ordinance---and every unbeliever is a king, *ſui juris*. Happy for us, the government is upon his ſhoulders, who can and will get himſelf glory by fulfilling Pſ. lxviii. 1, 2. Read the Hebrew, the verbs are in the future tenſe: v. 3, is our ſupport and ſtay in theſe tempeſts. You will not fail to pray for me, that I may be kept by his mighty power through faith, till I come to the bleſſed end---to ſee my Jeſus face to face. To him I commend you and yours, with Mrs. R's chriſtian love, being in this one reſpect, without guile,

Your friend and ſervant,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER LX.

READING, *Jan.* 19, 1792.

My very dear Friend,

I SIT down only to tell you, that I feel for you. I remember Mrs. H. a friend of ours, had a room full of the pictures of infants---

Mrs.

Mrs. R. aſked her one day, as they had all been her children, and all dead, why ſhe let them hang there---She anſwered---" It is the ſame " thing between our Saviour and me---whether " he has them, or I have them." This is a great ſaying, yet it is in fact, no more, than we are daily praying for " Thy will be done!" It is ſoon ſaid---But when the will of the fleſh is oppoſed, it is not ſo ſoon practiſed. Indeed, ſubmiſſion to God's will, is an almighty work, which you know, as well as I do, and perhaps feel more of it at this time. But through the Spirit of Jeſus, when we feel this rebellion, we are commanded to look to " Our Father which " art in heaven." In Chriſt he is ours---his fatherly love is ours---and he can do nothing, but what is for our good. And his opportunity of manifeſting it is chiefly, when his will goes one way, and our will goes another. Then we are forced to look up for his promiſed ſtrength, and, we generally find, he appears moſt for us. He tries faith, purifies it in the furnace, continues it in the fire, that patience may bring freſh experience; and experience improves that hope, which never makes the believer aſhamed. See theſe truths moſt beautifully illuſtrated in the caſe of David; I never read it, without getting ſome good from it: for there one ſees before ones eyes---that faith and patience may have their perfect work. Mrs. R. is concerned with you

you for the loſs of her dear God-daughter Jane; ſhe was God's gift. He allowed you to enjoy it for above 12 years. He hath taken her to himſelf; and he hath done what is right, what is beſt, for you and for her: to his name be all the glory. Mrs. R. joins in affectionate remembrance to Mrs. S. with

W. R.

LETTER LXI.

SOUTHAMPTON, *Oct.* 6, 1792.

My dear Friend and Brother,

I AM deſired by ſeveral friends, who have read the encloſed, to beg the favor of you to let them reprint it. But as there was ſomething local in the firſt publication, they thought it beſt, and ſo do I, that it ſhould be ſubmitted to you, whether you would give them leave, and if you did, whether ſome things might not be omitted to make it ſo ſmall, as to be cheaper, and ſpread abroad more. It is their purpoſe to have it printed at Bath, by Mr. Hazard, and to be ſold, if they can, for two-pence, or at moſt for three-pence. In my judgment, only one thing is wanting to make it as full as one would wiſh on this

this ſubject, *******. I know you can anſwer this, and to ſatisfaction. Mr. T. my hoſt ſalutes you, and ſo does Mrs. R. who, thank God, is at preſent in perfect health.

And let us know particularly, how Mrs. S. and all the family are at preſent. I have enjoyed ſome of the choiceſt bleſſings this ſummer in my meditations on the Triumph of Faith; experience proſpers---although the written part goes on ſlowly. Much preaching wherever I have been, has kept it back. And it is the ſame thing, whether he be exalted in the preached, or in the printed goſpel, ſo his Spirit do but favor the work.---Freſh ſupplies of his grace, are as needful as freſh breath. May his bleſſed inſpiration guide you, and bleſs you in all things,

So prays,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER LXII.

Nov. 19, 1792.

My very dear Friend,

I REMEMBER you, and your family, recommending you all to my Doctor, whoſe hand is not ſhortened: he ſtill cures all manner of ſickneſs

ſickneſs---and his praiſe is above heaven and earth for ſtanding miracles of mercy: Can there be greater than you, and I? O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his Name together. The books, which come with this, and which I promiſed you, will, I hope, help to ſhew you freſh wonders of his grace. They are the only copies I have, and ſhall be glad to have them returned, but not in haſte. Since I came home, ſo many engagements, that I rather live the Triumph of faith, than write it: but ſtill he is kept in his right place, and he makes all within me to ſpeak of his glory. To him I commend you and yours, being by him, and in him,

Your friend and ſervant,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER LXIII.

READING,
Tueſday Morning.

My dear Friend,

WE accept of your kind invitation to beloved Heckfield, and wiſh to ſee your chaiſe Monday next at 12 o'clock, next week being the only time we have to ſpare this year, and my great journey being almoſt over, it may be my laſt viſit.

O how

O how faithful is he, who keepeth for us the appointed weeks of harveſt! bleſſings on him; that ordinances of the שמים are our conſtant preachers, encouraging us to truſt and not be afraid. May his choiceſt favours be on you and yours, Mrs. S. &c. and on your reverend gueſt. So prays one and all of this family, as well as

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER LXIV.

Jan. 6, 1794.

My dear Friend,

HAVING an opportunity of ſending thanks by a parcel to my ſon, I embrace it gladly, although I have only time to mention your laſt book handſomely bound to Mrs. R. and myſelf, accompanied with a letter more worth than all the reſt. Thank you for all the reſt, and for brotherly love. The report of Mr. I. is very falſe; he has ſent me extracts of ſermons lately preached, and I have given it under my hand, that he is not an Arian nor a Socinian. It is much to be lamented that ſuch vile ſlanders ſhould be raiſed and ſpread. Our motto is, "The God of Hope." Rom. 15, 13. I have preſerved

preſerved the ſubſtance of the ſermon, and will ſend it you in due time. It was only a comment on the verſe. My prayers for all the family.

Pray for

W. ROMAINE.

Letters to J—— I—— Eſq. with ſeveral to Mrs. I——.

LETTER LXV.

Oct. 19, 1782.

My dear Sir,

OUR common friend Mr. A. is coming to meet you. I could not neglect the opportunity by him of acknowledging your laſt favor, with the encloſed Addreſs to the Freeholders of Somerſet. It is ſeaſonable and well judged; becoming a true lover of his country. I wiſh ſucceſs may crown your endeavours; but I have no reaſon to expect it. There are but two ſpirits that divide the world—One is predominant in our land and day, inſomuch that the love of the public is loſt. Self is the great idol, ſelf-intereſt is the ruling principle, and ſelf-enjoyment the univerſal end; of which our mock patriots have given us dreadful proof. From them nothing can be hoped for, whether in, or out, but miſchief; the corruption of their principles

ciples in religion can lead them to nothing in practice, but what is ruinous in church and ſtate. But bad as the proſpect is, we muſt not be diſcouraged in doing our duty; you in your ſtation, and I in mine, ſhould take the more pains. Whatever may be the event to others, we ſhall both be better for our endeavours; and, perhaps, you may ſucceed with your fellow-ſubjects. And I have ſome reaſon to wait for ſucceſs from my friend—He is the great patriot—He teaches—He gives patriotiſm. The whole world cannot make a public-ſpirited man without him. In this light I view him, as the ſun in the firmament, the greateſt friend that mankind could poſſibly have. He is the Saviour—He makes private perſons, as well as ſtates happy---He ſaves from all kinds of miſeries, what the ſinner may ſuffer in himſelf, and what he may make others ſuffer. To him I am looking in the uſe of means, as you are, for national deliverance from our open enemies, and from our ſham patriots. From him alſo I expect the revival of public ſpirit; he alone can ſave from ſelf and ſelfiſhneſs. O that he may put forth his power: unleſs he does, you will not get twelve counties to build twelve ſhips of war. We are aſleep, though in a ſtorm---In danger, but inſenſible—by quarrels at home, ſtrengthening the hands of our enemies abroad. A wide field of lamentation is before me; but I ſtop; he ſhall hear

hear the remainder, who can ſave a ſinking land.

W. ROMAINE.

I have a freſh confirmation of an old promiſe, "Thou ſhalt viſit thy tabernacle, and ſhalt find "nothing amiſs." Oh, he is a good—a precious Jeſus.

LETTER LXVI.

Dec. 14, 1782.

My good Friend,

I NEVER was more obliged to you than for your chriſtian ſympathy with us in this time of need. It is a great trial: but it is the Lord who has a right to do what he will with his own. It is *my* Lord, *my* old friend, who changeth not in his love; he has acted for his own glory, and has done the beſt: What would I more? Nothing, but his grace to make me ſubmit to his ſovereign will; and that, bleſſings on him, he does now freely vouchſafe; for I feel a will of my own quite oppoſite to his. I could wiſh he would have ſpared my ſon; my ſoul delighted in him: he was a ſweet youth. The remembrance of his perſon, and manners, and behaviour; his dutifulneſs, for he never offended me but once in his life; his conduct ſince he was in the army---Theſe draw tears from mine eyes while I am writing. I do feel as a parent.

I am

I am no Stoic; but, thanks be to my good God, his grace conquers nature. The ſtruggle is hard, but God is with me, and through him I conquer myſelf: he forces me to go to him every moment for his ſupport and his comforts. I have no ſtock of reſignation. It is out of myſelf, laid up in the fulneſs of Jeſus; and while I live upon him for it, he helps me to kiſs the rod. He keeps under my rebel will, and teaches me to ſay from my heart, "Not my will, Lord, but thine be done." Such is the kindneſs of my Jeſus, for which I adore and worſhip him.

My poor wife has exquiſite feelings on this occaſion. It is her conſtant prayer not to be ſuffered to diſpleaſe our Lord by her murmurings. However willing the ſpirit may be to kiſs the rod, yet the fleſh is weak. The tender bowels of the mother riſe, and ſtruggle, but the power of grace prevails. In the midſt of her greateſt floods of tears, ſhe would cry out,--- "Lord keep me, Lord ſave me from thinking or ſpeaking any thing contrary to thy holy will." And he was very good to her, her faith was ſupported.

I have many things to write, but have not leiſure only to add once more, that we are from our very hearts ſenſible of your remembrance of us. May the good Lord ſanctify to you all he gives, and all he takes away; and bleſs you abundantly for your kindneſs to

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

Feb. 1, 1783.

My dear Friend,

I TAKE the firſt opportunity of anſwering your friendly letter. You have full credit for all your profeſſions of mourning with thoſe that mourn; we believe your ſympathy, and we bleſs God for it. The prayers of our friends for us have been heard, and anſwered. Mrs. R. conſidering her feelings, has been very graciouſly dealt with; kept at the worſt from murmuring, and generally calm and compoſed. We had friends many, and from them prayers many: but, you know, that when two ſtrings of an inſtrument ſtrike an uniſon, they are in concord; juſt ſo was it with Mrs. I's letter; it was then, and is ſtill, in uniſon with Mrs. R's ſpirit. It ſounded a concord; it met the very ſentiments of her heart, and became, not a preſcription, but an effectual medicine to her wound. It was not a letter about the balm of Gilead, but it brought and adminiſtered the healing virtue. It does not at all leſſen Mrs. I's real friendſhip, but more endears it, that God gave to her words ſo great a bleſſing; they came from love; they have increaſed love, and to this moment Mrs. R. never ſpeaks of them without great thankfulneſs. I

am commiſſioned from her to bleſs Mrs. I. for her kindneſs.

You are very obliging in wiſhing us at Briſlington, but my circumſtances are ſuch, and my helps in preaching ſo very few, that I cannot think of ſo long a journey. My work is great, and the night will ſoon come when it will be over: I wiſh to be faithful and ſucceſsful theſe few hours of the evening which are left. If I ſee you not face to face, I am ſtill in office, your conſtant orator; my Lord will hear much of you, and I will pleaſe myſelf with the perſuaſion that I ſhall often meet you at his throne. I invite Mr. T. to give me a meeting there: the oftener the better.

Our word for this year was Judges 6, 24. "Jehovah Shalom," Jehovah is our peace. It was ſomething remarkable, that it ſhould ſo ſoon have a literal accompliſhment. Peace being broken between God and man, the breach was made up by our great Peace-maker. The goſpel is the open proclamation of it, inviting ſinners to be reconciled to God, and to enjoy the benefits of a free trade between heaven and earth. They who are juſtified by faith, are reconciled, and find this peace with God: and, as far as they believe, they enjoy the benefits of an open intercourſe with God in Chriſt; which benefits are all the graces of time, and all the glories of eternity. I have only to wiſh that the outward peace

peace may promote the inward; and the Peace-maker himſelf may get the glory of this, and of all his goodneſs to the children of men.

My bleſſing on your dear children; may they be kept for you, and you for them. Mrs. I's great attention to them is her duty, and being paid in the Lord, is her privilege. Prayer for ſucceſs is the chief thing: he only, yea, he only can bleſs inſtruction. May the parents and their friends plead much and prevail.

W. R.

LETTER XLVIII.

June 28, 1783.

My dear Friend,

I HAVE yours before me of the 23d inſtant: you are ſtill, and your concerns are on my mind, and on my heart. I feel with you, and rejoice with you. When you proſper, it is better with me. I get a freſh ſubject of praiſe, and find it a pleaſant thing to carry your thanks to my maſter. May he be with you all at Lyme, and bleſs means for the good of the body. When we meet, may he conſecrate your houſe afreſh, and make it ſuch a church as Aquila and

Priſcilla had in their houſe. It has been, and I hope will be. We have no plan about our ſummer journey, but think it will not be quite convenient for us to travel weſtward, till the latter end of Auguſt. Mrs. R. is at preſent very much out of order—feveriſh—a ſore throat. Saturday morning, I am writing at 6 o'Clock—and will go no farther, till the doctor comes.

He is come, and ſays—He hopes there is no danger; but ſymptoms are not ſo good as he could wiſh. He is the Lord of life and death—in his hands we truſt our all—He commands us alſo to do it all times. I am learning this leſſon, and recommending it much. What I know of it, practically, puts one into a real paradiſe: becauſe it puts one, and keeps one, in God's will. He graciouſly appointed it to be a ſovereign antidote againſt all evil, and to be his ordinance for conveying all bleſſings: for which reaſon, I write and preach ſo much about it. The fulneſs is in Chriſt, but there is no hand that can receive any thing from him, but faith: and faith ſhould go as far as the promiſe—It ſhould truſt for life, the life that now is, and whatever belongs to it, as well as for the next. O my dear friend, let me intreat you to read this attentively, and as the ſubject requires. I wiſh you always happy, in all things happy: Chriſt is the only way to this, and you can get nothing from him without faith, and faith is not doing what it ſhould do; if it does

does not ſave you from guilty fears, and from natural fears, mind the promiſe—" I will ſave " you from all your ſins"—no fear from this quarter; ſo again, " Leſt any hurt you (perſon " or thing) I will keep you night and day." No fear from this quarter: almighty love has promiſed, come what may, it ſhall not hurt. I harp ſo much upon this ſtring, becauſe I know you have fears, and they do give you uneaſineſs; which I earneſtly wiſh to cure. My friendſhip wants you to be ſo happy, as to be always rejoicing in the Lord. And yet mine is but a ray of his friendſhip. Surely then—you may truſt him, and not be afraid of any thing. Yea, you may, and you ought to ſing—" God is our hope " and ſtrength, we have found him a very pre- " ſent help in trouble." I would go on, but I muſt take notice of your letter. When I come, I am ready to do any body's duty—to releaſe Mr. G. and Mr. T. My love to them both.

Poor Mr. B.! I pity every man, who follows his own will; for then the blind lead the blind: now he is got into the ditch, may it be ſanctified. He has great reaſon now to follow my Lord's will: and if he does, he will have ample matter of repentance both before God and man—I pray this may be given him.

Have you taken notice of an uncommon phænomenon. It was never once ſo in my life. Since laſt Monday, we have had a continual

foggy air—the ſun ſhining, but not able to diſperſe the vapor, miſt, or whatever it was. The ſun appears like a red hot piece of iron. No wind. I thought at firſt it had been our ſmoke. But a gentleman, from Buckingham, informs me it was the ſame there. On this occaſion, there are many fears abroad; but my Lord ſpake to the point, and I give him perfect credit—Thus ſaith the Lord, "Learn not the way of "the heathen, and be not diſmayed at the ſigns "of heaven: for the heathen are diſmayed at "them; for the cuſtoms of the people are "vain." I thank him for this cordial: for I aſſure you, the appearances of the ſky are very alarming: but bleſſed are they who put their truſt in him. May he keep you and Mrs. I. and your beloved children, not only from all evil, but alſo from the fear of it. This is a part of his ſalvation—May we receive it by faith, and uſe it to his glory---to him, &c.

W. R.

LETTER LXIX.

TIVERTON, *Aug.* 20, 1783.

My very Dear Friend,

WE arrived here through the good hand of my God in ſafety: by which means I have learnt ſomething more of my firſt leſſon; that is, to truſt,

truſt, and not be afraid. What has he to fear, who has caſt all his care upon an Almighty friend? And has done it at his bidding, and on the warrant of his promiſe. Every ſtep of our journey ſpoke aloud—Now you ſee, he is faithful—he ſaid, I will keep your going out, and your coming in—And bleſſings on him, he has kept us from all evil. Mr. I. no one has a better title, than you have—To truſt at all times, to truſt for all things. May you live up to your eſtate—And find your faith working ſuch a love to God on your heart, as will caſt out all fear, that hath torment.

In my journey, I have alſo met with nothing, but what has increaſed thankfulneſs. The fine weather, the fruits of the earth, very rich, and ripe, and abundant, and the harveſt very near over—theſe are ſpecial mercies, calling aloud for praiſe. The poor and the rich ſhould alike join, for both are benefited by the preſent plenty. Wheat, lately nine ſhillings at this market, was yeſterday the beſt, ſold at five ſhillings and ſix-pence. Glory be to God.

I have a magnifying glaſs, through which I view theſe mercies, and they appear great indeed. Looking upon them in a ſpiritual light—O what an improvement! He that has kept my body in ſafety, has the care of my ſoul: he has undertaken it—His love, his power, his wiſdom are all engaged. And he ſays to me, what

David

David did to Abiathar " Abide thou with me, " fear not, for he that ſeeks to deſtroy thy life, " muſt deſtroy mine firſt, but with me, thou " ſhalt be in ſafeguard." Corruptions, temptations, dangers, pains, may attack and threaten; but faith ſays---Fear not, his word is paſt---it cannot be broken---I will preſerve thee from all evil---yea, I will preſerve thy ſoul; I will perfect that which concerneth thee.

When this is believed, as it ought to be, what a ſubject of praiſe! many, many bleſſings I have in hand, but they increaſe by uſe, and they are but earneſts: God gives them as his pledges. Take this, and expect greater---the greateſt---All my love in Chriſt---all my heaven. This is but the firſt fruits---the harveſt ſhall follow. When preſent mercies are viewed in this light---O how they increaſe---how they magnify! may every day, as it adds to their number, add alſo to their value; that in all things, you and I may be giving of thanks; of which heavenly employment, nothing can hinder us, but unbelief: take heed of that bitter root, and ſet Chriſt upon it---Mind, he muſt pardon it, and ſubdue it, or elſe it will ſhoot up and flouriſh.

Mr. G. informs me, that he would wiſh to be releaſed before the 31ſt inſtant, to which I heartily conſent, only reminding you of my parting requeſt, that he would occupy my pulpit, as long as he ſtays in town. My brotherly love

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to him; and my prayers follow him for ſucceſs in all that he takes in hand. I hope to reviſit you in the Lord, on the 29th or 30th inſtant: we have had ſome cold mornings, which made me think in earneſt of the ſea-ſide. Our joint love, with every good wiſh of it to your dear children. Although I am out of office, yet it is ſtill my privilege, to keep on praying for you and Mrs. I. I deſire to do it more, and better. And I am thankful to my beſt friend, who hitherto has heard and anſwered. I am, in the Lord,

Your real friend and ſervant,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER LXX.

BLACKFRIARS, *March* 26, 1784.

My Dear Friend,

I AM thankful for the good news which you ſent me from a far country, next to the goſpel---it was welcome. Mrs. I. and the children, and yourſelf preſerved in health, is a great mercy. Adored be his goodneſs. I gave you an account of the weather with us, till a little before the ſolſtice. Then the froſt ſet in ſevere,

ſevere, and excepting a day or two, we have had ſnow and cold, till the equinox; and even now the wind is in the north eaſt, and as cold a March as ever I remember. Scarce any appearance of ſpring yet; my crocuſſes are but juſt blowing. Your letter of the 11th of February is before me. I am obliged to you for your intelligence, concerning the old preacher. It is good to do all that we can for Chriſt: but nothing is good, which is not done in faith, in his ſtrength, and to his glory.

I hope this will find you, before you leave Montpellier, and eaſe your mind about your hothouſe. Mrs. R. joins me in wiſhing you all a proſperous journey, under the guidance of my Lord, and an happy meeting in London. Truſt him---He ſays, "Leſt any hurt you, I will keep "you night and day." To his keeping I commend you and yours, and am in him truly,

Yours,

W. R.

I have no news to ſend you: our politics are like the wind: we are ever changing. The effects of materialiſm begin to be felt. They are the ſame in ſtates, as in private perſons. Self reigneth, and then God and his Chriſt are dethroned. My ſyſtem begins with "the Lord "reigneth"---it goes on, every ſtep, with "the "Lord reigneth"---And whatever oppoſes it, muſt come

come down; for he has all power in heaven and in earth: "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth for "ever and ever." In ſuch times as the preſent, nothing can quiet the ſpirit, or ſettle the mind in perfect peace, but that this Lord is my Lord: under his care he has me and mine. Come what may, all is ſafe in his hands. A poor helpleſs ſinner, who has committed himſelf to the Saviour's keeping, may, and ought to ſing that reviving hymn, Iſaiah xxvi. 1, 2, 3, 4, in all troubles, and in the hour of death. To him again, I commend you and yours.

LETTER LXXI.

BLACKFRIARS, *Sept.* 14, 1784.

My very dear Friend,

I RECEIVED your kind remembrance of us, juſt before we ſet out for the north; and attended to your requeſt of hearing from me on the journey; but my yearly engagement would not allow me leiſure, till this day. I have made it a long time my practice, as ſoon as St. Dunſtan's lecture is over, to begin reading my bible, and I let nothing take me off, till I have read it through. Yeſterday I finiſhed my delightful taſk; and

and having bleſſed my God for his precious word, I take up my pen to write firſt to you. The impreſſions, left upon my heart in this laſt peruſal, are ſo warm and lively, that I cannot help communicating them to you, and wiſhing, that you and Mrs. I. may feel the ſame. My admiration has been increaſing of the uniformity of the ſcripture plan. It is the great charter of grace, and all the parts perfectly harmonize; and when one compares them together, each illuſtrates and beautifies the whole.

The reading of 1784, has alſo given me a freſh confirmation of the truth of ſcripture: I am not more certain of any thing, than that it is the word of God, and the revelation of the moſt High; and of this I am convinced, by finding the power of God accompany it. As in the firſt, ſo in the new creation---He ſpeaks, and it is done; his word is almighty. I know of no power beyond that, which he has put forth in your heart and mine. Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth. Our new birth is a new creation: and bleſſings on him, I feel the effects of this every time I take up my bible; I find it to be more than the word of man. It is in truth, the word of God; becauſe it effectually worketh to this day in them that believe. Its influence in the heart and life, is beyond all created power: and the experience of God's real preſence in and by his word has made it

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to me very precious. On this laſt reading, my love for it has grown much, in taſte, and value---in taſte, ſweeter than honey, in value, more than gold, yea than much fine gold. As I dig deeper, the mine becomes rich, and the treaſures of grace are greatly enhanced by their being the earneſts of glory. O what a book is this! what, is any way like it? I cannot get enough of it. You know, it is a good ſign of health, when people long for their meals; ſo it is in the mind. I have but juſt done reading, and yet I want to begin again: my appetite is keener. Feeding upon the word, is not like the groſs meat and drink of this world—nothing cloying in it: but when mixed with faith, it refines the faculties, and exhilarates the ſpirits. The man ſays, "O what love have I unto thy law—all the "day long is my ſtudy and my delight in it."

All theſe conſiderations have received great confirmation in my laſt ſearching of the ſcriptures: becauſe I have got one year nearer to the full accompliſhment of all God's promiſes. This vaſtly enhances their value. Yet a very, very little while—and perfection---and eternity will be put to their fulfilment. The word will be completed---perfectly in all its promiſes---eternally in all its glories. O what a day will that be! What Joſhua ſaid will be matter of fact, Joſh. xxi. 25, xxiii. 14, 15. All things in this world, when near, look great. As you go from them they

they appear leſs. It is the property of true faith to bring the promiſes near: as faith grows by hearing and reading, the promiſes appear nearer and greater. The home proſpect familiarizes them, and preſents them to our view with freſh beauties. Believe me, Sir, this is matter of fact. The eye affects the heart, and all its affections taſte and enjoy the good things of Immanuel's land: which, though they be at preſent in promiſe and hope, yet the promiſes of them, exceeding great and exceeding precious, mixed with ſuitable faith, excite a hope full of glory and immortality.

This view of the bible is inexpreſſibly glorious. It reveals. It realizes. It brings into preſent enjoyment eternal things. It is my conſtant prayer for B. friends, that they may be bible chriſtians. All beſides is vanity.

I told you the deſign of my journey. It was anſwered: God is unſpeakably good to me, and to mine. Our meeting was in his name and fear: we profited. And we parted in love, juſt as they did, (Acts xx. 36, 37, 38,) to meet again in a better country.

The harveſt is fine. He reſerveth for us the appointed weeks, &c. He is good. I am going to keep my harveſt home, and for one to bleſs his bounty. Our feaſt is Sep. 25. Remember us on that day. Mrs. I. Miſs Louiſa, none of our Briſtol friends ſhall be left out. Mr. T. not

paſt

paſt by. My dear partner will join. I have many letters to write; but yours being firſt, is not the leaſt, neither in love nor ſize. Every bible bleſſing be yours,

W. R.

LETTER LXXII.

Nov. 30, 1784.

My Dear Friend,

I AM to thank you for your conſtant kind remembrance of us: for which giving you perfect credit. You will not be offended, that I look higher in my thanks. We ought not to live upon the ſtreams, but they ſhould lead us up to the fountain-head, from whence they flow. The bountiful giver ſhould be acknowledged in all his gifts, whether they come immediately from himſelf, or from his creatures. And this is his way, both to ſanctify friendſhip, and to ſecure it. Moſt friendſhips are ropes of ſand: they love to day, and hate to-morrow: becauſe they leave God out. But bringing him into all our connections with one another, he renders them holy, and thereby laſting. Indeed, this is the life I am wiſhing and trying to make ſome daily progreſs in: and truly nothing elſe is worth living for. You may ſafely write, vanity, on all worldly comforts, if they be not ſpiritualized.

But God in them, exalts, ennobles them, and turns their cold water into rich wine. To his praiſe be it ſpoken. I have ſupped in Mrs. N's. room on bread and cheeſe, and cyder, and it was fulfilled, " So man did eat angel's food." Your grounds are pleaſant—walking alone to converſe with God—they have been turned into a paradiſe. How many, many times, has it been with me, as with Iſaac. He went out to pray in the field at the even-tide, and while he prayed, he lift up his eyes and ſaw Rebecca: he aſked, and had: How infinitely gracious his promiſe—How infallibly faithful his performance! Before they call, I will anſwer, and while they are yet ſpeaking, I will hear. My dear friend Mr. I. this is really ſomething of heaven: a bleſſedneſs that I wiſh God may add to all your other enjoyments. It will multiply them—you will have two in one—and what no eſtate, no relations, no comforts can give. This will do you good at your latter end, when they muſt all fail. One, from whom I wiſh to learn this leſſon, reduces it to this point—I have ſet the Lord always before me: always, at home, or abroad—in company, or alone---writing letters, or reading them---eating or drinking, ſleeping or walking, ſick or well—ſick unto death, yea dying---I would ſtill be looking to Jeſus. It is my ſafety, my privilege,---my happineſs, to do all in his preſence. So his example teaches.

So his Spirit will enable you and me to follow his ſteps. As believers we ſhall be aiming at it, and trying daily to do it better: for when we are reconciled to the father, and at friendſhip with him in his Son, we ought then to exerciſe our faith and hope in him on all occaſions. What do we truſt our ſouls for in his hands, if we do not truſt our bodies? How do we caſt all our care upon him, if we do not live in perfect dependence on him for our children and families? He has the government of church and ſtate upon his heart, and upon his ſhoulders. O, why then do we doubt of his managing both for the beſt? He has undertaken the care of ſeed time and harveſt. How injurious is it to him, to burden ourſelves with his own proper buſineſs; eſpecially, when he ſays, Caſt that burden on the Lord? But it is bad weather. He appoints cloudy days, as well as ſunſhine: I quiet myſelf in his will, be it wet, or fair; and thereby enjoy a ſweet calm, when the face of the ſky is tempeſtuous, and the wind ſtormy. Although of late, he has been ſo gracious in his providence, as to give us ſuch fine weather, as no man living remembers in October and November: ſaying, as it were, Truſt, and be not afraid---If you have a wet cold ſummer, I will give you ſummer weather in winter. I reckon twenty-four fine days in October, and twenty-two in November. What a God! I admire his goodneſs

goodneſs to a ſet of people, who are at every turn murmuring at, and affronting him for his management of the weather. This preſent autumn ſhould ſilence all ſuch complaints. And when the winter comes, in earneſt, cold, and froſt, and ſnow, and north-eaſt winds, they all fulfill his word. Thereby they exerciſe faith, and improve thankfulneſs. Lord, lift thou but up the light of thy countenance, and it is Midſummer. I can aſſure you, Sir, that theſe are not only realities, but alſo bleſſings to be enjoyed, and I wiſh you to partake richly of them. The Lord's preſence will brighten your fair days, and will enlighten your darkneſs. Troubles come, he will make them big with mercies. Death comes, he will be with you, and dying by his grace ſhall only be the entrance, ſafe, pleaſant entrance into life everlaſting. O my Jeſus, teach Mr. I. teach Mrs. I. this bleſſed leſſon. Lead them from faith to faith, that every day, and in every thing, they may have a growing dependence on their God and their Saviour. There is ſomething ſo bleſſed in this view, that I know not where to ſtop, or how to end. And ſhould not, but I am called upon to remind Mrs. I. that Mrs. R. ſent the things ſome time ago, and hopes what was for Louiſa and the chain anſwered. She paid for them, all but the carriage. Take notice of this in your next, for her ſatisfaction. They talk of peace,

but

but we are not ripe for it. Great trade would overſet us and prove a natural intoxication. I heard the Biſhop of Worceſter, a chriſtian biſhop, preach at Bow church, and he called it "the "infatiable Spirit of trade." So I think. A chriſtian with food and rayment is an happy man. Having many things to ſay, I muſt leave ſome to the next opportunity. I ſhall forget my right hand when I forget you and your's. Bad news from India. Pray for us, eſpecially for

W. R.

LETTER LXXIII.

Aug. 30, 1785.

My dear Friend,

THROUGH a kind providence we arrived yeſterday at our journey's end, ſafe at Birmingham. All the way nothing but death ſounded in my ears, calling my faith to remember, "How bleſſed are the dead who died in the Lord." A friend ſeparated from us by death, is like a limb cut off; one cannot help feeling it; and I have loſt ſo many of late, that I ſeem to have nothing left but a ſtump. One of the moſt ſucceſsful preachers of this day, my intimate for thirty-five years, Curate of Creaton, Northamp-

tonſhire, is juſt gone to reſt, the Rev. Abraham Maddocks; ſo is my very, very old acquaintance in the Lord Richard Wilſonn, of Frome. I have long known Sampſon, the diſſenting miniſter at Truro, who is juſt gone to reſt, while his wife was in labour of a ſixteenth child, eleven of whom are alive, and left in great diſtreſs; and I muſt ſoon follow. O it is a wonderful bleſſing to be ready! It ſpreads a calm and peace through life, and all its enjoyments---and is a never-failing cordial to cheer our hearts under all their diſtreſſes. Strong faith adminiſters ſtrong cordials; this makes me cultivate ſo much in myſelf, and recommend ſo warmly to others, the life of faith. Bleſſed are they now who live in the Lord, they ſhall be alſo bleſſed when they die in the Lord. O that the precious Lord Jeſus may give you to know and feel that you have a life in him out of the reach of death. For this I pray, abſent, but not forgetful of you nor of yours; your beſt intereſt lies ever near to my heart; and I verily believe Chriſt put it there and keeps it there. May brotherly love continue; and, as the time of exerciſing it ſhortens every moment, may its bleſſed effects increaſe and abound. We have found the country along the Severn in general ſickly; many dead at Upton, particularly Shipman, a good man, and died in the Lord. At Worceſter the ſame. Alſo at Knightwick, where we ſtaid ſome days with

with our tried friends Mr. and Mrs. S. We had the ſame account at Bromſgrove yeſterday. The firſt ſymptom is a cold, which brings on a fever, and commonly putrid. Our whole journey has preached death to me, and, thank God, it has made me more lively and more thankful.

I am, and have alſo great reaſon to be in the beſt bonds,

Your obliged Friend,
And faithful ſervant in the Lord,
W. ROMAINE.

LETTER LXXIV.

Jan. 1786.

My dear Friend,

I AM often with you at Montpellier. I behold your clear ſky and bright ſun; and I can feel ſome of your bracing air, and your conſtant fine weather. I do rejoice in them, becauſe you do; but truly, Sir, I do not wiſh myſelf in your place: although I am happy in your happineſs, yet there is ſomething even here at Blackfriars, far beyond the ſouth of France; for we are not without our enjoyments. I live in an element, and when my ſky is clear, and my ſun

ſhines bright, and I feel ſome of its warm beams and I breathe its pure æther—Theſe are real bleſſings; they come down from the Father of lights—gifts like himſelf. He gives his ſpirit to enlighten and to enliven our ſpirits, that being one with his Son, we may live upon his fulneſs in earth and heaven. And when this ſpiritual life is enjoyed, there is a failing ſomewhere, if its influence does not extend to the body, and make the whole man better. My phyſician preſcribes for both: he ſpeaks a peace, and a calm to the inward man, which reaches the ſprings of animal life, and makes them move with delight: the nerves feel it; they are briſk and active: he puts joy into the heart, which does good like a medicine. No doctor like mine, Mr. I. you have made uſe of him for your ſoul, but I would recommend him to you for the life that periſheth. What! if you ſhould leave off phyſic, and forget your ſkill in it, and live more by faith for the preſent life, I could infallibly inſure the ſucceſs. There is a ſomething not to be deſcribed, that he gives, which operates according to promiſe, and by a divine power, witneſs Rom. xv. 13, &c. &c. Take a little ſpecimen of our teſtimony for him in the year 1786. Our motto has been generally Hebrew—The preſent was, "I am Alpha and Omega;" alpha is the firſt, omega is the laſt letter of the Greek alphabet. So Chriſt is the Beginning and

Ending, and all between, from firſt to laſt. He is all in all, Rev. i. 8. ſaith the Lord himſelf, the God of truth, who is, and who was, and who is to come, the great I AM, from everlaſting to everlaſting, the Almighty, Jeſus the God of nature, the God of grace, the God of providence, the God of Glory. He is the firſt Author of all the divine works in creation, and in providence, the firſt cauſe of all the divine works in grace and in glory: he is the beginning and the ending; all things are made by him, and for him.

Bleſſed are they who have begun the new year looking to Jeſus; they will find in him every thing they can wiſh to ſave them from ſin and miſery, and to make them truly holy and eternally happy; for bleſſed are all they that put their truſt in him. We are come together this morning to devote ourſelves afreſh to his ſervice, and to begin the year as we hope to end it, in the faith of the Son of God. He is our Alpha and Omega; and yours, I hope, and Mrs. I's. I will give the heads of our ſubject, the reſt your own meditation will ſupply.

1. He is Alpha, the God of nature, who created all things in heaven and in earth, ſee Col. i. 16, 17, 18, 19; Pſalms cii. 25, &c. Every thing that exiſts, (excepting ſin) owes its being to Jehovah Jeſus; for he is of the ſame eſſence, has the ſame attributes and perfections with the Father.

Father. This truth ſtands upon a rock, and is the foundation of our faith, namely, that Immanuel, the God-man Chriſt Jeſus, is the Alpha and the Omega of our ſalvation.

2. The God of grace: for as he is the Lord God Almighty, what could be wanting in his life to make his obedience for us an infinite righteouſneſs; or in his death, to render it a full, perfect, and ſufficient ſacrifice for ſin? And the benefit of his life and death can come to you and me in no other way, than as an act of the freeſt grace; and we cannot receive it by any other means than by believing the Father's teſtimony concerning his Son. Are we wiſe unto ſalvation? It is the teaching of our great Prophet Jeſus; he is the Author and the Finiſher too of that faith, by which we reap the fruit of his atonement and of his righteouſneſs, and by which alſo we enjoy all the graces of the Spirit in earth and in heaven; as John i. 16. And, amongſt the reſt, a life of ſweet dependence on him for all temporal things: for he is

3. The God of providence: when he has taught us the ſafety and happineſs of truſting our ſouls in his hands, he calls for the exerciſe of this, by leaving our bodies, and all their concerns, with him. He calls for it---" caſt all " your care upon me, for meat, and drink, and " cloathing, I will provide. Truſt, and be not " afraid, I will manage your health, and comforts,

" yea,

"yea, I will make ſickneſs and troubles real "bleſſings." O Sir, this is paradiſe; it is the believer's preſent heaven. He lives by faith at all times, and for all things, bad and good, ſick and well, poor as well as rich; in all, he has fellowſhip with Jeſus, who ſatisfies his heart, that he loves him too well to try him with any thing, but what is for his good. This is a ſovereign antidote againſt all temporal diſtreſſes, and really turns them into ſpiritual bleſſings. It is our philoſopher's ſtone; I pray god you may find it, and thereby enrich yourſelf with all you want, as well as all you have; yea, with the unſearchable riches of Chriſt: for he is,

4. The God of glory, lengthening his grace into eternity. For this he gave himſelf unto death; it was to purchaſe for us eternal life, as you may ſee John xvii. 20, to the 25th verſe. In this prayer I wiſh you and the family an intereſt.

Pray for yours,

In our dear Lord,

W. R.

LETTER

LETTER LXXV.

July 5th, 1787.

My Dear Friend,

I COULD not anſwer your letter, till the lectures were over at St. Dunſtan's, then we ſettle our plan. My ſiſters have preſſed me ſore to pay them another viſit; to which we have complied, and we purpoſe, God willing, to ſet out next Tueſday, July 10; of which I give you as early notice as I could, leaſt your ſummer plan ſhould be deranged, by not hearing from me. When we ſhall return, I cannot determine---perhaps time enough to meet you hurrying away out of our bleſſed country. However, be aſſured of this, that I ſhall be much with you, very much, under my favourite elm, ſitting and ſurveying the houſe and premiſes, and praying for the bleſſing of the God of heaven upon the maſter, and all his. Indeed, Sir, you have a moſt bountiful benefactor, who has loaded you with benefits; and he is never weary of giving---the greateſt of his gifts he beſtoweth liberally; even faith, rich faith, that you may take his Chriſt, live cloſer, nearer ſtill unto him, and may be ſafer by him, and happier in him. This proſperity is much upon my heart; I wiſh it truly; I aſk it fervently.

All

All other things proſper about you---may your ſoul proſper. As your real friend, ſtudious of your beſt intereſt, let me juſt put down what would have been ſaid---If the hall lectures had been delivered at Briſſington, 1787, by W. Romaine, Chaplain in ordinary, morning and evening---How often have you heard me ſay, "Make ſure of Chriſt," he is the one thing needful, all beſides is nothing worth. Purſue what you will of this world, attain too, ever ſo much, you only get a great eſtate; vanity at its beſt---in the enjoyment, vexation of ſpirit---and in its duration, paſſing ſo faſt away, as not to be worth one farthing, when compared with Chriſt, and the eternity of his heaven.

You ſhould be often reading your warrant in ſcripture, and your encouragements from thence to take him, and make ſure of him for your own. The Father's revealed will and command, 1 John iii. 23; the Son's expreſs declaration of his willingneſs and power to ſave all that came unto him, John x. 27, 28, 29, 30; and the teſtimony of the Spirit runs thus, Heb. x. 15---24; a wonderful paſſage, full of ſtrong arguments to ſilence all your guilty fears, and to encourage you to live and die in peace with God, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

Then comes the ſecurity of this evidence---Chriſt IS mine. I have taken him at God's bidding---I depend on God's warrant---I make

uſe

uſe of him, as I am commanded. The Father hath given him to be a teacher: when I read the word, I look up for his Spirit, that he may make me wiſe unto ſalvation. When I feel guilt, I quiet my conſcience with the ſprinkling of the blood of Jeſus. When temptations meet with corruptions, he gives me courage to oppoſe, and ſtrength to overcome them. When the miſeries of ſin are preſent, the love of God in Chriſt turns them into bleſſings. In my walk, in my warfare, in my duties, in my friendſhips, in every thing, I live by the faith of the Son of God; whereby a man may be as certain, that he is alive to God in Chriſt, as that he is alive to this world. Mr. I. there is no freehold like this, both for the certainty of its evidence, and alſo for the bleſſedneſs which it brings with it. Make ſure of Chriſt, and all is yours. Faith in him pleads a lawful diſcharge under the broad ſeal of heaven from all ſins and from all miſeries. Here is the warrant, ſee the Judge's own hand ---I will remember them no more. And with this there alſo comes a full conveyance, by deed of gift, of all poſſible good, in time and in eternity. The title is infallible, the earneſt is preſent poſſeſſion—even the Spirit, and faith, which is the fruit of the Spirit; and the fruits of the Spirit, which are abundant through faith in Chriſt Jeſus. Grace is yours—glory is yours: for the God of grace and glory, God in Trinity

is

is yours, and will be yours with all his fullneſs for ever. May theſe be your ſummer enjoyments, even fellowſhip with the Father and the Son by the Spirit. Mrs. I. and her beloved children, Mrs. G. and family, Mrs. B. and family, and Honeſt T. Maryport is not forgot. May Chriſt himſelf preach, whoever ſtands up. Theſe are my preſent ſentiments. And I have not ſaid, that I ſhall not proclaim them in my place, in your hall, before the year 88. When we return, we ſhall hear of your ſtate and circumſtances---where you are---how you are---when poor Old England muſt take its farewel of you. Till then, without fee or reward, I am the foremoſt of all your friends, be they who they may.

Pray for

W. R.

Mrs. R. joins in beſt wiſhes---Buy the Chriſtian Remembrancer at my recommendation; you will thank me when we meet.

LETTER LXXVI.

BLACKFRIARS, *June* 9, 1788.

My good Friend,

YOU and your family are welcome to England. I rejoice in your ſafe return, and my joy was increaſed by your being ſo ſenſible of the

the gracious providence which kept your going out, and your coming in. May you learn more of his tender love to you during this viſit to your native country, than you have ever found before. Your letter warmed my heart with the ſenſe which you expreſſed in it, of this greateſt of all bleſſings, and put me into my proper element of prayer, and praiſe—Prayer that you might now experience a paradiſe at B. The place, the country, no creature has this to give; you know that well; but our Jeſus has: he can make you quite happy in the love of his Father; and this is paradiſe reſtored: he can alſo make you a bleſſing to all about you; for his influence is like the ſun's. Mrs. I. ſhall be happier in your happineſs. She will have a bleſſed ſummer if ſhe feel all I wiſh her. The young ladies will enjoy the cheerful rays of that ſweet ſunſhine, which warms and influences their parents' hearts and lives. May my God thus bleſs you: and dear T. join and ſay, "O! we are happy here—"truly happy here at B. Jeſus ſhines with "the light of his loving countenance, and we "have the joy of his ſalvation:" and I, W. R. add—may he ſhine on clearer and clearer to the perfect day. I acknowledge your very obliging invitation to ſpend part of the ſummer with you. I have delayed writing, in hopes I ſhould be able to give you a direct anſwer, but I cannot. I have two engagements, one of two years ſtanding,

ing, and I cannot fulfil them, till about the middle of September: about which time, you will begin to think of taking your flight with the birds of paſſage. Go where you will; or do what you will—you will be borne on my heart—Let brotherly love continue—yea increaſe. Your mother is where ſhe ſhould be: bleſſed be the name of the Lord; he gave, he took away. Mr. G. and his are not forgotten---I felt much for him at the time; O it is a ſore trial. Mrs. R. with moſt hearty affection, joins me in every good wiſh to Mrs. I. and yourſelf, and in my hearty prayers for our young friends. Remember us to Mr. G. and family---and to Mrs. G. Tell T. to try to get out of my debt: he is in my Litany by name: and ought never to pray without mentioning me: nor ſhould you: for it is my privilege to be your conſtant friend at the throne of grace. May it be yours to plead as conſtantly for

W. R.

LETTER LXXVII.

Jan. 31, 1789.

My dear Friend,

THE pleaſure which I received from your letter, calls upon me to acknowledge it, which I ſit down to do with much thankfulneſs.

I get

I get good from your good; and I am wiſhing you may return to us as much better as poſſible. We have had cold weather, but it was very healthful, and to me very pleaſant. Our air was very putrid in autumn, but the froſt has taken away every thing infectious: our ſkies are now as ſalutary as yours in France: and we want nothing in England, but to be more ſenſible of our privileges, and more thankful for them.

You know me well. I am a man of one book, and of one ſentiment. The word of God, and faith in his word, make up all my learning, and enter into all my life, private and public. The practice of theſe principles for the year 89, was taken from Pſalm xcvii. 1, "The Lord reigneth" ---my Lord Jeſus, whoſe kingdom is of ſuch a nature, that England, and the multitude of its iſles, may be glad thereof; becauſe he is almighty---the creator of all worlds---He did but ſpeak ---and his word brought them into being---He did but command---and they are upheld by the word of his power; for all things ſerve him to this day: and he is the almighty Jeſus, the Lord of the ſpiritual and new creation, in which his word is always doing wonders: behold, ſays he, I create all things new---I give the ſpirit of life to the dead ſinner to enable him to believe in me, that he may never periſh for his ſins, but may have, by my free gift, eternal life, and I will keep him by my mighty power through faith, till I

bring him ſafe to the fulneſs of my joys. This is the great king, who has all power in heaven and earth, the God-man Jeſus---and the exerciſe of this power is peculiar to himſelf. He makes and keeps the new world, as he did the old. He governs by his word. The goſpel is the ſceptre of his ſovereign authority. He ſent it out from Sion, as Pſalm cx. 2 ; and the rebel nations were made willing to ſubmit to him: and to this day he gathers in his ſubjects by the ſame means. When his Spirit puts life and power into the goſpel, the ſinner hears his call, and comes, and bows the knee before Jeſus: he believes, and is pardoned and ſaved ; henceforth he lives by and upon the fulneſs of the Saviour. This is the way in which he peoples his kingdom, and whenever he brings any one to be his willing ſubject, he promiſes them ſuch bleſſings under his government as the world has not to give ; and the world, I can witneſs for him, is not able to take away. Faith gives him credit. And according to our faith, he fulfills his promiſes, and makes us really bleſſed. Here you ſee, Sir, I get upon my own ground---living by faith---the only happy life---an emperor has nothing to be compared with it---whether you look at the bleſſedneſs of our king's ſubjects, as they relate to ſpiritual, to temporal, or to eternal things.

His name, his office, his character of old was, the bleſſer of all nations: ſo that his ſubjects are

as

as bleſſed in him, as Abraham was to whom the promiſe was made. The bleſſer himſelf is theirs ---his life is their righteouſneſs---his death is their atonement---his reſurrection is their juſtification to life---his aſcenſion is their hope of being with him, and ſitting with him on his throne. O what do they feel, when from their hearts they can ſay--Bleſſed be the God and Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who hath bleſſed us with all ſpiritual bleſſings. May this be ſweet muſic at Montpellier.

And then as to temporals, though he be ſo great a king, yet he is not above looking to the leaſt concerns of his ſubjects. The very hairs of their head he numbers:

> " If in the leaſt he be ſo true,
> " What won't he in the greateſt do?"

He has redeemed the body, as well as the ſoul; and he ſays, caſt all the care of that upon me. But I am ſick, " Fear not, I am your " phyſician---I can bring health out of ſickneſs. " As to food and raiment, family, children, " ſubſtance---Truſt them all in my hands---If you " leave them to my management---come what " may---I will make it work under me for your " good: and if one thing be better than another " in this life, you ſhall have it: for I have ſaid, " I will never leave thee, nor forſake thee."

He who ſays theſe things, is King of Kings, and Lord of Lords: I believe his royal words--- And I am as happy about all temporals, as I can

can be out of heaven. May he make my dear friend as happy: that, looking forward, when we ſhall ſee the king in his beauty, we may one day meet, and caſt our crowns together down at his feet. So be it. May he reign ſole monarch of our hearts till that bleſſed day.

I hear nothing of Adey nor Jones. I am a ſtranger in Athens. I only know my king governs all kings, and all kingdoms, and he does all things well. He has the care of your family: they are well, I hear. If you come through London, look upon us, and make us more thankful. All good wiſhes to my friend Walter; may he come home without hurt to his principles, and better in his health: death has got into their family, and he is ſeldom content with one. Happy they, who are bleſſed with a life out of his reach---So are believers.

Mrs. R. joins in all.

LETTER LXXVIII.

PLYMOUTH, *Auguſt* 20, 1789.

Dear Friend,

I PROMISED to acquaint you with our motions. We enquired after you at Bridport, but could get no intelligence; if we had,

we ſhould probably have refreſhed ourſelves with a ſhort viſit. But we muſt wait a little longer for that pleaſure. September will ſoon approach. Our viſit here is over next Monday. On Tueſday we purpoſe to ſet out for Tiverton, if the king (God bleſs him) does not lay an embargo upon us. The whole neighbourhood of Cornwall and Devon crowd in to ſee the royal family; and I am forced to ſend to Tiverton for a chaiſe to take us from this place. We hope to get there on Wedneſday next, and to hear from you concerning the ſtate of your family---how you all do---whether ſettled yet at B. Our kindeſt reſpects to your dear partner. Being in the midſt of ſuch an hurry---cannonading---crowding---proceſſioning---bell-ringing---ſhip fights, &c. &c. I feel my privilege. "His "reſt ſhall be glorious." Quiet at home---the buſtle around me makes my reſt more ſenſible and more happy. From my heart I wiſh you more and more of that calm of ſoul, which is truly paradiſe reſtored. Our love to Miſs I. and kind remembrance to all our friends, eſpecially brother T—. Lady Hill, and Mr. Barham, lying dead at the ſame time. O what a leſſon of mortality to the ſurvivors; preaching "Be ye "alſo ready---Live by faith, that ye may die in "faith." May this be yours.

So prays

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER LXXIX.

TIVERTON, *Sept.* 1, 1789.

My dear Madam,

I SHOULD have mourned and wept at the contents of your letter, were it not for the conſolations of God, which are never ſmall, nor few, to them who truſt in him. This ſickneſs is not unto death, but for the glory of God---to purify ---not to deſtroy. It comes with a plain leſſon, and ought to be a good teacher. Its text is taken out of Prov. iii. 11, 12. And the ſermon preached from it by a moſt able divine, is recorded Heb. xii. 1 to 14. Our Lord is too good to afflict His willingly. He has gracious purpoſes in every chaſtiſement. He would have Mr. I. to read what he ſays, and to truſt his faithfulneſs. Faith, exerciſed, gets health and eſtabliſhment. So it works love, and by love. The heart grows ſatisfied of his love, and loves him more—cleaves to him the faſter, and finds that it is good to be with Jeſus any where, even in a fiery furnace. May my dear friend find it ſo! I pray it may be a fruitful ſeaſon: and I thank God, that I hope it will. We purpoſe, through our Almighty guide, to ſet out on Monday next, and, as we travel with the ſame

horſes, to lye at Bridgwater, and to be with you on Tueſday evening. May our meeting be for good, to his praiſe, and to our profit—that he may cement our hearts more cloſely to himſelf—and may give us freſh reaſon to love one another as his diſciples. Mrs. R. is perfectly well, and deſires to be moſt kindly remembered to you. I ſhall not ceaſe to pray for you and yours till we meet, being in every holy bond,

Your friend and ſervant,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER LXXX.

PORTSWOOD-GREEN, *Oct.* 19, 1789.

My very dear Friend,

I CANNOT forget you, while I remember any thing. I can give you full credit for your profeſſions of friendſhip: I wiſh I could rely with as much confidence on Him, who ſpeaks, and it is done. His word and deed go together—and true faith unites them, and finds them one. The promiſe, and the bleſſing in the promiſe, are the ſame with Him, only our fooliſh

hearts ſeparate them, and ſo, what God hath joined together, we make two: by which means we rob Him of His glory, and ourſelves of the bleſſing. O for more faith—ſettled and eſtabliſhed, while you are an Engliſh believer, and your conſtant viaticum go where you may. I have your family at heart, as well as yourſelf. Mrs. I. wants nothing; God has been very bountiful to her---only more eſtabliſhment in the faith. There is her ſafety---there is her happineſs. And my Friend cannot only give it, but wiſhes her to take it---commands her, and would account it the greateſt honor ſhe can do him, to caſt all her cares and burdens upon his ſhoulders. Do it in the prayer of faith, and come what may, the iſſue will be to you proſperous.

You ſay nothing of France: perhaps we may ſee or hear of you the next week, when we hope to get home. Your remembrances of this family were very acceptable to Mr. T. Walter, and Samuel, for which they all deſire I would thank you. See the fruit of Voltaire's principles---now they are operating. Shew me an egg, and I will tell you what it will hatch. My God keep old England from their baleful influence. He only can do it: even among us they prevail too much. May he ſtop the ſpreading of the cauſe, and the effect alſo.

W. R.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXI.

May 12, 1790.

Dear Friend,

YOUR letter from Montpellier, April 7, did not come to my hands till May 7. It found me at Reading, very glad and very thankful for the abundance of good news which you ſent me. My time is up to-morrow, being obliged to attend my church Aſcenſion day, one of my great feſtivals—when we have preaching, and the ſacrament according to the rubrick of the church of England: we cannot return again ſo ſoon as the 18th inſtant: and, therefore, ſhall not be able to meet you at Reading. But, if we miſs the ſight of you in London, we will follow you with our prayers; eſpecially that excellent petition of Job. "Thou ſhalt viſit thy habita-"tion, and ſhalt find nothing amiſs." May England appear to you, as it does to me, the peculiar favorite of heaven: and may you come home to enjoy afreſh our ſpecial privileges. Mrs. R. and my hearty affection to Mrs. I. Whatever can do good to our young friends, may they ſhare abundantly with your friend and ſervant in the Lord Chriſt,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII.

Oct. 10, 1791.

My dear Friend,

MR. T. told me he ſhould ſend a frank to-morrow, and this paper was to be filled with matter: but this moment coming from the mill, he ſays, He muſt ſend it to night. I have, therefore, only time (now it is paſt ſix) to thank you for many long-continued favors—the cauſe of them I hope to retain, as long as I have my being. As I am convinced of the neceſſity of your journey, I can the more earneſtly pray, that God would make it anſwer your moſt ſanguine wiſhes; and if we are to meet together in this world, it may be with renewed health, and renewed hearts: I am myſelf, at preſent, very poorly, with my uſual autumn complaint, but by no means left to myſelf to murmur or complain. It is good. It is for the beſt. I acknowledge it. I feel it. I thank my God for his ſupports and comforts. It is not improbable, but we may meet about the latter end of the month, at Reading: and it will be a cordial to ſee you ſet out tolerably well. Our real love to Mrs. I. I hope it will be made a pleaſing ſervice to her to attend you in theſe long journies. We are very much obliged to Miſs I. for her late obliging

ing attentions to us. You will pleaſe to remember us to all our friends, as the Shrapnells alſo do from Bradford, and wiſh ſome providence might throw you in their way. O that bleſſed old diſciple Richard Pearce; he thanks you for your thinking of him: he is juſt ripe for glory. I ſaw Mr. Spencer, that good man, who alſo wiſhes to be remembered to you. The young man you ſent to him is likely to do well.

Mr. Scarle's *Chriſtian Remembrancer* is a moſt proper book for a journey—it is ſo well divided: chapters ſo ſhort, and yet very experimental, that I could wiſh it to be your companion. I do not find that I can read it often enough. May you have the ſame key to open it, and the ſame ſpirit to apply it.

I need ſay nothing about this family, as Mr. T. writes himſelf. Mr. T. has two daughters now at the Hot Wells,—to-day a poor account of them both. May you keep yours to your joy. Our love to Miſs Louiſa, and what love dictates, real wiſhes, further improvement in uſeful knowledge, and ſaving grace. So prays yours, in our common Lord,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIII.

Feb. 8, 1792.

My good Friend,

WE have conſecrated a day of thankſgiving to the keeper of Iſrael, who kept your going out ſafe; and thank you for informing us of it. We hope, before the ſun gets out of Aries, he will favor us with another holyday, for bringing you back in peace. Till that happy time arrive, I reckon it my privilege to be daily with you in ſpirit, and to be keeping up the communion of ſaints, which is as real a bleſſing upon earth, as it will be in heaven: for believers are all united to one head, have one Spirit breathing through them, and enabling them by one faith to cleave cloſe to their head, and, as far as they do, he diſpoſes, and enables them to cleave cloſe in brotherly love to one another. I have you as much upon my heart, while you are at Montpellier, as when I ſleep under your roof at Briſlington. Prayer for every poſſible good to you and yours, and praiſe for the bleſſings you have received, are truly my preſent employment; I find it alſo delightful to remember you before my Lord. May he make it as pleaſant to you to read, as it is to me to inform you, of our religious engagements here in the preſent year. Our word was---Grow in grace. Growth is the end and deſign of receiving it: and the only purpoſe of living another year is, that we may get grace in it, and uſe it. If we have

have it not, that we may ſeek until we find it: and, if we have it, that we may improve it; for it is as neceſſary as breath to the body. The ſcripture compares it to a cool breeze after a hot ſultry day, and alſo to the dew upon herbs—grace is as refreſhing as dew, and as ſtrengthening and bracing as the cool air is in hot weather. When it is ſaving, it is the favor of the bleſſed Trinity to ſinners who are quickened by the Spirit of grace, and brought by him to believe in the grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and thereby to the enjoyment of the Father's grace and love. In the Trinity it is always the ſame, and alſo in the ſcriptures; but as to our ſenſe and experience, there is a growth, by more dependence on God's faithfulneſs to his promiſes; and more dependence on the ſupplies of the Spirit, in applying and making the promiſes good. Thus he who grows in grace this year, (as it follows in the text) will grow in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt: the more he knows of him, the more he will truſt him; and he who truſts him moſt, will certainly love him beſt; and he who loves him beſt, will be uſing all the means of grace, that he may grow in the ſenſe of his favor: the love of Chriſt will conſtrain him powerfully to do what Chriſt loves, to bear patiently Chriſt's croſs, and to perſevere in fighting Chriſt's battles; always remembering, that if we have ever ſo much, Chriſt giveth more grace.

This

This was the ſum. Reflecting on the paſt year, the believer ſhould be greatly humbled at his little growth---On the preſent, ſetting out in Chriſt's ſtrength to get forward---more dead to nature, and more alive to grace---Our activity, uſefulneſs, holineſs, happineſs depend on our growing into Chriſt, and daily making ſuch a progreſs, that we may get more grace to return him more glory. This is my daily prayer for all the family, Mrs. I. and Miſs, and your Engliſh friends. In which my dear partner, moſt heartily joins. I heard of you at Paris---a friend ſaw you at Mr. Maronne's Church, and was pleaſed to ſee you ſo much affected by his diſcourſe; truly, ſo was I; my heart rejoices, that the goſpel is known, felt, and in its real bleſſings enjoyed in your heart. I had an offer to go and preach at Mr. Maronne's, and my expences paid, but it is too late in life; yet I am trying to get ſome lively goſpel miniſter to go to Paris. The winter has been at times ſevere, but never long. My crocus's were in bloſſom, and fine laſt Friday, Feb. 3, and at preſent our ſpring delightful: I wiſh you was with us, that you might experience ſome of our good days. I have no correſpondence in Briſtol to inform me of any thing going on there. As you return, let us look at you, and be thankful, that once more you vouchſafe to viſit your own country and friends.

Pray for

W. R.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIV.

SOUTHAMPTON, *Oct.* 25, 1792.

My dear Friend,

WE have waited with impatience for your viſit from day to day, but no Mr. I.: Mr. Samuel T. expected you, and was very much diſappointed; as he told me laſt night, that he wanted to conſult you. We ſet out for Reading tomorrow, in our way home. And ſhall be glad to hear, how providence may direct you to diſpoſe of yourſelf this winter. Go, or ſtay, I ſhall be with you; but I ſhould like to know your determinations, that I may aſk of my bountiful Lord, what will be ſuitable to your caſe. He is always at hand---and never at a loſs for grace ſufficient --and he diſplays his marvellous ſkill the moſt, when all the foundations of the earth are out of courſe. It is at this time a ſtrangely diſordered world, but his plan is carrying on, and his kingdom ſhall ſtand for ever and ever. May he keep you his ſubject, where (come what may) all is ſafe, and all is happy.

We have had prayer meetings for fair weather, which the Lord has heard. May he direct you aright every ſtep you take, to the city of habitation. Ever yours in him,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXV.

Dec. 12, 1792.

My dear Madam,

I FEEL for your preſent ſituation, and I know how much you want the conſolations of God. May theſe abound, when others fail. This is the ſuperior excellency of our moſt holy faith, that it affords not only ſupports, but alſo comforts in the worſt of times. I am a living witneſs of this, and I hope and pray you may join me in atteſting, that God is very good in all his dealings with his children. When Mr. I. was in town, he was kind to give us a great deal of his company; and he promiſed to write us word of his ſafe arrival in France, and how his ward fared. Our anxiety is great in not hearing from him. It will be a great favor to me and Mrs. Romaine, if you will oblige us with an account of his ſafety. With much thankfulneſs do I bleſs my God for his mercy to Miſs I. who will be a real comfort to you, during this loneſome winter. I am not without hopes of Miſs L. ſhe is in my book. From my country all is good news; this world---poor France has none---without Chriſt---My heart bleeds for the diſmal tragedies of the day. Accept our beſt wiſhes, and believe me to be in bonds never to be broken, your real friend, in our common Lord.

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVI.

Jan. 23, 1793.

My dear Madam,

I AM much beholden to you for your ſpeedy anſwer to my enquiries, and for good news, and for much, concerning our friend abroad, and friends at home, very dear to you by natural bonds, but much more by that neareſt of all relations, the bond of the Spirit. I acknowlege, with thankfulneſs, the many favors of God to you, and am at prayers for the continuance of them---That he who has begun a good work, may carry it on to perfection, in your ſiſter, brother, and all your children. Where there are fair buds and bloſſoms, may they not be blighted, but bear rich and ripe fruit, that will endure unto everlaſting life.

In return for your good news, I am happy that I can ſend you ſome of mine---Indeed ſome of the beſt which ever came from heaven. It relates to a perſon called Melchiſedek, which was our word for this year, of whom great things are ſpoken, Gen. xiv. and Pſalm cx. ſuch as can belong to none, but the Lord God; and now they are talking of putting down all kings, I thought it high time to look after a kingdom that cannot be moved: and ſuch I have found in this name, as the apoſtle has explained

explained it at large, and given us a whole chapter upon it, Hebrews vii.---he ſays it means, the king of righteouſneſs---king Jeſus, who is king of kings, and Lord of Lords, and has all power in heaven and earth, to make his ſubjects righteous. He is the Lord their righteouſneſs—Almighty to pardon their ſins, almighty to ſubdue their ſins, and all their enemies, and almighty to give them faith to truſt him for ſalvation, and for all the things which accompany ſalvation. Happy ſubjects, who being juſtified by faith, have peace with God, and who live under his government ſafe and happy. They don't live up to their privileges, if either guilty fears, or natural fears, diſtreſs them. When kingdoms are convulſed, ſtates are overthrown, and the civil world turned upſide down, the feet having got into the place of the head—Then he ſays to the weakeſt of his ſubjects, " Fear not, " leſt any hurt you, I will keep you night and " day; under my protection you are as ſafe as " if you was in heaven."

There was a great deal ſaid of this moſt bleſſed Melchiſedek, which I need not repeat---you have heard his praiſes celebrated ſo often by me, and long before in the word of God, Pſalm xlvi. and in that famous hymn, Iſaiah xii.---We only want more faith to make him more precious, and ourſelves more happy. Let this be our ſtudy, and on him may our hearts be fixed through the preſent

ſent year. The government is upon his ſhoulders, the greateſt concerns, and the leaſt. May our king, for his eyes and care are every where, look on our travelling friend, and keep him till we meet in peace. May you and yours find it a faithful ſaying, recorded of his ſubjects, Pſalm cxii. 7, 8, and then you will prize and love Melchiſedek.

Mrs. R. has a very bad cold, but it is mending: ſo is mine. I find inward health, a great promoter of bodily health; and I would recommend my doctor, as the only giver of eternal health Our real love in him to Miſs I. and our beſt wiſhes to Louiſa. When you ſee our friends at Stoney Hill, or at Clifton, be ſo good as to recommend us to them in chriſtian affection; and to Mr. T. and Mr. B. Again I thank you for your very obliging letter, and am in our deareſt Lord, and in his bonds, your friend and ſervant,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER LXXXVII.

April 24, 1793.

My dear Madam,

I HAVE to thank you for your kind remembrance of us, and for acquainting us with your preſent uneaſineſs: it is ours, as well as

as yours. We often converſe about it, and do truly feel for you. My only reaſon for not writing before, was from a fear that our ſentiments would not give you the relief we wiſhed. I thought it would only increaſe your ſuſpicions of Mr. I's ſafety. He has been very much lately upon my heart, and I have been led without knowing his ſituation, till you informed me, to pray for him. My Lord, I truſt, has him in his keeping, and his tender mercies are over him for good---He can preſerve him ſafe in the den of lions, and give you to ſee his face with joy: if he hear my prayers, and I once more behold him on Engliſh ground, it will make my heart truly thankful and happy, God haſten the time.

You ſee my good friend, the truth of my doctrine, which I am always inculcating, becauſe I experience the bleſſedneſs of it; that is, I am trying to perſuade every body to live by faith, truſting their deareſt comforts in the hand, and leaving them to the management, of the Lord Chriſt, even life itſelf. A true chriſtian holds all by grace, which is the beſt, and the ſafeſt, tenure in the world. What we have from the ſovereign bounty of the giver, we honor him by ſuffering him to keep it for us, and us for it, and then all will be well, come what may. You have heard of a man, who loſt nine children at a ſtroke, and yet he was enabled to kiſs this

ſharp rod, and to ſay, " The Lord gave, and the " Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the name of " the Lord." In this patience, may he enable you alſo to poſſeſs your ſoul, till he be pleaſed to turn our preſent prayers into thankſgiving. And when that happy day arrives, O may it be ſoon, very ſoon—you will make Mrs. R. and me very happy in giving us occaſion to join our praiſes with yours. Till that time, I ſhall be in my watch tower, waiting on my Lord, and expecting his gracious anſwer; of which I am very ſeldom diſappointed.

Yours,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

June 7, 1793.

My dear Madam,

WE had begun our thankſgiving on Tueſday morning; Mr. I. called at my ſon's at Reading, and though only the ſervant was up, yet, from all circumſtances, they concluded it was our friend. My ſon knew how anxious we were about his ſafety, and his arrival, and therefore ſent us word directly by the coach. O it was a joyful meſſage indeed: it brought forth

warm praiſes to him, who is good, and doeth good to the children of men—who kept our friends going out and coming in. Perhaps no body felt more gratitude, than myſelf, excepting Mrs. I. and her daughters; with you I may not compare. But after many prayers, and much waiting, ſuch a gracious anſwer made us keep a day of thankſgiving with uncommon joy. May my Lord conſecrate your heart to give him all the glory; and may his return prove a real bleſſing to his children and friends. I am intereſted in his recovery; and he who can reſtore him and ſoon, ſhall hear often from me, until prayer for health, be turned into the voice of rejoicing; and he himſelf ſhall ſay—"I am now "well, both in body and ſoul, thanks be to him "whoſe mercy endureth for ever."

While we his friends are thus ſtriving, who of us ſhall be moſt thankful for this ſpecial providence; I would hope and pray, that Mr. I. himſelf, for whom we are praiſing, may feel more than any of us. It is God's goodneſs to him for which we are ſo much affected. O what mercies have followed him all the days of his life—and none greater than thoſe of the preſent year and journey. May a record of them be written deep upon his heart; and when theſe are added to the vaſt ſum of mercies already received, and to the greateſt of all ſtill in hope, may he be enabled in all things to be giving of thanks.

While he is kept in this happy frame, he will feel as if he was got into paradiſe, and had really entered into the joy of his Lord.

Be aſſured, my partner ſtanding by me, is impreſſed with the ſame ſentiments as myſelf; we have often joined in prayer for what now occaſions our mutual thankſgivings. May this be the happieſt meeting in your lives: O that the voice of joy and health, may ſound loudly in the dwellings of the righteous; and every breath be praiſe. So prays an old friend, and a true friend,

W. ROMAINE,
For all his friends at Briſlington.

LETTER LXXXIX.

June 11, 1793.

My dear Friend,

YOU refreſhed my ſpirit, and I am thankful; what has been done to you, has been God's way of old---" many are the troubles of " the righteous---but out of them all the Lord " delivereth him:" ſo he will go on with you. And yet a little while, he will come and give you an everlaſting deliverance. I am better pleaſed

pleaſed that you did not ſtop in London: the magnet ought to point to your own family. There was the chief attraction. Their pleaſure at the ſight of you, was ours alſo: and I hope and pray, that our mutual pleaſure may continue, and increaſe by your gaining ſtrength and ſpirits every day.

This is a preaching day, but I would not neglect giving you an account of our engagements. I never can get out of town, till about the end of July, and ſtopping, as I muſt, at Reading, and at Mr. S's, I could not by any means reach B. till about the end of Auguſt; you will ſettle whether that can be made convenient for your return from Beminſter. It is the earlieſt we can think of quite leaving London. You will pleaſe, to Mrs. I. to preſent my grateful acknowledgments for her laſt letter. O how good is our God to your children; may his abundant grace and bleſſing reſt upon them. I ſee no end of theſe wars and diſtreſſes of nations. The cauſe remains---rather increaſes: ſo muſt the effects. "If you walk contrary to me, I "will walk contrary to you:" this he has proved to be his way in all ages; and I pray, but with trembling, for our own land, leſt national iniquity, ſhould be nationally puniſhed.

Pray for

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER XC.

READING, *Aug.* 3, 1793.

My dear Friend.

I WAS juſt going to write, when your letter came this morning, Aug. 3. We had agreed to ſet out for B. Tueſday the 27th, and hope to be with you the next day. I wiſh to live under an abiding ſenſe of the certainty of death, and of preparation for it. Thank God, I feel the truth of your reflections, and I know in whom I have believed. Juſt on the verge of eternity---O it is a bleſſed proſpect, to be able to look forward with a hope full of glory and immortality: it makes age with its numerous infirmities, not only tolerable, but truly bleſſed. To live in the Lord, is heaven upon earth---To die in the Lord, is the heaven of heavens. I am a witneſs for Jeſus---How happy it is to live by faith in him---And Jeſus himſelf is a witneſs how happy it is to die in faith: ſo he aſſures us--- "Bleſſed are the dead, who die in the Lord." He who ſpake it with a voice from heaven, has never broke his word to one dying believer; and he will not to you: truſt, and be not afraid.

Cordially yours,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER XCI.

BRADFORD, *Oct.* 8, 1793.

My very dear Mr. I.

I SAW Mr. E. M. on Sunday, who told me you was ſtill at B. Peace be with you there, and every where, you and yours; he can make your home a paradiſe, and Beminſter the door of heaven. If it be his holy will, for which I pray, he can make a winter in England, as healthful as the ſouth of France, or the beſt of Spain; we are fully perſuaded of it, who live by faith; for he ſays to us---" Caſt all your care " upon me: for I care for you---Come what " may, I will make it work for the beſt." Do, Sir, try him. Take him at his word, and let him manage for you this winter: depend upon it, he will look to all your matters, and will take it kindly of you, that you truſt them in his hands: he is faithful---I am a witneſs for him---He has done for me better than I could either aſk or think; and he vouchſafed to give me the honor of pleading with him, that he would do as much for you. O that he may make an Engliſh winter as profitable as a French; and may give you as much, yea more occaſion, to thank him for home mercies, than for foreign. And may God's favorite land

land be your favorite. We have Mrs. I. and all your concerns upon our hearts, being with true chriſtian love, in our deareſt Lord,

Your friends and ſervants,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XCII.

Jan. 4, 1794.

My dear Friend,

WHEN I ſaw your red wafer, before I opened your letter, my heart leaped for joy; but, when I read the contents, I bleſſed his holy name, and gave him all the glory. It is his own doing; and, indeed, it ought to be marvellous in our eyes. The more he makes it ſo, we will join prayer to praiſe, and beg of him, that whatever was his gracious purpoſe, in his late viſitation, it may be completely anſwered, and Mrs. I's body and ſoul, may be better for it. O what a Jeſus do we ſerve! with what confidence may we truſt him, who bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. And he gives us full warrant—Truſt in him at all times, ye people—pour out your hearts before him in the prayer of faith; God will be a ſure refuge for you in the diſtreſſes of life, and in the hour of death. In this delightful exerciſe, methinks I hear our friend—What return ſhall I make unto the Lord for all the benefits that he hath done unto me—

I will

I will offer the ſacrifice of thankſgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord. O that I may anſwer his gracious purpoſe in raiſing me up again, that I may grow in grace, and in the knowledge and love of my Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt: to him be glory both now and for ever. Mr. I. ſtands by, and ſays, Amen; for I know his feelings; he is bleſſing his God, who has favoured him with ſuch a gift, has now, as it were, redoubled it, by continuing it; he is praying to be made, and to be kept, thankful, that every ſight of Mrs. I. may ſtir up gratitude and praiſe in his heart to a bountiful Jeſus. O! if ever I take my ſeat in the hall, to worſhip again, may our meeting be ſomething of heaven, and our praiſes like theirs above. What mercies! how great—how many! I believe Miſs I. knows how to value, perhaps, much better than I can, ſuch a parent reſtored to her—She is ſenſible of the ſignal favour; and I pray with the ſame warm heart Miſs L. may thank her God—I would hear her do it. O what a bleſſing to me, that my dear mother, who loves me, as her own ſoul, and is the ſafeguide of my youth, ſhould be raiſed from ſuch a bed of ſickneſs, and ſpared to me, and to my ſiſter. I wiſh to praiſe the Lord for this his goodneſs, and to ſhew him my thankfulneſs, in word and in deed. So be it.

You have friends to join you; I know ſome who are giving glory where it is due, and beg-

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ging of God, that the family, and relations, and all your connections, may be profited by this viſitation. May increaſing health inſpire increaſing gratitude. I hope my Lord will take eſpecial care of your own health, and be the guardian and defender of our country. I am at prayers---My chief concern in the times is with God; let him do what he will, believers will be ſafe, as in the ark, as in going through the Red Sea. Yea, they may ſing the 46th Pſalm, as I do this day.

Your friend in the Lord,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XCIII.

Feb. 1, 1794.

My dear Madam,

I HAVE many reaſons to rejoice with you, and join my praiſes to him, who hath done ſuch great things for you, and will do greater ſtill. He has reſtored your life from deſtruction---health is returning---and ſpiritual health is returned. O how did my heart rejoice! Far more than for any thing outward, when I read of God's abundant grace to you in giving you a thankful ſpirit!

ſpirit! For this is ſpiritual livelineſs, and ſpiritual growth. I could not help taking up theſe holy words---" I will bleſs the Lord at all times: " his praiſe ſhall continually be in my mouth. " My ſoul ſhall make her boaſt in the Lord: " the humble ſhall hear thereof, and be glad. " O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt " his name together. We ſought the Lord, and " he heard us, and delivered us from all our " fears. Bleſſed, bleſſed, moſt bleſſed, be his " holy name." Do I not hear you ſay, Amen.

I have obſerved the public mind too much agitated about the ſigns of the times: and my own friends rather uneaſy about what was coming upon the earth. Come what may, I have always an infallible antidote: and I gave for the word of this year, " The God of Hope," Rom. xv. 13. This is one of his high ſtyles and titles. The God from whom believers in Chriſt may hope for all poſſible good, and to be ſaved from all poſſible evil. Such are his promiſes—and faith looks at the truth of them, and hope waits for the fulfilling them, not doubting, but that God is faithful. This is his character, " a promiſe- " keeping God." And may he render this year famous for the exerciſe of chriſtian hope---well grounded---ſure and certain---built upon immutable things---and bringing the words before us into happy experience; even that the God of hope may

may fill us with all joy and peace in believing, that we may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghoſt.

This hope is his gift—a grace of his power---the fruit of believing. Whatever God has promiſed, be it ever ſo great, ever ſo much, he enables the believer to hope for its accompliſhment, and to wait God's time. If it be for ſin---being juſtified by faith, he gives peace with God through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord; peace in the ſenſe of pardon, and peace in the ſenſe of favor, that he has brought us into a ſtate of favor, and that we ſtand in it, with the fulleſt ſecurity of the word, promiſe, covenant, and oath of the holy Trinity, that we ſhall be kept unto the end. This is the hope which never maketh aſhamed. All worldly hopes may diſappoint, but this cannot, Rom. v. 5. The believer looks at ſin, and triumphs, Rom. viii. 31, 32, 33, 34. looks at the troubles ariſing from ſin: for they all come from it, and he carries on his triumph, Rom. viii. 35, to the end. He looks at death, and ſtill is happy, for he has hope in his death, Prov. xiv. 32. He looks beyond death to a God of hope: he looks for the mercy of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, unto eternal life, with a hope full of glory and immortality, Pſalms xlviii. 14. Titus i. 1, 2, 3. Jude 20, 21, 24, 25. This is the ſum and ſubſtance, of which you can make

make the application. The word and Spirit of God encourage us to truſt and not be afraid: for he is faithful, who promiſed. Is this my hope? Have I begun the year with waiting thus upon God? It is very high worſhip, and the moſt honorable that can be to God's promiſes: O for many, many ſuch worſhippers: they need not fear the raging ſtorm, threatening deſtruction to the earth. They have embarked all their hopes with their Almighty Jeſus; and he has engaged to bring them ſafe to the haven, where they would be, as you read, Heb. vi. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. The prayer, that ended the ſermon, comes down to Briſlington. And Mrs. R's love, with mine to you all.

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XCIV.

April 19, 1794.

My Dear Friend,

I WAS made to believe, that I ſhould have ſeen you, face to face, long before this, and your laſt letter gave me ſome hopes of it: but, I wait no longer. You cannot think how much I was flattered

flattered by your account of yourſelf, becauſe it was a demonſtration of the truth of my principles, which you have ſo often heard from my mouth, and have ſo often under my hand. You ſee, he can keep you any where, every where, when duty calls you. He can make England a very Paradiſe; ſo it is to me---all but heaven. How well has our God carried you through the winter---found you work---fitted you for it---given you health and ſtrength; and, what is better ſtill, ſpiritual health and ſtrength, to thank him, and bleſs his dear name. O! may every heart in your family, and every tongue in it, aſcribe with gratitude Mrs. I's recovery, and your own particular mercies, and the dutifulneſs of your children---May HE have all the glory. It is from him, that the voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous; and to him I look with thankſgiving for making you a witneſs for my old doctrine. O it is a bleſſed thing to truſt him! he promiſes, and he will make his word good---Truſt in him at all times, ye people, and in all places---They ſhall want no manner of thing that is good. But now I have got upon this ſubject, I muſt ſtop; for there is no end of it, the triumph of faith is the everlaſting joy of heaven. I hear Mr. T. has undertaken great things, this Eaſter—I wiſh his ſtrength may be equal to his courage—Both mine continue,

very

very marvellouſly in mine own eyes. I labour more than ever; ſometimes to the wearineſs of the fleſh; but my friend gives me rich cordials, and I go on, aiming, as he helps me, to magnify and exalt God-Jeſus. He has poured out a very remarkable ſpirit of prayer, and multitudes, multitudes through the land are on their bended knees, lifting up holy hands, crying for mercy. I hope he will hear and anſwer, by granting us a national reformation, that iniquity and infidelity may not be our ruin. Mr. William Jones has juſt printed a ſermon on the Man of Sin---It is very intereſting; I wiſh you to read it.

The times are ſtill tempeſtuous, and the poor church toſt on the waves like Noah's ark, but not one embarked with Chriſt ſhall ever periſh. They may ſuffer ſhipwreck, but, as it was, Acts xxvii. they all got ſafe to land. I am in the ark, and hope it will ſoon be ſo with me. To this moſt bleſſed Pilot I commit you and yours. Do not forget, in your beſt moments,

Your faſt friend and ſervant in the Lord,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER XCV.

READING, *June* 20, 1794.

My good Friend,

IF I did not hear oftner of you than from you, I ſhould be not a little grieved. As it is, I have been much led out in my meditations on the preſent ſtate of your family, and the trials of your faith. If they ſhould be greater than they are, there is a rich ſupply provided, ready for uſe, for your ſuitable improvement. He, who ſitteth upon the throne, has grace ſufficient to help in every time of need; and he courts you to take it. You do him a favour by coming to his fulneſs for a quiet and patient ſpirit. He loves to be liberal, and would have you to truſt him, as far as his promiſes go. Your daughter is in his hands, and he will be kind and tender over her. Your prayers for her will ſoon be turned into praiſes---Mine are begun, ſo are my dear partner's, who feels much for Mrs. I. on this occaſion. Many bleſſings will be given to you, if any of your family will give us one line, directed to me, at Dr. R.'s, Reading. Your kind invitation has been reſpected; and we hope, in the courſe of the ſummer, to viſit our Briſſington friends. Your convenience will be ſtudied, that our coming may neither interfere with buſineſs

nor pleaſure. It cannot be on our part till ſome time in Auguſt; but, of that, more hereafter. You ſay nothing of Mr. Jones's Sermon on the Man of Sin, which I recommended---It is all I have to ſay on the preſent diſtreſs of nations. My ſanctuary grows every day more ſafe and precious, becauſe I find all that is ſaid of it to be true in Iſaiah xxvi. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c.

Pray for

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XCVI.

Aug. 9, 1794.

My very Dear Friend,

WE were in Buckinghamſhire for a fortnight, and did not receive your letter of the 25th July till Auguſt 6; nothing elſe could have hindred me from not anſwering it ſooner, eſpecially as your motions depend ſo much upon it. We ſet out for the Weſt, (Tiverton,) on Wedneſday next, 13th inſt. and hope to get there by Saturday. Staying and reſting a little, we intend to viſit the ſea-coaſt, perhaps at Teinmouth. And, after our return to Tiverton, which cannot be till about the firſt week in September, we will give you as early notice as we can of our meeting, on a day fixed, at Briſlington. I look forward with prayer, that it may be made a

happy meeting to us all. "As iron ſharpeneth "iron, ſo," &c. We want much encouragement from the warnings given us of our uncertain ſtay here: age preaches, "Be ready;" infirmities ſecond the leſſon: the ſtate of the world cries aloud—wars, tumults, cruelties never heard of before. The ſtate of the church alſo is alarming more than any thing elſe---Philoſophy, with its vain deceits---Infidelity, with its natural children, a ſwarm of moſt prophane practices, deſtroying all ſubordination to God's miniſters, and to God's magiſtrates, whom he has ſet over us that we might lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godlineſs and honeſty. Theſe evils are growing worſe and worſe, eſpecially as none can tell when they will ſtop, or how. How earneſtly ſhould we endeavour to ſtrengthen one another's hearts and hands in the good ways of God, when we ſee all theſe things come upon the earth. I keep in my watch-tower, looking to him for his gift of repentance and reformation to a guilty land, that iniquity may not be our ruin; and thanking him for his ſpecial favor, that there is a ſanctuary out of the reach of all dangers, and that we, of his mere grace, are in it; deſcribed Iſaiah xxvi. 1, 2, 3, 4. Do not ceaſe to pray for,

Your old friend,

And the Lord's old diſciple,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XCVII.

TIVERTON, *Auguſt* 27, 1794.

My good Friend, old Friend,

THE time is approaching, when I hope to meet you at B. and I wiſh it for the ſtrengthening of one another's hearts in the ways of God: and I wiſh it the more, becauſe my time is ſhort. I publiſhed a book upon Eccleſiaſtes 12th, ſome years ago, written by a Dr. Smith, phyſician to King Charles II. I then thought I underſtood every ſymptom of old age; but now I find a better comment, ſince I feel them in my own perſon. And though my tabernacle be taking down, yet it is done with ſo much tender compaſſion, and ſo gently, that I am enabled to put old age among my bleſſings, and thank my God, that I have ſo few infirmities. We purpoſe, God willing, to leave this place Sept. 9, Tueſday, and to be with you Wedneſday or Thurſday in that week: may Mrs. I. and your daughters, receive from our meeting all the good we wiſh; and Mrs. Romaine ſays, ſhe hopes it will not be little.

I am, in my deareſt Lord,

Your faithful ſervant,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER XCVIII.

Oct. 9, 1794.

My dear Friend,

YESTERDAY we got ſafe to Portſwood, through the kind hand of our God. Mrs. R. in good health, and deſiring with me to be remembered in love to Mrs. I. and to your daughters. In the midſt of this great ſtorm, which rages through Europe, with unabating fury, what a bleſſing to enjoy a calm within!---a quiet conſcience---a happy heart---a true Paradiſe! Let the hurricane ſpread, and threaten to carry all before it; yet you can recollect what is ſaid of a righteous man, "He ſhall not be "afraid of evil tidings, his heart is fixed, truſt-"ing in the Lord. His heart is eſtabliſhed, he "ſhall not be afraid." This is the haven of peace, into which he has entered, and is ſafe, whoſe anchor is Chriſt: all with him is ſure and ſtedfaſt---come what may upon the earth, even the great day of the Lord, inſtead of fearing any thing that can hurt him, he may, he will, lift up his head with joy, and triumph in the God of his ſalvation. May this be your portion, when moſt wanted.

Our

Our ſtay here will be ſhort. We paid you the longeſt viſit we have made this ſummer. It is continually ſounding in mine ears---" They for-" rowed moſt of all, becauſe they ſhould ſee his " face no more, &c"*. It is certain at my time of life, we cannot promiſe ourſelves on any good ground a yearly viſit to our friends. Our meetings muſt be before God---in the prayer of faith for them---which is the communion of ſaints---and praiſe to him for brotherly love with its heavenly fruits. I hope to viſit you with my laſt and dying teſtimony of faith. I go to town ſooner than uſual, that I may put my *Triumph of Faith* to the preſs. And then, my good God favouring me, you will read, and I truſt will be a witneſs, " that " bleſſed are they who live---and moſt bleſſed " are they who die in Jeſus." To him I commend you, and Mrs. I. Miſs I. and dear Louiſa, with the bleſſings of Jeſus on you all.

I am, with hearty love,

Your Friend and Servant,

In our deareſt Jeſus,

W. ROMAINE.

* Mr. Romaine viſited the friends and country, here alluded to, no more; being called to his reſt in the enſuing ſummer.

LETTER

LETTER XCIX.

Nov. 14, 1794.

YES, poor L. is dead: and he gives us warning. One generation paſſeth away, and another generation cometh. The ſun alſo ariſeth and the ſun goeth down, and haſteth to the place where he aroſe. His ſun is gone down. Yours and mine are ſetting. What a comfort---our day's work is done, we are walking as children in the light, and waiting to be ſent for, whenever our Lord pleaſes. It need not be a violent death. It muſt be ſoon—in the courſe of nature. It may be in a moment. Come ever ſo ſoon, it will be a bleſſed time. When—and where—and how—all is ſettled by him—who ſays to you and to me, "Fear not, I will be with you," &c. As to what you mention of his funeral, I have taken care of that: but I underſtand from Mr. N. the curate, that there are ſome little expences attending his illneſs, apothecary's bill, &c. which Mr. C. has agreed to help me to diſcharge; and if any thing ſhould remain, after his debts at W. are diſcharged, out of reſpect to Mr. L. we would make Mrs. L. a preſent of it, although I have informed her already, that our ſubſcription is now cloſed, and that

that ſhe cannot, any longer, look to us for her ſupport.

I have nothing to do with the times, but in the way of prayer---Grant us peace in our time, O Lord. So I aſk, and keep on aſking, although it ſeems to be farther and farther out of ſight. Thus the prophet prayed, " O thou ſword of " the Lord, How long will it be ere thou be " quiet? Put up thyſelf into thy ſcabbard---reſt, " and be ſtill." To whom it was anſwered, " How can it be quiet, ſeeing the Lord hath " given it a charge to take vengeance, and there " is no repentance, nor turning from their cry- " ing ſins." The Lord grant iniquity may not be our ruin! I have time to pray for Louiſa. I hope he will hear and anſwer, who is my friend, and yours. Mrs. I. and Miſs have much occaſion for faith and patience: I pray for them, that they may find grace to help them in every time of need. Very ſoon, yet a very little while, and faith and patience will be no more wanted: till that time, may they do their perfect work. I am very buſy printing my dying teſtimony for the truth of the goſpel of Jeſus, and for the power of it. If you live to ſee it, you will know ſomewhat more of his unſpeakable grace and favor to

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER

LETTER C.

Dec. 19, 1794.

My dear Madam,

NONE of your friends can ſympathize with you more on this melancholy occaſion, than we do. I have wrote to your brother by this day's poſt, directing him, where to look for ſupports and comforts. When I was in the ſame ſituation, by the loſs of a ſon in the Eaſt Indies, I found the conſolations of God, not a few, nor ſmall. I hope and pray, that he may find the ſame, and in patience poſſeſs his ſoul. A parent, and Mr. G. had much of a parent's feeling, cannot but grieve at the loſs of an only ſon: yet there is grace promiſed ſufficient to help to bear quietly, yea to profit from this affliction, as you read in Job's caſe, and in Hebrews xii. The ſame God, and who keepeth promiſe for ever, can, and does, as great things, for them who truſt in him, as he ever did. And the prayer of faith availeth much to ſanctify all our afflictions. Mine are very great, at preſent: Mrs. Romaine has been very ill for three weeks, and is ſtill confined: we hope ſhe is mending, but it is very ſlow. I muſt, therefore, beg your prayers for me and her: mine for your-

ſelf

ſelf and family do not fail: and for a profit by this loſs, I am pleading with the God of all conſolation. May he ſanctify it to all his relations: and make up an abundant bleſſing for your ſpiritual improvement by this his afflicting providence.

I am, with great truth,

Your obliged friend,

And ſervant in the Lord,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER CI.

January 29, 1795.

Hon. Madam.

I RECEIVED your letter yeſterday, and though I am very buſy, yet I anſwer it immediately, thanking God that we have learnt to rejoice with them that do rejoice. Mrs. R. is ſingularly obliged to you, becauſe ſhe was very much intereſted about theſe young men, and bleſſed God, who gave them ſuch a great deliverance: I heartily wiſh they themſelves may be made very ſenſible of it. Mrs. R. is very well

in

in health, and has no complaint but a weakneſs in her ankles, which makes it painful to walk: and as to myſelf, I have ſuffered greatly from a cough, and do ſuffer ſtill; but, altogether, I am a miracle of God's goodneſs. As to what he is doing in the earth, I take no part, but in prayer. Matters are never ſo bad, but he can ſet them right, and I know, that the fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much. From this knowlege I have been encouraged to reprint a little tract, many thouſands of which were printed in the two laſt wars, and owned of God, and bleſſed. As ſoon as printed, I will ſend ſome of them to Mr. Hazard's, where they may be had for one penny a piece.

Your not hearing from us ſo long, was owing to Mr. I. who is in my debt in the way of correſpondence.

You will receive ſoon my *Triumph of Faith*. I have an opportunity of ſending it by a friend, who will deliver it to you. In which you will ſee my preſent views: I hope they will anſwer your experience, and eſtabliſh your heart in believing, come what may upon this wicked world.

I thank you for your account of your family: I rejoice in your joy; and I pray for Miſs Louiſa, that her health may be perfectly reſtored: and ſhe and her dear ſiſter may be great domeſtic bleſſings to their parents.

I deſire

I desire to be remembered to Mrs. B. and to my good brother T. when you see or hear of them: and I would thank Mr. G. for his kind letter, which I cannot get leisure to answer.

You will favor me with your interest at my master's throne; who can make these my last days, my best days. May he do the same for you, and for Mr. I. With great truth, I am,

Your faithful friend,

And humble servant,

W. ROMAINE.

To Mrs. B.

LETTER CII.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, *Oct.* 14, 1764.

GRACE be with you, my dear friend, and with yours.---Upon hearing of the late mercy which you have received, I found my heart rejoice in the Lord, and my faith in him strengthened. Surely his compassions fail not. He is all faith-

faithfulneſs and truth. The mercy which he has promiſed, he will fulfil to a thouſand generations, and none, who truſted in his promiſed mercy, ever were, or ever will be, confounded. I had no doubt of this in myſelf, through his good hand upon me, but by his dealings with you and yours, I am more confirmed, and, learn to truſt him more. May his great kindneſs to you have the ſame effect. May it bring you to ſee more clearly, that you are in Chriſt, and, as you learn to truſt and to depend more upon him, you will thereby get more out of his fulneſs. And this ſeems to me to be the end and purpoſe for which a believer lives. He is in Chriſt, and he is ſuffered to live a longer time, that every new day may bring him to a more ſettled dependence upon Chriſt. His faith is to be always growing and getting ſome freſh eſtabliſhment in Chriſt. So we read of the Theſſalonians, in the firſt epiſtle, Their faith was ſo famous, that it was ſpoken of throughout the world; and yet, afterwards, in the ſecond epiſtle, it is ſaid, Their faith had grown exceedingly. It was not only kept alive, or at a ſtand, but alſo increaſed, being renewed day by day by the word and Spirit of God: under whoſe teaching, the believer attains more large views of the covenant of grace, of the unchangeable faithfulneſs of the eternal Three in their covenant offices, and of his ſafety in relying upon their making good to him

him every covenant mercy. Thus ſeeing all things well ordered and ſure in the covenant, for his acceptance, through the finiſhed work of Jeſus, and for his holy and happy walk through the almighty grace of Jeſus: whatever could bring him to God, and keep him near to God, all provided, and all made over to him by two unchangeable things, in which it is impoſſible that God ſhould lie. On this foundation reſting his ſoul, his conſcience is at peace, and he grows daily more ſenſible of his being in the favor and love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, in their covenant offices, and gets more comfortable evidence of their acting in each for his good. And as his faith thus grows, whatever oppoſes him in his walk, becomes more eaſy to overcome: becauſe he ſees all fulneſs of grace and power treaſured up in his deareſt Saviour, and he knows it is there for his uſe, and there he goes for every thing he wants; and, by daily ſweet experience, finding the faithfulneſs of Jeſus, he grows bolder, and has more freedom to go to him. He learns not to be diſcouraged by what he feels in himſelf, be it what it will, but he carries it to the Lord. And when he makes uſe of Chriſt's promiſed ſtrength, and relies wholly on it, to ſubdue corruptions, to conquer enemies, to overcome difficulties, to deny ſelf, and to bear the croſs, then all things go well. So long as he truſts

truſts in the Lord, the Lord makes him to proſper. The devil cannot come at ſuch a perſon, but by attacking his faith, and he cannot conquer him till faith give way; and his faith will not ſhrink, becauſe God keeps it, and with him he truſts faith and all, looking up to the Lord to keep him by the power of his might. Oh happy man this, to whom the Lord ſaith, "I will "preſerve thee from all evil," and he ſaith, "Lord, I believe thy word, and on thy power "alone do I depend to preſerve me." To whom the Lord ſaith again, "I will bleſs thee, and "thou ſhalt lack no manner of thing that is "good."

True, Lord, ſo I find it. What good thing lack I yet, now thou art mine, and I am thine? Thou haſt taken all my evil upon thyſelf, and thou haſt given me all thy good. In having thee, I have all things, only I want more faith. Oh that I may glorify thee more, by putting more truſt and confidence in thee. Still, Lord, increaſe, ſtill day by day, let it be growing—a growing faith, increaſing exceedingly, until I receive the end of my faith, even the ſalvation of my ſoul.

I kept writing on, thinking theſe things, which are the joy of my heart, may, in theſe retired hours, rejoice yours alſo. May the Lord convey them to you, with that life and power

which

which I feel now I am writing. I am a poor creature, I think the pooreſt of all. Yet Jeſus is mine. In his love, and by his ſweet conſtraining grace,

I am yours,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER CIII.

BRIGHTON, *Sept.* 30, 1765.

DEAR Mrs. B's ſervant ſalutes her in his wife's name, being appointed to anſwer her letter.—You want to receive ſomething from us, which breathes the air of Canaan. Is not Jeſus Canaan itſelf? Is he not the breath, the light, of life; the bread, the water, of life; the garments of ſalvation; the everlaſting feaſt of joy and gladneſs of that bleſſed country? While we talk of him by the way, as we are travelling to it, we not only breathe the air, but alſo enjoy the good things of Canaan itſelf: for when Jeſus dwells in our hearts by faith, we then have poſſeſſion of the promiſed inheritance. Our Jeſus is all of it to us. Having him, we have it all. Canaan is a wilderneſs without him. The fineſt place you can conceive would be no heaven,

if Jeſus was not there. And wherever he is, there heaven is: as the court is, where the king is. "Whom have I even in heaven, but thee?" ſaid bleſſed David: and one full of the ſame ſpirit placed his utmoſt wiſhes in being preſent with the Lord, which he knew was beſt of all. Our heaven, you know, my friend, is not the place, nor the fine things in it, gold and ſilver, and precious ſtones, but it is Jeſus, our matchleſs loving, lovely Saviour. His preſence is to us the fulneſs of joy.

The common notion of heaven is very much like the Turks paradiſe. Writers and preachers generally make it a moſt glorious place, full of the richeſt things, and they take care to tell us, there is no pain there, but all pleaſure. So it is. But what ſort of pleaſure? Why, to be with the Lord Chriſt, to ſee him face to face, to ſee him as he is, to behold the glory of God in the perſon of Chriſt Jeſus, according to our Lord's prayer, "Father, I will that they alſo, "whom thou haſt given me, be with me, where "I am, that they may behold my glory." This is the higheſt enjoyment, to behold his glory. They have nothing above this in heaven; and of this, faith has ſome very ſweet foretaſtes below. When the ſpirit has drawn our hearts to Jeſus, then he gives us daily by our fellowſhip with him happy earneſts of the glory which ſhall be revealed; and we cannot reſt, till with open face

we behold it. All he gives us here only whets the appetite, and makes us wiſh more for full and perfect enjoyment: as one ſweetly ſings of the beatific viſion, which is the ſight of Jeſus,

> What we here taſte of thy rich grace
> Makes us long more to ſee thy face,
> We hunger more, and thirſt to ſee
> The heav'n of heavens, Lord, in thee.

If this be the language of your heart, you are indeed breathing the air of Canaan, and partaking, according to your preſent capacity, of the good things of it. The heir of that promiſed land is your Saviour, and with him you are an heir of God, and a co-heir with Chriſt. Your Hebrew verſe proves evidently, that you are one of theſe happy co-heirs: becauſe you are longing for more ſweet breathings and heavenly gales of grace, coming from, and drawing you to, Jeſus, and thereby aſſuring you more of the promiſed inheritance. There are certain means appointed for theſe purpoſes, of which, while we make uſe, may their end be anſwered in your ſoul and mine. And

The firſt is, the word, which is the miniſtration of righteouſneſs, that exceedeth in glory, being the righteouſneſs not of a creature only, but alſo of God: for therein is this righteouſneſs revealed from faith to faith. The word is a revelation of the glory of this righteouſneſs of God,

in the perſon of Jeſus Chriſt, diſcovering to us the Father's grace and love, in placing the fulneſs of this righteouſneſs, with all its fruits, in his co-equal Son; and the Spirit's grace and love, in teſtifying and glorifying of this fulneſs, and in bringing the believer to reſt ſafe, and live happy upon it. This is the ſubject of both teſtaments, which we ſhall be ſtudying night and day, and meditating on it with love in our hearts, until we get within the veil, and want no more love tokens, and kind promiſes, from our heavenly lover—he being then ours, with all his glory, in full and never-ending fruition. Here I take ſhame to myſelf, for reading ſo little of this precious treaſure, which breathes throughout the perfumed air of Canaan. Learn, my friend, from my ſad experience, and when you read more than I have done, mind

Secondly, that you read in a conſtant dependence upon the inward teaching of the Spirit of Jeſus. The word is the miniſtration of the Spirit, by which he is adminiſtered, and with which he acts; for he is to the word, what light is to the eyes. Let a man have ever ſuch good eyes, he cannot ſee any thing with them, unleſs he have light: ſo the word muſt have light ſhining upon it to make us ſee it in its clearneſs, and feel it in its power. When he opens the eyes of our underſtanding, and enlightens them to underſtand the ſcripture, one cannot help admiring

and adoring, what light he throws upon them, and what life he puts into them; for he renders them the power of God unto ſalvation. Then one gets up to Piſgah's top, and not only fine proſpects of Canaan's fruitful hills appear, but alſo her ſpicy odours perfume the air, and bring us rich foretaſtes of that good and gracious land. O! for more of this ſpirit in you and me. He is the very breath of life to quicken the word. With it in your hand, and him in your heart, you will have the inſpiration of the Almighty, and your preſent knowlege will be but like infancy, compared to that maturity to which he will bring you: for,

Thirdly, the word of God, thus explained by the Spirit, will make this material world breathe the air of the ſpiritual world. The things that are made were, therefore, made what they are, on purpoſe to repreſent, and to convey, ideas of the inviſible things of God. Every outward object is a picture of ſome inward object: for none of them were made for themſelves, but were to reflect and give ideas of ſomething elſe; namely, of Jeſus, and of his ſpiritual world. Here the ſcripture philoſophy becomes a vaſt help to a ſpiritual mind: it repreſents the world, and all things in it, as mere ſhadows, and informs us what the true object is, which each of them ſtands for—ſo that the philoſophic mind looks through the ſign to the thing ſignified. Thus

all nature preaches grace. Every object ſpeaks ſomething of Jeſus, and you cannot open your eyes without being told ſomething of him.

Many are the advantages of viewing things in this light. Such as a continual increaſe of knowledge. The underſtanding improves by every object, as it learns to ſpiritualize every one of them: and it is kept cloſe to the truth: for whatever preſents itſelf to the eye, carries its right inſtruction to the eye of the ſoul, and thereby becomes profitable to our ſpiritual and eternal intereſt.

Temptations are kept out: for they all come from not ſeeing objects in a true light. The enemy miſrepreſents, and thereby deceives. Whether he tempt the eye, or the heart, he cannot cheat them, but by falſe colours and lies.

The world is kept out: for the ſpiritual man cannot fall in love with ſhadows, which all things here are. The whole creation is but a picture, the body and ſubſtance is Jeſus and his kingdom.

The principal advantage is, converſing and having fellowſhip with Jeſus in every object, of which we know the time, nature, and uſe. When we ſit down, or walk by the way, eat or drink, or reſt, ſee heaven above with its furniture of ſun, moon, &c. or the earth beneath, with its creatures, its products, &c. every thing has a tongue and reads a lecture concerning Jeſus.

This

This the ſpiritual Pſalmiſt heard, when he calls upon all things animate and inanimate to join him in praiſing his Jeſus—and a bleſſed concert they make. My heart has been raviſhed with hearing the heavens declare the glory of God, and the earth, and all that therein is, echoing back again loud praiſes to his glory. I cannot walk into the garden, but flowers and fruits tell me to praiſe my Jeſus. In the fields I am told of him, and that not fancifully, as a ſportive imagination may make ſomething out of nothing, but the ſcripture informs me what ſuch an object repreſents, and the ſight of it raiſes the ſpiritual idea. So that, whatever I rightly underſtand, it ſpeaks to me of Jeſus, and reminds me of ſomething relating to Jeſus, and to his kingdom. Then, my dear friend, Canaan is kept in view, and we always breathe its pure air. And that incomparably glorious Jeſus, who makes Canaan what it is, grows better known, and more beloved. He is become my one ſtudy, but I am a very dull ſcholar. What I have learnt, is but juſt enough to make me count all but droſs for him: ſo much remains ſtill to be learnt, he being an infinite, and an everlaſting good, that I am preſſing on. O how my heart longs for more of the excellency of the knowledge of Chriſt Jeſus my Lord! And as I get ſome little advance, freſh views of his glory ſink me to the duſt. My vileneſs is moſt felt in his clear light.

The

The more precious he grows, the more humbling views I get of myſelf. As Chriſt riſes, ſelf falls. May you find it ſo, and the more you do find it, ſo much the more will you breathe the air of Canaan. I know not how to ſtop, but my paper, againſt my will, wont let me go any farther.

I am yours,

Very ſincerely,

W. R.

LETTER CIV.

LAMBETH, *Jan.* 26, 1768.

My dear Friend,

I RECEIVED your letter of the 8th inſtant; in which there was the ſtate of your caſe. I ſee nothing ſingular in it. Scarce a day happens, but I meet ſome or other in your condition, with exactly the ſame complaints, ariſing from the very ſame cauſe. And I have convinced many a one, through the divine bleſſing, of their intereſt in Jeſus, from the very arguments they made uſe of to doubt and queſtion it. Were I

to

to draw the true character of a believer, I would put into it every ſingle circumſtance, that you mention in your letter, and I would undertake to prove, that it made ſtrongly for you, and nothing of it againſt you. It is the very frame and temper of a real Chriſtian. Juſt as you deſcribe yourſelf, is every one, that is born of God—feels the very things you do, and is never right when he does not feel them; it being the proper work of the Spirit of Jeſus to bring all that are under his teaching, to be content to be exactly what you find yourſelf, that you may be led to live out of yourſelf upon the fulneſs of God-Jeſus. He is teaching you this leſſon, that he may glorify the Saviour in you. But you are a bad ſcholar like me, ſlow to learn, ready to forget, and what is worſe, apt to pervert the divine inſtruction. You miſapply, and put vile conſtructions upon the teaching of the Spirit of God, and give a legal turn and caſt to his leſſon. I can ſee, as if written with a ſun beam, the diſpoſition of your mind herein, and can trace from my own experience all the turnings and cloſe windings of your preſent temptations.

I obſerve what you ſay of your judgment. You are enlightened to ſee that Jeſus is all in ſalvation work. The covenant ordered in all things and ſure, this is all my ſalvation, and as far as I know my own heart, this is all my deſire. You unſay theſe words in the ſame breath

you

you ſay them: for, becauſe you are not always ſatisfied with this ſalvation, or always alike comforted with it, or with equal happineſs enjoying the glorious fruits of it, you therefore doubt and reaſon about its being yours. Thus you argue, "My judgment is clearly convinced, and my "heart deſires to be caſt wholly upon the Lord "Jeſus Chriſt for ſalvation, but in the act of "doing this I always fail." What reaſoning is here? How directly contrary to the ſpirit of the goſpel? For you are looking, not at the object of faith, at Jeſus, but at your faith. You would draw your comfort, not from him, but from your faith. And becauſe your faith is not quite perfect, you are as much diſcouraged, as if Jeſus was not a quite perfect Saviour. My dear friend, how ſadly does the ſly ſpirit of bondage deceive you. For what is your act of believing? Is it to ſave you? Are you to be ſaved for believing? If ſo, then you put acts and works in the place of the Saviour. And faith, as an act, is, in your view, part of your ſalvation. The free grace of the covenant you turn into a work, and how well that work is done becomes the ground of your hope. What a dreadful miſtake is this, ſince ſalvation is not to him that worketh, but to him that believeth.

But beſides this miſtake, I can ſee one of the greateſt ſins in your way of reaſoning, and yet finely cloaked under a very ſpecious covering.

I pulled

I pulled it off, and behold there was rank treaſon under it, againſt the crown and majeſty of my Lord and God: for you are kept looking at your act of believing. What is this for? Why, certainly, that you may be ſatisfied with your faith: and being ſatisfied with it, What then? No doubt, you will then reſt in it, and upon it, ſatisfied now that Chriſt is yours, becauſe you are ſatisfied with your faith. This is making a Jeſus of it, and is in effect taking the crown of crowns from his head, and placing it upon the head of your faith. Lord grant you may never do this any more.

I obſerve, thirdly, how, by this miſtake, and by this great ſin, the ſin of ſins, you are robbed of the ſweet enjoyment of the God of all comfort. You loſe what you ſeek, and loſe it in your way of ſeeking. You want comfort, and you look to your faith for it. If faith could ſpeak, it would ſay, I have none to give you, look unto Jeſus, it is all in him. Indeed, my friend, it is. The Holy Ghoſt the comforter will not glorify your faith. He will not give it the honor of comforting you. He takes nothing to comfort with, but the things of Chriſt—and his things, not as uſed by you, but as given from him, who is all yours. This leſſon, I think, he is teaching you, although you pervert it. He is bringing you off from looking legally at your faith. He intends you ſhould not regard, as you

have

have done---how you believe, but to ſettle you in believing. I have been long at this, and have learnt but very little. I can ſay my leſſon, but when I come to practice, I find I am a dull ſcholar. The Spirit of Jeſus has been teaching me to draw my comforts, not from how well I believe—but from Jeſus, in whom I believe; not from there being no failing in my act of faith, but that I do act faith on Jeſus, though failingly. My ſalvation is quite a diſtinct thing from any act of mine. It depends on the divine purpoſe and covenant. Is abſolutely and eternally fixed in the divine will—and this is made known to me by faith. I receive the evidence of it by believing, and ſo take poſſeſſion. Faith is not the cauſe, but the effect. The cauſe is the act and grace of the Trinity, what the Father out of ſovereign love gave; what the Son bought with an ineſtimable price; and what the Holy Spirit proves to a ſinner to be a price every way fully ſufficient, and ſo brings him to depend upon it for his redemption. You ſee then, that in conſequence of the Father's giving Chriſt for me, the Holy Spirit brings me to Chriſt, and enables me to truſt and rely upon him. This is all that faith has to do in the matter. It is the fruit and evidence of the covenant grace of the Trinity. At beſt, it is but an open empty hand, ſtretched forth at God's bidding, and at God's enabling, to lay hold of Chriſt; but Chriſt ſo laid

laid hold of is my ſalvation. It is not faith, but Chriſt. It is not my hand, but the thing received into my hand, that ſaves me. I grant you, and I know it well, that much faith brings much comfort from Chriſt, and carries much glory to him, but the way to get much faith, is not to look at it, as you do, but at the Saviour; not to look at your hand, but at Jeſus; not how you hold him, but that he is yours, and holds you, and your faith too, and therefore you ſhall never periſh, but ſhall have everlaſting life.

After I had obſerved theſe errors in your looking at the act of faith, I did not wonder at the following parts of your letter, ſuch as, your not being pleaſed with your faith, and therefore not pleaſed with your ſtate, nor your graces, nor your attainments, nor your own righteouſneſs, but you thought every thing made againſt you. This is ſtill the ſame teaching of the ſpirit, but if you pervert it. Have you nothing to look at but Jeſus? That's right. Then look unto him, and be ſaved. What! can you ſee nothing to reſt on of your own? Are you forced to renounce the goodneſs of your faith, as an act, and do you experience, that you cannot be ſaved for it? Very well: hold faſt there. Stick to this, no grace, as acted by you, can ſave: follow this bleſſed teaching, and cleave with full purpoſe of heart unto the Lord Jeſus. You muſt learn to make him all in your ſalvation. He muſt ſave

you

you from your faith, as well as from your unbelief; faith as you act it, being full of sin. If the highest and best act of your faith was to be weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, you would deserve a thousand deaths for it. So much corruption would be found in it, that you could not escape the damnation of hell. Turn about then, take your eyes off from your acts of faith—look at Jesus. Expect to be received as a poor helpless sinner, not for great and high believing. Come to be saved from your faith, as an act. Follow, as all your salvation is laid up in him, follow him, take comfort from him, see yourself in him, not for any thing in you; trust him, not yourself, not your acts, and learn to discern spirits—to know divine teaching, by this mark—that what tends to humble you, is from the Glorifier of the Saviour.

Since I sat down to write, I have been many times interrupted, but I was resolved not to be stopt in writing to day, that you might, at least know, what could be said of your case. It is a very common one—common to all who are taught of God—so peculiar to them---that, as I said before, if I was to draw the character of a true child of God, I could not leave out one, not a single one, of the circumstances which you bring against yourself. Indeed, Mrs. B. they are all on your side, and witnesses for Christ. O do not then stifle, pervert, nor dispute their evidence. Allow

low what they ſay---Your faith is not perfect---Your acts fail---All things fail you. Good, very good. Then away with them---caſt off all looking at, all dependence on them. Betake yourſelf to Jeſus, truſt him, uſe him, grow into him, and let nothing, nothing ſeparate you from him. So be it, Lord Jeſus.

W. R.

LETTER CV.

BLACKFRIARS, *Nov.* 19, 1768.

Dear Madam,

YOUR's came ſafe to hand. It is Mr. Foſter's day to preach his lecture at Duke's-place, and will not ſuit us, nor him, to be abſent that day, Sunday 27. We have no objection againſt coming to ſpend a day or two with you Monday 28; and, if we hear nothing to the contrary, ſhall expect your coach any hour agreeable to you on Monday.

Your account of yourſelf, I was ſuffered to read, and greatly pleaſed was I with it. You are juſt brought to the very ſpot, upon which all are ſaved, to whom Jeſus is become dear. It is ſaid of him, "He heareth the needy, when "he

" he crieth; the poor alſo, and him, (her too) " that hath NO HELPER." Have you no helper---Nothing in yourſelf---Nothing within your reach, to help you? Then, behold, here is an Helper---an almighty Friend---your friend, becauſe you have no other. My dear Mrs. B. your outward ſtate is the very teacher one would wiſh---weak, burdened, incapable of attention to ſpiritual, or even to temporal matters. How ſtrongly does all this ſay, and, while you feel it, continue ſaying---you are now fit to magnify Jeſus; he is the Saviour of the poor deſtitute---the helpleſs: he pities you; he feels tenderly for you; he knows what you want; he has undertaken to ſupply your needs. While it is beſt to be helpleſs, you ſhall have his help, which is infinitely better than to feel well. Are you burdened? Cannot you carry it? What does that ſignify? " I'll carry it for you, ſays " Jeſus; caſt it on me, I'll carry it, and you " too." Welcome then, ſay I, welcome helpleſsneſs, ſince it is the means of more acquaintance with the help, which Jeſus gives to his dear afflicted ones. I am certain all is well; I know all will be well with you. Your help is in Jeſus; he cannot fail you. Our reſpects to Mr. B. and all friends.

We are, in great love in Jeſus,

Yours,

W. R.

LETTER

LETTER CVI.

BLACKFRIARS, *Aug.* 12, 1769.

My dear Friend,

WE had a letter from your ſiſter, giving an account of your journey, (thanks be to him who kept your going out and your coming in) and of your preſent ſituation and trials; in which I can ſee nothing ſingular. The leſſon which the Lord is now teaching you, is plain. His way of teaching it has nothing new; it is the eſtabliſhed method in his ſchool, and your averſeneſs to learn it occaſions all your uneaſineſs. When he has made you a good ſcholar, you will then find relief in your ſoul, whatever befalls your poor crazy body.

I take it for granted, that you are acquainted with the doctrines of free grace and finiſhed ſalvation: you are not ſuffered to doubt of their truth, but you cannot receive comfort from them at this time. Your conſcience draws freſh bills of indictment againſt you. You do not ſee your intereſt in your divine Advocate, and therefore you cannot anſwer them, as you uſed to do. Hence you are puzzled and mourn; are become impatient and fretful; fear this and the other; and are left to yourſelf, to your ſinkings and dejections, and groundleſs apprehenſions; fancied miſeries are felt as real, and fancied fears

of

of dying are as bad as death, yea worſe than death will ever be to you. This is ſomething like your caſe. Is it not? And what is to be done? Where is the remedy? Certainly our all-wiſe phyſician has left ſome preſcription for it, and he can make it, bad as it is, work under him for good. But how? Why, he would teach you now one of his higheſt leſſons, and you are brought into circumſtances moſt exactly ſuited for your being a proficient in it. He intends in this, (as in all things) to promote his own glory, as the Alpha and Omega of your ſalvation, not only in working of it out, for he has ſatisfied you of this, but alſo in the ſecurity of it; he muſt have all the honour of the ſafe-keeping of it---it for you, and you for it. He is the Keeper of Iſrael, who keeps all the Iſrael of God by the power of God; and you cannot glorify him in this his great covenant office, but by giving up your body and ſoul, you and yours, abſolutely to his keeping. And how could you be taught this in a ſhorter or better way, than by being brought into your preſent diſtreſs? For you now find, that you can no more ſecure and keep, than you could work out, your ſalvation---He muſt do it all, begin, carry on, and finiſh. This is your leſſon. Finding yourſelf then in this ſituation, utterly helpleſs, without any thing good in you; a poor, dejected, fearful, deſtitute creature, commit the keeping of your ſoul to Jeſus; you will

thereby bring him a richer revenue of honor than all the rejoicing chriſtians in the world. You will glorify his faithfulneſs to his word and work, by venturing upon that arm of the Lord, which is engaged to do all for you and all in you. Mind one of his ſublime ſtiles and titles: He is the Saviour of him that hath no helper. What! have you no help? Do you feel it? Then the Spirit ſays, he is your Saviour. Mrs. B. he is yours, as ſurely as he ever ſaved any one who had no helper.

But alas! how weak is my faith! My dear friend, don't look at the *how*; that will only puzzle you; it will make believing to be a work, and will tempt you to be comforted, when you believe well, and to be dejected, when you are diſpleaſed with your believing. You know, it is not the degree, or the joy of faith that ſaves; but it is Jeſus who ſaves, and your ſafety ariſes from truſting to the work of God-Jeſus, and your comfort ſhould ſpring from taking it to yourſelf upon the warrant of God's free offer to ſinners, like you; not to qualified ſinners, but to coming ſinners. "Whoſoever cometh unto "Jeſus;" it matters not how he comes, nor who he be, nor what he has been; to him coming, God gives his word and pledges his honor---"Thou ſhalt never, never periſh, but "ſhalt have everlaſting life." Whether he come fainting, live fainting, or die fainting, it is the

ſame; the word cannot be broken, but ſtandeth faſt for ever and ever. Mrs. B. fainting, dejected, without ſpirits or livelineſs comes; ſhe ſhall never, never periſh, ſays God, ſhe ſhall have everlaſting life.

But what ſignifies the truth of this to me, while I find no comfort in believing? Your caſe does not admit of comfort; the Maſter is carrying you up into a more exalted ſtate of believing, wherein you are to get above baby comforts. You could not learn the preſent leſſons of his love in a comfortable frame; he, therefore, brings you into the valley of Baca, to teach you what Jeſus is in himſelf, and that all your ſalvation is in him, undertaken, fulfilled, applied; and that, after all your knowledge, and all your experience, you have nothing to this moment to depend upon, but his faithful arm and watchful care. This is his laſt leſſon; nothing is beyond it, but heaven. You are left to your preſent diſtreſſes on purpoſe to learn this. Your dear Jeſus lets you feel how utterly helpleſs you are, that you may find how faithful he is to his promiſed help. He is as exactly ſuited to your caſe, as light is to your eyes; and your relief does not conſiſt in getting comfort again, but in getting nearer to Jeſus, and in ſeeing what he is to ſuch as you, and thereby growing up more into him. Your preſent frame is to bring you to commit the keeping of yourſelf and of all your

your concerns to him. You find you can do nothing, quite lifeleſs, heartleſs, comfortleſs. Very well: but Jeſus has undertaken to keep ſuch, and he is now making you willing that he ſhould be your keeper. O that you would not reaſon and puzzle your poor heart, but follow his teaching; and now ſimply leave it to him, to do what he will—your ſalvation will then be as ſafe in his hands, as if you was in heaven.

And why ſhould not you ſimply truſt him? Conſider, you cannot honor his office as your keeper, you cannot bring him more glory than others do, but by coming as the weakeſt of all creatures—You find you are ſo. Why then, let his ſtrength be perfected in your weakneſs. You ſee you can do nothing; let him then have the crown of doing all. What ſad work would you make, if your graces or comforts were left to your own keeping! You are learning now to put no confidence in the fleſh—O that you may yield to the Spirit's leading, and may be willing to be juſt what your God would have you to be!

But how can you do this, under theſe faintings, ſinkings, &c.? Theſe are your ſchoolmaſters. You could not learn without them your abſolute dependence upon God-Jeſus; and you experience theſe on purpoſe, that you may find how careful Jeſus is over you. He has the ſame love to your ſoul, the ſame faithfulneſs to

his own work, when you have no ſtrength, as at other times. He ſays to—"I change not"—I am the ſame yeſterday, to-day, and for ever—the ſame to the fainting as to the rejoicing believer. O fall then fainting into his arms: venture—caſt yourſelf upon him; for he is a very preſent help in every time of trouble.

You ſee I have no more room. I follow my advice with my prayers. I pity you much for what you ſuffer; but I wiſh God may let you ſee it as I do. Still all is well—may you ſay ſo. Our love to the whole family. We ſet out on Tueſday; in about three weeks hope to be at Mr. Owens, jun. at Tiverton, Devon, where a line will find us, and a good account make us thankful. Mrs. B. I am as certain as I live of the Lord's deſign, as mentioned above. Read as you can bear it, and pray for light to know, and faith to follow, the Lord's leading. It is a dark night, and a long night; but the morning cometh, and you ſhall rejoice with the gladneſs of his people.

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER CVII.

BERWICK, *near* SHREWSBURY,
Sept. 9, 1769.

Dear Madam.

WE were ſetting out upon our journey, when we received Miſs M.'s letter, and have ſcarce had any reſting time ſince. No opportunity offered, till the preſent, of ſitting down to inform you of my conſtant remembrance of you in my prayers. My daily petition is, that God may bring you to ſubmit to his will, and to make you lay in his hands juſt what you are, a lump of ſinful clay, that, in his own way, he may mould you and form you a veſſel of honor. O this is hard—to fleſh and blood it is impoſſible. To have been, like you, in light, but now in darkneſs; to have walked in comfort, but now every ray of it gone; to ſuffer the diſeaſe, but no feeling of the remedy—who can bear up under ſuch trials? None can of themſelves, but I can do all things through Chriſt's ſtrengthening me. So he ſaid—who rejoiced to be what you are; he was not only content to be a penſioner, living on the mere grace of Jeſus, but he alſo gloried in his infirmities, that the power of Chriſt might reſt upon him. Every infirmity brought him to feel more what you

now

now feel yourſelf to be; but this did not keep him from Chriſt, as it does you; nay, rather it brought him to greater experience of the power of Chriſt in ſo managing his infirmities, as to make them the means of nearer communion, and more intimate fellowſhip.

My dear friend, I muſt repeat it, although you tell me my laſt was a probe, rather than an healing medicine—your preſent frame is neceſſary; you really want to learn the leſſon which it is ſent to teach you. Without it, how could our great prophet bring you to live entirely out of ſelf upon his fulneſs, which, when he is teaching, how do you murmur and repine? Whatever you knew of this before, it is plain you had it but in theory; for the practice has quite overſet you. You cannot believe, although the ground of believing ſtand good, unleſs you have the comfort of believing: for, now you are left to yourſelf, you think you are loſt, becauſe you are ſuffered to feel what a poor miſerable creature you are; not conſidering that, bad as your condition is, yet there is a remedy for it, hope under it, and a good end to be anſwered by it. There is a remedy infallible, which you overlook at this time, although it be as exactly ſuited to your caſe, as meat is to the hungry. What! have you forgotten the covenant of the eternal Three—The Father's everlaſting appointment concerning thoſe whom he

he gave to his Son. None of them can be loſt. The Son's accepting them as the Father's gift, undertaking for them, writing their names in his book, becoming man, living and dying for them: and, by theſe his relations to them, he is their head, and they are his members, one with him, and he one with them, in a bond which nothing can break: and the Holy Spirit given to them and dwelling in them, to work all their works for them and in them, and to keep them ſafe by his mighty power, till they be received into glory. This is the covenant of the Bleſſed Trinity, in which it is enacted and provided, that nothing ſhould befall you, but what is for your good; yea, that the very ſtate you are in, which is one of the ſad fruits of the corruption of your nature, ſhall be ſo overruled as in the end to promote the gracious plan of your ſalvation. Do you not know, Mrs B.—Do you not believe all this? You do—I am certain you do in theory. I pray you, then, what is it that obſtructs your practice? How is it that your preſent trials, which are working for your good, which muſt do you good, being appointed and ſent for this very purpoſe, are ſo miſtaken and miſapplied? You are left to reaſon againſt God's covenant purpoſes, and to pervert (as far as you can) God's gracious deſign. You may go on indulging this ſtrange temper, but know aſſuredly, my good friend, that God will not

not only ſave you, notwithſtanding your vile reaſonings againſt him, but will alſo make you one day acknowledge, that it was good for you you had been in this trouble: for ſtill there is hope—Hope is grounded upon ſome promiſe, and God has not left you without a word of promiſe to truſt in. His covenant, made for you, is ordered in all things and ſure. This dark dead frame is ordered—all your nervous feelings, faintings, &c. are ordered—all things—how much you ſhould ſuffer—how long—till you ſhould be forced to acknowledge God juſt in his dealings with you. And though you may try to break his covenant, reaſon againſt it, indulge your own abſurd reaſonings, give place to unbelief, yet his covenant he will not break, for the ſake of your peeviſhneſs. No, he will not. It is ſure in all things—as ſure to one walking in darkneſs, as to one walking in light—always alike ſure on God's part, though to your feeling it may look as if he was going to alter it. Could this bleſſed truth break in upon your ſoul, and ſhine in its divine glory, then you would be made to ſee, that your preſent frame is moſt mercifully intended to teach you in experience the faithfulneſs of God's covenant: for now you find you can do nothing. What more ſeaſonable—what more comfortable, than to be ſatisfied that your ſalvation is in ſafe hands, and that God is managing it ſo well, that it cannot poſſibly miſ-

carry?

carry? Thus would hope revive, and ſoon be able to bring in ſtrong conſolation; for you would diſcover many gracious ends anſwered by your having gone through this dark, and dull and helpleſs ſtate. Depend upon it, good will come out of your diſtruſtful murmurings, and unbelieving repinings. God will get a rich revenue of glory, when he has brought you to experience that all your ſalvation is out of yourſelf, and to be willing to take it and to enjoy it as the free gift of free grace, in every comfort, in every bleſſing, both in earth and in heaven. You are put to ſchool to learn this, and to truſt God ſimply; and ſad work you make of your leſſon---you read it backward. He would teach you, that ſalvation itſelf, and every thing belonging to it, is at his abſolute diſpoſal; and, therefore, he keeps you at ſchool, and under ſharp diſcipline too, becauſe you are ſo dull at your book. O that you may be made to feel---All is well. David was once in your caſe, and he had a bleſſed iſſue. So will you have. Read the 130th Pſalm, and mark where he begun. He was in the *depths*, and he ended in the *heights*. After the dark and black night, the morning will ariſe---a morning without clouds, and your ſoul ſhall be glad and rejoice in the ſalvation of our God. Much, much glory will then accrue to him from your preſent viſitation.

Perhaps

Perhaps, you ſay, theſe things may be true, but how can I take any comfort from them, while I am in my preſent diſtreſs? Why not? They are the remedies preſcribed of God for your very caſe, to give you a good ground of hope at preſent, and to produce the moſt bleſſed effects in future. The Lord the Spirit ſeal theſe things upon your heart, and may it pleaſe him to do it ſoon. His time is beſt; but, for your ſake, I would plead with him, leaſt you ſhould quite faint. But that will not be. You know I do not follow impreſſions unwarranted by the word. I give little credit to any thing of that kind. But here I have the word on my ſide, that God will not leave you nor forſake you; and I am perſuaded, you will ſoon know you are not left. To my apprehenſion the clouds are breaking, the ſtorm is diſperſing faſt; the day ſtar is dawning, and your own Jeſus is riſing with the light of life upon your ſoul, never, never to ſet again. It is but a very, very little while, and you ſhall ſee the King in his beauty as you never ſaw him before. So be it.

Amen.

LETTER

LETTER CVIII.

BLACKFRIARS, *Feb.* 22, 1770.

GRACE and peace be multiplied to our dear friends at S.—Mrs. B. take the light of the word, and behold, what manner of love the Father hath beſtowed upon you! what were his purpoſes of grace in giving you to his ſon, (admire and adore them) in revealing them to you by his ſpirit, and in bringing you to know your Father, which is in heaven; what! but that you might come to enjoy him, who is your ſupreme happineſs. You do enjoy him, glorybe to his ſovereign grace; but pray mind, you enjoy him now as a fallen creature. You are brought back to the Father, through the Son, by the Spirit. The Son was your ſurety, the Father accepted him in your ſtead, the Spirit has enabled you to believe, that the Father loves you perfectly in his Son: thus you come to the enjoyment of the eternal three. But not ſuch as you will have in heaven. The manner of enjoying God is different---here it is by faith, there by ſenſe---here by hard fighting, there by conſtant peace---here ſenſual are always oppoſing and leſſening ſpiritual enjoyments, there all are ſpiritual---here the enjoyment of

God

God is at beſt imperfect, there it is abſolutely perfect. Here, as you are made up of fleſh and ſpirit, ſenſible enjoyments muſt be withdrawn, in order to make room for ſpiritual; the abſence of ſenſible, is neceſſary for the growth of ſpiritual. On which account, I cannot but bleſs God for you, who takes ſo much pains with you. He has choſen you to better things, than the world has to give. Your portion is not here below. God himſelf is your portion, and all his dealings with you are to bring you to enjoy him as ſuch. He plows and harrows, and takes every method to get a good crop. He rains and ſhines, ſends winds and ſtorms, froſt and ſnow, but all fulfilling his word. His frowns and his ſmiles have one leſſon. Sickneſs in yourſelf, in your family, in your other ſelf, are covenant viſitations, and ſpeak aloud, " Mrs. B. you are the Lord's, and he " wont let you alone, he wont ſuffer you to " ſettle upon your lees, you muſt be kept ſtirring--- " all peace and quiet would be your ruin--- " therefore God, even your God, has, in his " richeſt love, weighed out every grain of " ſuffering, needful to keep you near to God."

But why have I got preaching? You do find it true, I know you do, that the time of living by the faith of the Son of God, has always moſt ſweetneſs, when the life of ſenſe is loweſt in its enjoyments. Lord grant you may daily make up your happineſs in God, your covenant God

and

and father, and in thoſe things which improve in the uſing, when all other happineſs fails. *Amen.*

I am, with great reſpect,
In the only bond of true love,
Yours in Jeſus,
W. ROMAINE.

LETTER CIX.

BLACKFRIARS, *Aug.* 3, 1772.

My dear Friend,

I HAVE been taught to feel your caſe, and to have compaſſion. We have a ſympathizing God, who alſo is touched with the feeling of your infirmities; and he wants you to know the tenderneſs of his heart. He would give you proof of it and freſh experience. This is his gracious leſſon. If he take away more creature comforts than he ever did before, it is, that he may make room for more of his heavenly comforts. He thwarts your will, that he may make you reſigned to his. He is aiming at your good, and taking the ſhorteſt, and the beſt way to promote it. He afflicts your children, removes your friends, gives you real trouble, and threatens to give greater, but all is love. He knows it expedient for you to deny yourſelf, to take up your croſs daily, and to follow him in the way he went

went to glory. I have ſeen a wonderful beauty in 1 Cor. vii. 29, 30, 31, as applicable to your preſent circumſtances. Read and ſtudy the paſſage. Pray you may be enabled to practice what is there recommended---viz. "That having "huſband, children, &c. you may live as though "you had none," &c.

It may give you ſome pleaſure to hear, that we don't go from home till next week. In the mean time, ſhould be glad of one line to know your ſtate and condition, and how all the family do. Conſidering our dear Lord's paſt kindneſs to you, I have no doubt of his continuing it---I heartily pray him, in which my wife joins, to convince you of his unchangeable love, and to manifeſt it to your heart in time of need.

I am (with reſpects to Mr. B.) yours,
In our precious and covenant head,
W. ROMAINE.

LETTER CX.

Jan. 26, 1775.

My good Friend,

INDEED, it is a great while ſince we met, and I often think of it. At no time or place, do I forget you. But am more mindful, when I hear of you, eſpecially of your wants: I believe

you cannot do without them, and I feel my heart, as Chriſt is, moſt affected to you, when you are poor and needy, and have no helper. As ſuch, in your preſent eaſe, I ſpread your needs before my Lord and your Lord. He knows what is beſt for you, and will do it: Although you may be apt to quarrel with him for it. But he wont mind that; he will pardon it, and will go on doing you good---in his own way.

Next Monday is the 30th of January: I always preach in the afternoon, before the Leather Sellers' company; the Monday after, we are at your ſervice: we hope to be ready to come down, and dine with you in very good time.

What changes in ſix months time---born, married, dead! what patience exerciſed to us!---we are ſpared. What grace! ſpared to live, in, upon, and to Jeſus. O moſt bleſſed long ſuffering! and what now wait we for? Why truly, being as ready to die, as ever we ſhall be, that come what will, this new year, we may be found in Jeſus. In this hope, I go on my way rejoicing. So may you.

My partner is pretty well: deſires every kind remembrance to you. Our chriſtian love to Mr. B. I carry all your family to court with me, and recommend them to my king. I hope he has a regard for them. I am ſure of it. If you for-

get

get to pray for me, you will not be a friend to yourſelf.

I am, very ſincerely,
Your friend and ſervant,
In our common Lord,
W. ROMAINE.

LETTER CXI.

LONDON, *March* 7, 1778.

MRS. C. preſented me in your name with the brethren's daily words for 1778: for which I thank you, and through it, may be often put in good remembrance of you and yours this year. In return, I ſend you my word.

משיח is one of the high titles of the Redeemer, which being interpreted in the Greek, is, the Chriſt, and in the Engliſh, is, the anointed. Oil was the inſtituted emblem of the grace of the Holy Spirit, and anointing with oil, was the outward and viſible ſign of his inward and ſpiritual grace. We meet with the inſtitution, Exodus xxx. 22, to the end. This holy ointment was to be uſed in conſecrating the tabernacle, and all its veſſels, and in ſetting apart certain perſons for ſome great offices. It was unlawful to uſe it upon any other occaſion---whoſoever did, was to be

be cut off from the people. This conſecrating unction was uſed to the tabernacle, which was a type of the body of Chriſt, and to every veſſel of the tabernacle, to ſhew that Chriſt, and every thing of Chriſt, was under the ſanctifying influence of the holy Spirit, and it was uſed to ſet apart the prophet, prieſt, and king, becauſe he was to ſuſtain thoſe offices. He was the anointed Saviour. His human nature was conceived and formed by the Holy Ghoſt. Every thought of his mind, every motion of his body was under influence, and that every moment: for he had the ſpirit without meaſure. He had infinite grace to obey, to ſuffer, to conquer. Nothing could poſſibly be wanting to render his obedience, ſufferings, and victories abſolutely complete and everlaſtingly perfect. We have a demonſtration of their full value and acceptance. He died; but roſe from the dead. He ſitteth at the right hand of the majeſty on high, infinitely repleniſhed with the graces and gifts of the eternal Spirit: yea, in him dwelleth the fulneſs of the Godhead bodily.

Here is the fountain of all bleſſings. His name משיח ſhews not only that he is thus anointed; but by the י inſerted, it has the hiphil ſenſe, and means one who has the power to give the unction of the holy One. He, as head, has it for his members, which is beautifully deſcribed, Pſalm cxxxiii. The precious ointment poured

upon the head of the high prieſt, flowed down to the ſkirts of his garments: ſo does the ſpiritual anointing. On Chriſt it was poured without meaſure. From him it deſcends to the loweſt member. Every believer has his ſhare of its divine influence. The ſpirit of Chriſt is given to quicken the dead. He unites the ſoul to Chriſt. He enables it to live by faith upon Chriſt. And to live to the glory of Chriſt. And therefore this anointing is abſolutely neceſſary; without it, no man can be a member of Chriſt: for if any man have not the Spirit of Chriſt, he is none of His. A chriſtian means one who has received the unction from Chriſt. The ſame Spirit which is in the head, is alſo in the member: for he that is joined to the Lord, is one Spirit, and is as intimately united, yea, I think more, than the body and ſoul in one perſon. This conſtitutes the chriſtian. He has actually the ſpirit of Chriſt: whereby he is one with Chriſt, and Chriſt with him. Chriſt dwelleth in him, and he in Chriſt: or, as the apoſtle expreſſes it—I am crucified with Chriſt, nevertheleſs, I live, yet not I, but Chriſt liveth in me. Chriſt was his life, as truly as any member lives by its union with the head, as evidently as a branch is nouriſhed by the ſap received from the ſtock, upon which it grows. The anointing which he receives from Chriſt, makes and conſtitutes him a real chriſtian, as certainly as the member lives

lives by its oneneſs with the head, or the branch with the vine. Our Lord's name, the Meſſiah, leads us to conſider him in this view, not only anointed himſelf, but alſo the giver of the ſame grace, he having received it on purpoſe, that he might give it to his people. By his own command, it was firſt uſed at Antioch, and it has been ever ſince the peculiar title of thoſe, who profeſs faith in him, and influence from him.

Many indeed have the name without the thing. As a man may be called rich, who is very poor. But ſuch are not chriſtians. They have a name to live, while they are dead. But he who is truly ſo called, has actual fellowſhip with Chriſt by his Spirit. What was on Chriſt without meaſure, is on him according to the meaſure of the gift of Chriſt. He partakes of the divine anointing. He is called after Chriſt, a chriſtian: for he is made alive, and lives, and acts, by the ſame Spirit that is in Chriſt, who is head over all things to his church, which is his body, the fulneſs of him that filleth all in all.

But, if it be thus certain, that the head and the members have the ſame unction, how can any one know it? Should it not be very clear, as it is the thing which makes the chriſtian? Certainly it ſhould. And the ſcripture leaves no doubt concerning the way and means in which it is to be known.

Known by believing; ye have an unction from the holy one, and ye know all things. The word is the miniſtration of the Spirit. We are begotten by it, nouriſhed by it: holding the truth in love, we grow up into Chriſt in all things.

How is this unction enjoyed? In the ſame way, as known. The influence of the Spirit of Chriſt keeps up through faith communion with the head and members, teſtifying of Chriſt, glorifying of Chriſt.

How is it improved? By daily uſe we get more faith, more hope, more love to Chriſt, more happineſs in the Father's love in Chriſt, thereby we learn more ſubjection to his will and ways.

In this new year, I wiſh you new grace, freſh unction, yea, may you be every day anointed with freſh oil—משח—much fellowſhip with him. Your guide—your keeper—your Saviour. I have only time to pray for you and yours. Mrs. R. with real love, wiſhes you the ſame unction.

Farewell,

Pray for

W. R.

LETTER

LETTER CXII.

My good Friend,

I WAS at the dedication of your new houſe, and conſecrated it—may my prayers be anſwered—Your houſe a Bethel—Your heart alſo a בית אל—And all your family temples of the Holy Ghoſt. I ſend you encloſed, a little book upon prayer, in order to ſtir you up to it, for yourſelf as your privilege, and for the public as your duty. I wiſh you much ſweet communion in converſing with your God, and much freedom in pleading with him for this guilty land. When you have read the tract, and Mr. B. pleaſe to lend it to Mr. H. with my love.

The weather is very hot. I am tired of London. Next week I hope to leave it for ſome time. Our courſe is to Birmingham, and the neighbourhood. We fully purpoſe, God willing, to ſee you eye to eye, before the winter.

I eſteem it my bleſſing to be intereſted in all your concerns. Our right Spirit is to rejoice with our rejoicing members. And to be any way well, in ſo great a family as yours, is matter of daily thankfulneſs and joy. Learn at the white ſide of God's dealings to admire them. See how many mercies, how great, as well as how

how many trials: though trials rightly improved are mercies. I will not ceaſe to aſk for what your Lord knows to be ſufficient grace. Mrs. R. is well, and ſends every kind remembrance to you, and to yours.

I am,
With true chriſtian love,
Your obliged friend and ſervant,
In our common Lord,
W. ROMAINE.

N. B. We have ſeveral praying ſocieties already ſet up, and next Sunday, if you have my letter in time, and can meet us, you will have the beſt company in England with you at the throne of grace. My heart rejoices in the proſpect: ſo be it.

LETTER CXIII.

WEYMOUTH, *October*, 11.

Dear Madam,

I HAVE an opportunity of ſending you ſome good news, which I wiſh may affect your heart, as it has mine. I left you ill, and grew worſe, till we got to Weymouth. The air, bathing, reſt, have been greatly uſeful to reſtoring health, ſpirits, and thankfulneſs.

Out

Out of the twenty good days in October, we have ten altogether. Ever ſince we left Briſtol, fine weather, and ſerene ſkies, and moſt refreſhing ſea breezes. How faithful is our God! he is crowning the year 1777 with his goodneſs. Indeed, he is always the ſame, love itſelf--but we change: and for want of continual truſting, we loſe many tokens of his favor. Could you, for inſtance, always build upon this rock, thus ſaith the Lord, how fixt would your ſtate be, hanging on his unchangeable will; how numerous your comforts, depending on his infallible word. His will is only known from his word, and his word abideth for ever. As he has ſaid, "Heaven and earth ſhall paſs away, but my "word ſhall not paſs away." Your dejections, ſinkings, alter nothing in God—nor in his will, or word. And they come to teach you this. May you learn to renounce leaning to ſelf, good or bad—And may you ever build on the rock, that is higher than you. For it is Chriſt the rock of ages; the ſame yeſterday, to day, and for ever. We ſay, when the Sun reviſits Virgo, then we ſhall reviſit you. But a thouſand unforeſeen things, beſides death, may hinder us from meeting any more upon earth. Our viſits are ſhort. They diſappoint us. We are apt to expect from them, what is only to be found in him. We bear the pain of parting, in hopes of meeting again. When he viſits once, it is for

ever: not with continual comforts, or abiding preſence, but with a promiſe—" I will never " leave thee, nor forſake thee:" The faith of this will make your mountain ſure, when every thing elſe ſays, it will be caſt into the midſt of the ſea. Only believe. Having a little of that faith, which worketh by love, I can feel, how the members, under the ſame head, ſympathize. Diſtance makes no difference. The head is in heaven; the members on earth: yet one Spirit breathing through both, they rejoice and mourn together; which is heavenly friendſhip. O for more of it in human hearts. I am not without it to Mr. B. and every one of your family. If it be right, I could wiſh you, a ſky like ours—without a cloud---a voyage through life like ours, a ſea like glaſs, without a ruffle: but, be it as it may to day, to-morrow---A ſky without a vapor, a ſea like glaſs, ſmooth for ever and ever will be your happy lot. There we ſhall meet, and bleſs the kind hand of our Jeſus for mutual, as well as for perſonal ſalvation. You know there is nothing good you wiſh yourſelf, or yours, which Mrs. R. does not wiſh you as well as

W. R.

LETTER

LETTER CXIV.

BLACKFRIARS, *March* 30, 1778.

My dear Friend,

I AM glad the Lord wont let you alone. He is very kind to you, and takes a deal of pains to make you a great proficient in his ſchool. He has put you into the upper form, and you have but one leſſon to get, and that he will teach you himſelf. You muſt have no undermaſter. He wont ſuffer it; not only becauſe they are incapable of teaching this hard leſſon, but alſo becauſe he will have all the glory of it. "If any man will be "my diſciple, let him take up his croſs daily, "and follow me." The croſs is the badge and honor of diſcipleſhip. He puts it on. He inſtructs in the true way to take it up---in the right method of bearing it---and he gives all the profit which comes from it. I have prayed him to teach you---how to follow him. And as he has you now in his hands, prayer for his bleſſing is worth all the fine leſſons in the world. Indeed, they are apt to do hurt: becauſe they take the eye off from his hand and his rod, and incline us to hearken to reaſon, more than to faith. It is one great deſign of the croſs, to bring us to have nothing to do with any perſon or thing, but with Chriſt alone: he ſends it to wean us from the world, reaſon, ſenſe,

ſenſe, and ſelf. O bleſſed croſs, which deadens us to them, and make us more alive to Jeſus! may every croſs have this effect upon you. Remember, juſt ſo many comforts as you have, ſo many croſſes may you have. The croſs grows out of the comfort. The dearer the comfort, the bitterer the croſs. What a large proviſion have you for ſuffering---huſband---children---ſubſtance ---friends---farms---ſervants, &c. &c. &c.? The good maſter ſees, how deſirous you are to go to heaven with this, and the other comfort---You think, he might very well ſpare it you, being ſuch an infinitely loving Jeſus---You might keep it, and yet keep his love. But he knows better than you do, what is good for you: he loves you, far better than you do yourſelf, and he will manifeſt it to you: yea, you ſhall feel in your heart, that his almighty love can bring you good out of evil, and pleaſure out of pain. Now he wants to communicate this. At this very time he is training you up for it. He is going to beſtow upon you ſome of his choiceſt favors---And he has ſuch a certain fixt way of giving them, that I know his mind and will as plainly here at London, as if I was at S. and you was to tell me all your thoughts: for indeed, I find him very communicative to his friends. He keeps nothing from them. And the Lord ſaid, "ſhall I hide from "Abraham the thing which I do, &c." No.

"Abraham

" Abraham is of my court, and I will make " him of my cabinet." The ſame Lord has ſaid to you, and me, " henceforth I call you not " ſervants, but friends, &c." John xv. 5. Our divine teacher ſtill makes known to us, what he doeth. It is your buſineſs and your happineſs to wait on him for the diſcovery of his will in his preſent dealings with you, that you may be able to do it, or patient to ſuffer it. This he expects of you. And may all within you ſay, from a feeling ſubmiſſion---" Lord Chriſt, not " my will, but thine be done."

I am thankful for the grace given to Mr. B. may it increaſe, and abound yet more and more.

I am yours,
In our ever dear and lovely Jeſus,
W. ROMAINE.

To the Rev. Mr. K.

LETTER CXV.

April 11, 1789.

My dear Brother,

THE famous Dr. Johnſon declares, " that a man of genius may force himſelf to " write whenever he pleaſes." If he found it ſo,

ſo, I do not. I cannot even write a letter when I will; if I could, Mr. K. would have received an anſwer before this time. Indeed, I do not wiſh to be of the Doctor's mind; for I find the activity of our nature is a perpetnal temptation to look upon ourſelves as ſomething. It ſeems to me ſafer and better to feel that every exertion of mind and body depends upon the grace of Another—life, and breath, and all things. Say, here is a fine garden, but who planted it? Say, there are fragrant flowers; but, unleſs the north wind awake, and the ſouth come, what is there to make the ſweet ſpices thereof to flow out? The ſoul is as much dependent on the freſh ſupplies of the Spirit, as the body is upon breath; ſo that the feeling of my poverty is my only riches, and the ſenſe of my weakneſs is my only ſtrength. If I write a letter, if any good accompany it, I wiſh ever to aſcribe the praiſe to Him, without whom, "we, ſays a bleſſed man, even we "are not ſufficient of ourſelves ſo much as to "think one good thought." What poſſibly can be more humbling? and what can be more oppoſite to the Doctor's ſpirit? Let him, and ſuch, plume themſelves upon their ſelf-exertions; but we have learnt Chriſt better. In his ſchool we know, that the humbleſt is the higheſt; and he does moſt for Chriſt, or rather Chriſt does moſt in him, who is ſenſible, that without Chriſt, he can do nothing. This is the Chriſtian principle

of

of all our activity, becauſe through Chriſt ſtrengthening us we can do all things.

Upon this ground I thank you for your letter, as I have already thanked him, who enabled you to write ſuch a letter. And upon the ſame ground, I compliment you on your Sermon,* which is the firſt in time; and, without being a prophet, I foretell, that it will be the firſt in many other ſenſes. Bleſſed be his holy name, who ſent us ſuch a cordial from S. Indeed, it greatly refreſhed my ſpirits; and my partner deſires me to tell you, that ſhe partook of my joy. We alſo rejoiced together in the account you give of yourſelf and family. How great, how many mercies—mercies upon mercies, in what you have, and in what you have not, God himſelf being your portion. His will becomes yours; not yours, as it is the will of the fleſh. This is ſtill the ſame, and will be as long as you breathe: but he makes the fleſh bow to the ſpirit, and enables the renewed heart to ſay, and truly, "Father, this is a ſharp ſtroke, but I "know it was ſent in love; as ſuch I kiſs the "rod—Thy will be done." Glory be to him who gives grace ſufficient to bear with patience, yea to improve with profit, our greateſt trials, even to ſacrifice our Iſaacs. Oh, he is faithful, as you can witneſs, to that ſweet abridgment of

* A moſt excellent ſermon on the king's recovery.

his

his goſpel, when, rejecting the outward ceremonies, as nothing availing, unleſs mixed with faith, Pſalm, l. 14, 15; and a little lower, "Whoſo offereth me praiſe, glorifieth me."

Your letter juſt came up to my wiſhes, for its being ſo very particular with reſpect to your own family, and to the T.'s. It is a great favour to me, who am now only a chamber counſellor, to know the circumſtances of my friends, their children, and families, that I may adviſe, and pray for ſuitable grace. You give me freſh matter to aſk for yourſelf—Succeſs to the preached goſpel at Southampton. May he help you always to give your people good food, and to bleſs them with an appetite, that they may be nouriſhed, and grow thereby up into Chriſt Jeſus, and that in all things. Our kindeſt love to the T.'s, Mr. and Mrs. will hear from me as ſoon as I can. This is with us a ſeaſon of much preaching; and, although it be the very joy of my heart to be telling of his ſalvation, yet the fleſh fails, and lags ſadly behind.

Pray for me and mine.

W. R.

LETTER

LETTER CXVI.

April 20, 1791.

Dear Sir,

I THINK myſelf very much beholden to you for two very obliging letters. The firſt was alarming; it ſtirred up many fears, and made me give myſelf unto prayer. Your ſecond relieved us from our apprehenſions, but not from our prayers. We are ſtill before him who hears and anſwers. When we have done this in faith, we muſt leave it with him; and then, whatever he does, I am ſure it cannot be done better. May Sally be a tender object of his care and love, as well as her poor afflicted mother. She is ſcarce ever out of my mind, knowing what ſhe feels on this occaſion; but what are our real and beſt feelings for one another, compared to the compaſſions of our Jeſus? May he refreſh her heart with ſome of his choiceſt conſolations. Mrs. R. ſays, *Amen.*

Tell Mr. T. he ſhould keep a feaſt of thankſgiving, not one day, but as many days as he has to live. O what a monument is he of the diſtinguiſhing favours of our God—every breath ſhould be praiſe. I hope he is trying, and I pray for him, that more grace may be given; and,

and, under such a load of benefits, he may walk more humbly with his God.

I know S. and you are on my heart. May the work of the Lord prosper in your hands.

If Mr. T. does not write, one line to satisfy us how you go on, and what is Sally's state, will be a very great treat to me and my partner, who most cordially joins in the prayer of faith for the T.'s, K's. with your friend and labourer in the Lord's vineyard,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER CXVII.

Jan. 15, 1795.

My dear Sir,

THIS is one of your children *, whom you was instrumental in bringing to light. I put it into your hands, hoping you will continue to nurse it with your prayers for its success, and with thanks to the author of every good and perfect gift, who has enabled me to leave behind me this testimony of his saving grace and power. O bless him, and praise him for his great goodness to your friend and servant in him,

W. ROMAINE.

* This letter was accompanied with a copy of the Triumph of Faith.

*To A****. D****. Esq.*

LETTER CXVIII.

My dear Friends,

FOR so you are in the Lord; in that bond, which he ties, and none can untie. Thanks to Mr. T. for his letter, and for his kind remembrance of us. We are, as to outward things, just as you left us—but I hope, not at a stand in spirituals——moving still, and getting on, halting, and creeping, slowly, but surely. How this is to be done, in what way, means, and method, would save you a deal of time and trouble, if you were quite satisfied. I will give you a little plan of what I call

*******'s DAILY WALK.

I had observed a great deal of my time was spent—and most of it quite lost—A very, very little was left. I saw the necessity of husbanding it well, and of making the most of it. This led me to settle and determine a fixt rule of living. "Here is a new day, what lies before me to be "done? What do I live for to-day? What am I "now to propose to myself, as the end and aim "of all my actions?" This matter was brought to a point. And I was made to see that these, and these only were the things I was to do.

Firſt, I was to look to my conſcience, that the peace of God might rule in it always and by all means.

Secondly, I was to look to my heart, that it might be happy in the love of God; and,

Thirdly, I was to watch over my tempers, my walk, and my converſation, that I might enjoy the peace and the love of God.

I ſaw my main buſineſs concerned my conſcience, how guilt, fear, and unbelief might be kept out of it, and the peace of God might be maintained in it: if conſcience be good, all is good. And that is a good conſcience which witneſſes to the truth, as it is in Jeſus. Conſcience is that faculty of the ſoul, which compares my heart and life with the holy law of God, brings me in guilty for tranſgreſſing its precepts, and leaves me to ſuffer its juſt penalties, under guilt and condemnation. The goſpel offers a perfect righteouſneſs to ſatisfy the precepts, and an infinitely-valuable atonement, the ſacrifice of God, to ſatisfy the penalties of the law. By believing in this righteouſneſs and in this atonement, the conſcience is ſaved from guilt and condemnation, yea, acquits and juſtifies the ſinner, and brings in a true verdict for him. It ſays what God does: pleads its diſcharge under the broad ſeal of heaven, and ſtops the mouth of guilt and unbelief, with theſe words written in golden letters in the royal charter of grace: "Thou art forgiven all treſpaſſes—Thou

" art juſtified from all things—Thou art a ſon " of my love and an heir of my glory, through " faith in Jeſus my beloved." Here Mr. D. I triumph. I believe theſe words, on the divine teſtimony. My conſcience bears witneſs to their truth. It is a good conſcience—It agrees with God. And looks upon him, as reconciled perfectly. It fears to diſhonour him, by calling in queſtion the infinite value of Chriſt's righteouſneſs and atonement, or doubting of their being mine, while they are freely offered to me, and while I find my want of them, and have any dependence upon them. Thus the peace of God rules, takes the lead in the conſcience, rules always, the offer being always the ſame, the righteouſneſs and atonement of Jeſus always the ſame, my want of them always the ſame, and mine intereſt in them always the ſame: which I daily learn to maintain by all means, againſt all corruptions, enemies, and temptations from every quarter. Tell Mrs. D. from me, that this is her firſt leſſon in the ſchool of Chriſt. When ſhe feels any thing wrong, ſhe is low, her ſins diſpleaſe, her duties cannot pleaſe her, tell her that theſe very things, if rightly managed, will eſtabliſh her conſcience in the peace of God. Every new day, ſhe lives to learn, that ſhe has nothing to truſt to, but the atonement and righteouſneſs of Jeſus, and therefore to depend on God's being in friendſhip with her, an unchangeable friendſhip through Jeſus

Chriſt her Lord. O that her heart may be ſprinkled from an evil conſcience and mind: that is evil, which refuſes to build its peace on the life and death of our Immanuel; and that is a good conſcience, which has peace with God through faith in Jeſus, and expects all the love of God freely in him. This is my ſecond work, to keep my heart happy. And this I conſtantly experience, when the conſcience is on Chriſt's ſide, and teſtifies aright for him. God is reconciled. He is my God. We are agreed—and now we walk together. He bids me call him father—He has bowels of love and fatherly affection for me. He ſees me in Jeſus—loves me—yea, bleſſes me in him. My title is clear to all ſpiritual bleſſings, becauſe God being my God in Jeſus, all things are mine. My happy walk is in the belief of this, and in the enjoyment of it. I do not aim at getting any new title to my heavenly Father's love, but new enjoyment. All is mine in title, but I want more and more poſſeſſion. Every day I am ſeeking to know more, to enjoy more of the riches of the Father's love in Jeſus: And I find no way to come at them, but faith, and no way to increaſe faith ſo effectually, as to keep the peace of God ruling in the conſcience always, and by all means.

Obſerve, Sir, when you want to enjoy the love of God, and in the enjoyment of it to find your heart happy, look at nothing to bring it you, but

Jeſus

Jeſus—Read your ſhare in it, take poſſeſſion of it, for nothing done in you, or by you, now or at any time, but only for and in Jeſus; his atonement, his righteouſneſs, being your conſtant title to the love of his Father and of your Father. Thus walk with a reconciled God. Chriſt is your way. Chriſt your end. Go on leaning on Chriſt every ſtep for ſtrength—relying on Chriſt for victory over corruptions and enemies---whatever within or without would try to ſtop you in your way---truſting Chriſt for bleſſings, whatever can keep you ſafe and make you happy all your way, making his company and preſence your heaven here, as well as in glory. Thus the true believer walks with God; and the ſenſe of his being a child of God, and the experience of his Father's precious love, makes him happy. And this mortifies the carnal heart, crucifies worldly tempers, ſubdues creature-love: God in Chriſt enjoyed being the death of every ſelfiſh affection.

Pray tell Mrs. D. of this. If ſhe would daily walk with a happy heart, ſhe muſt learn to make up all her happineſs in the love, which God has for her in his dear Son. She muſt look quite away from her graces, her gifts, her righteouſneſs, her duties---God does not love her for theſe ---he loves her in his Son, and ſhe in believing this is to find all her ſalvation, and to enjoy all her

her happineſs. I know her temptations, and therefore go on to the

Third and laſt thing, which enters deep into my daily walk, and that is—How my tempers are to be regulated, and my converſation ordered, that I may night and day enjoy the peace and the love of my reconciled God and Father. I find this very hard work, becauſe it is ſo hard to keep peace in the conſcience, and the love of God in the heart, ruling always. But God's Spirit is almighty to teach this leſſon, and to give power to practice it. And I cannot deny him his honour. What I have learned of him, has been chiefly from this ſcripture---Walk humbly with thy God---He is my God---I walk humbly with him in Chriſt, as mine; ſo his ſweet peace is enjoyed, his happy love poſſeſſed: while theſe rule in the conſcience, and in the heart, the power of the Spirit maintains his influence over the tempers, and over the life and converſation, and he keeps all in ſubjection to God-Jeſus. The conſcience ſays, I will have nothing to do with any thing for ſalvation, but the righteouſneſs of Jehovah Jeſus, and his atonement on the tree. The heart ſays, This is all my deſire. Hope ſays, I have caſt my anchor on Jeſus, I cannot be diſappointed. Fear ſays, I would not for the world offend my God and Father. Then the whole man bows in ſubjection to Father, Son, and Spirit, and ſays, Lord God, rule in me,

me, rule over me, guide, keep, bleſs me and mine all the way to heaven. You ſee, my good friend; from whence I draw my ſafety and my happineſs---Not from ſelf. O! no. But from God in Chriſt: I look not at---depend not on, not in the leaſt, myſelf---but wholly on my God. Whatever is of mine own, and comes from myſelf, ſhews me the neceſſity of walking humbly with my God. Self conſiſts, as I feel to this hour, of wants, miſeries, temptations. Theſe do not ſtop me, but help me to walk more humbly with my God. They ſhew me my conſtant want of ſalvation, and keep me conſtantly dependent on it. No failings in duty, no ſenſe of indwelling ſin, keep me from my reconciled God and Father, but bring me to walk in nearer fellowſhip with him. And ſeeing that all is of his grace, and mere ſovereign love, pride is hid---every high thought is brought down---and the Lord Jeſus alone gets all, it is his due, all the glory. This is my daily Walk, a little ſketch of it---But enough to let you ſee, that I have to do with nothing for the peace of my conſcience, the happineſs of my heart, the conformity of my tempers and walk to the will of God, but Jeſus--his Father's love, and my Father's, witneſſed by the word, and made mine by believing: the end of my walk is not to get, nor to procure a title to, but to make good, and to enjoy my title to his love in Jeſus. I learn, and am learning

ing to look at him---Look unto Jeſus---May you do it more than me---and then you will get on faſter than me to heaven.

Dear Friends---I have wrote till I am tired, but upon reading it over---I like it---and ſet my ſeal to the truth of it. God the Spirit ſeal it upon your hearts. I was to have wrote to Mr. T. I am vaſtly in his debt---but have no time---I do not, cannot forget his and Mrs. T.'s love to our Maſter and his cauſe---The Lord bleſs them both---and you both,

So prays, &c.

To Mrs. P.

LETTER CXIX.

BLACKFRIARS, *Feb.* 10, 1773.

My very Hon. Friend,

I THOUGHT myſelf greatly favored by your long and kind letter. Many circumſtances concurred to make me thank God and you for it. Your acknowledgments to me are over payment; eſpecially as they prove that the great

great pains, which the Lord had taken with you, were not in vain. Indeed I believe they were not. Your trial was ſharp and long, very, very grievous to the fleſh. And only he who bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up, only he could have carried you through it. His almighty grace ſupplied you with patience; ſuffering and bearing was then your exerciſe. Now this is over, profiting is your leſſon; and it muſt be the ſame grace that produces the bleſſed fruits that grow upon the croſs. O for a rich and plentiful harveſt of them in your ſoul! I would ſet my wiſhes before you for the improvement of a recovery from ſickneſs, not from dry precept, but from a winning example. It is not the worſe for being ancient, but mellower and riper. I had it from the Eaſt, and ſet a great value upon the manuſcript. The author is yet unknown. I have the original both in Hebrew and Greek. If critics were to form learned conjectures, and to raiſe arguments from the ſtyle, they would very likely give it to John Chryſoſtom: becauſe he was a ſickly man, and it is ſo very much in his manner of writing. But, however, the ſentiments are ſo agreeable to the canonical ſcriptures, that it has been put, although apocryphal, at the end of the Hebrews, and entitled the 14th chapter; becauſe, I ſuppoſe, the noble army of ſufferers, mentioned in the former chapters, were of this ſpirit, and made juſt ſuch an improvement

improvement of ſickneſs as is here deſcribed. For my own part, I can only ſay, that it is perfectly agreeable to the views which I have of a believer riſing from a ſick bed; and ſuch as I wiſh to find in experience, if ever I ſhould be ſo tried. Upon my reading it over juſt now, it warmed my heart, and drew tears of joy from mine eyes: for I am well perſuaded, the dear Phyſician, life-giving Jeſus, is exactly ſuch as he is here deſcribed. O Mrs. P. I can wiſh you nothing better, than more acquaintance with your beſt friend. Do not, Madam, pray do not, be ſhy of his company. He loves familiarity. Be free, be intimate with him. Nothing can pleaſe him ſo much. Converſe with him as you would with your own huſband, and be aſſured he will tell you no lies. You may ſafely believe every word he ſays. You may venture your ſoul upon it, for it is all Goſpel. It is the truth of God, infallible, unchangeable. It is for want of knowing him, that you now and then are tempted to think that he ſays more than he will make good. O, No. He is truth itſelf, and alſo the Lord God Almighty. Believe, only believe, and you will certainly find a performance of thoſe things which have been ſpoken by the Lord, and by us his ſervants to you. You are within the reach of my prayers, and I would not wiſh to forget you in them, as long as you and I are upon praying ground, I would be ever making requeſt for

for you. The incloſed was copied out for your peruſal, with many ſupplications. God hear them for you, and make you what he would have you—that is, an humble, happy, believer! My wife joins heartily in wiſhing you this, and every other bleſſing, together with

Your faithful ſervant, in Jeſus,

W. ROMAINE.

The 43d Chapter of Job, in the Apocrypha.

1. Thus you heard of the patience of Job, and you have ſeen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very full of pity, and of tender mercy.

2. He never afflicteth willingly: he has infallible wiſdom to contrive, and the heart of a parent to ſend every chaſtiſement to his children.

3. He well knows what ſin wants purging, and there is a needs-muſt for ſtrong phyſic.

4. He has ſeen where the fear of man got the better of the fear of God, and he takes his ſharp rod, not in anger, but in love; not to puniſh, but to correct.

5. If the world creep into the heart of any of his children, he is very jealous, and will not be rivalled: he is guided by the tendereſt affection, when he embitters worldly joy, and by ſickneſs makes that a pain in which his child fooliſhly ſought happineſs.

6. If he ſend great and heavy affliction, and it come in a way which makes it to the fleſh the greateſt

greateſt and heavieſt, yet he has his everlaſting arms underneath to ſupport, even when little faith can ſcarce perceive them.

7. And he not only ſupports, but alſo often vouchſafes a gracious viſit, breaks in with his ſweet preſence, and ſenſible comfort to the heart, and the poor ſick fainting child is made to ſay. "O let me ſuffer any thing, ſo I may but have "ſuch viſits from my God—a ſick bed with "theſe cordials is Heaven upon earth".

8. But the Lord's end is anſwered: he abates the ſickneſs, and health returns: the Father throws away the rod, as ſoon as ever the child has learnt to kiſs it, and to be thankful for it:

9. Then he makes it appear, that he kept the rod ſo long for the child's good, in order to teach leſſons which could not be learnt in any other way.

10. He intended to make the child's will bow to his, and it does; "Holy Father, thy will be "done, thy will be ſuffered, I deſire to lie as "clay in the hand of the potter."

11. He deſigned to produce many peaceful fruits of righteouſneſs, which grow upon no tree but the croſs; and, therefore, he continued the croſs a long time, only to make the fruits richer and riper.

12. Hear the great croud of witneſſes. Behold! what manner of love the Father hath beſtowed upon us. In love he choſe us in his Son,

and

and called us by his Spirit; in love he corrected us; in love he supported under the correction; in love he removed it the moment his gracious purpose was answered.

13. O may a sense of his goodness grow with health, and the soul prosper as the body does:

14. May every peaceful fruit flourish to the praise of the glory of our Father's exceeding rich grace.

15. May there be more faith in the great peace-maker, and more resignation to the Father's will in him: a mind more reconciled to the cross, and profiting more under it: a heart daily more dead to the world, and more engaged about and pleased with heavenly things: a conversation so well ordered as to maintain peace with God through life, and at last to die in the peace of Jesus that passeth all understanding.

Hebrews xiv. *Apocrypha.*

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name:

2. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.

4. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

5. I had

5. I had reaſon to think in my ſickneſs "I ſhall go to the gates of the grave. I am deprived of the reſidue of my years.

6. "I ſhall not ſee the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living. I ſhall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world:

7. "Mine age is departed, and is removed from me as a Shepherd's tent. My beauty is turned in me into corruption, and I ſhall be cut off with pining ſickneſs."

8. But when I cried unto the Lord, he heard my voice out of his holy temple. He delivered my ſoul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

9. My recovery was the Lord's doing. His, and his only, and it is indeed marvellous in mine eyes.

10. O how good is my God! What return ſhall I make unto him for this never-to-be-forgotten mercy, as well as for his other benefits with which he loadeth me daily.

11. I have nothing to return him but what is his own, and nothing but what I wiſh may be his own: myſelf I give up and devote to the Lord of my life and health, wiſhing all I have, and am, may be his for ever.

12. O my God, and my Jeſus, make me better for this affliction. Now thou haſt raiſed me from a ſick bed, let me recover in my ſoul,

as

as faſt as I do in my body, and both proſper alike.

13. Let thy end, Lord, in this chaſtening be anſwered, and let it yield the peaceable fruits of righteouſneſs, now I have been exerciſed thereby.

14. Since thou haſt favored me with ſickneſs, how can I enough adore thy matchleſs love, which ſupported me under it, and brought me through it. Now, Lord, give me thy bleſſing of it!

15. How mightily ſhould a review of thy gracious dealings with me, encourage me to truſt thee for the future! O, grant me more ſteadily to believe thy promiſes, and to rely on thy fulfilling them to me: Lord, increaſe my faith.

16. As thou haſt ſhewn me, how uncertain every creature-comfort is, all are periſhing---health, on which their enjoyment depends,—life, on which they have their very being: O my God, raiſe my hopes above them, to the better comforts of a better world.

17. And there fix my poor wavering heart---ſet it free from its old ſins, and from its favorite purſuits, that every affection may be henceforward where my treaſure is, even where thou, my Jeſus, art ſitting at the right hand of God.

18. O for more of theſe graces, that my beſt friend, who has dealt ſo bountifully with me,

may

may be every day of my life more beloved, and better ſerved.

19. My dear Jeſus, I want to be more dead to worldly hopes and fears, which have too much governed my heart, and influenced my conduct. Subdue in me theſe baſe-born paſſions; ſo that, for the future, my hopes may all centre in thy love, and I may fear nothing, but the diſpleaſing thee.

20. While thy mercies are freſh upon my mind, let me find growing zeal to thy lovely name, and precious cauſe, that I may never be aſhamed of thee before men.

21. Mine own will has been my plague---O my Lord, ſubdue it, and make it bow to thine: let thy revealed will be my ſtudy, thy ways my delight, and let my whole life, ſo kindly lent me, be one continued ſacrifice of praiſe.

22. If thou art pleaſed to lend me more time, help me, Jeſus, to redeem it: if I have health, add to it a thankful heart; whatever bleſſings thou giveſt, give me grace to receive them from thy bounty, and to uſe them to thy glory.

23. Whenever thou ſhalt be pleaſed to put me into the furnace, (it may be ſoon) Lord enable me to go into it with ſtrong faith, and to ſtay in it thy time with humble patience: O never let me want thy good ſpirit, that through him,

not

not in word only, but in deed and in truth I may ſay---Thy will be done.

24. Yet a very little, little time, and the days of my pilgrimage will be ended---and then I ſhall ſee thee face to face. O, what a ſight will that be! my God and Saviour, let the faith of it warm my heart, and the hope of it influence my life, that, whenever thou calleſt, I may be ready, and may have nothing to do, but to go up into the mount, and to die in the arms of Jeſus. *Amen.*

LETTER CXX.

LONDON, *Feb.* 4, 1786.

Mr. S.

I WAS very thankful for your letter; it was a volunteer, and worth an hundred preſt men. It revived the pleaſing remembrance of our K. viſit, for which I have often thanked our common friend; eſpecially, becauſe he made it an earneſt of a much better meeting. The year 1786, has ſome pleaſing preſages of that event; you know new year's day is a great feſtival at our church. I uſed to have an Hebrew motto, but this was Greek, I am Alpha and Omega: as this

is a ſtanding diſh for all our entertainments through the year, I will ſend you ſome of it, that you may feaſt with us, and give your dear wife ſome of the banquet; and perhaps the crums from the maſter's table, may prove alſo very palatable to brother N. We are come together this morning to devote ourſelves afreſh to the ſervice, and to begin the year as we hope to end it, in the faith and fear of the Son of God; for he is our Alpha and Omega. And he is all between the beginning and the ending. He is the ſelf-exiſtent Jehovah, who was, and is, and will be, the firſt cauſe, and the laſt end, of all beings and things. For he is the Lord God Almighty, and as ſuch, we take him this new year to be our Immanuel, that we may live by him, and on him, every moment, and for every thing. For he is the God of nature. The God of grace. The God of providence. The God of glory. Firſt, He is the Creator of all worlds, Pſalm cii. 25, 26, 27, explained; Heb. i. 10; as alſo Cor. i. 16, 17. He has the ſame eſſence, ſame attributes with the Father, Iſaiah xliv. 6, 7, 8. and by taking our nature, God and man in one Chriſt. He has every perfection to fit him to be, ſecondly, the God of grace, a proper ſurety to act for us, by compleating all his covenant engagements with the Father, and having by his moſt holy life, wrought out our righteouſneſs, and by his infinitely precious death, made a full and perfect

ſatisfaction for ſin, he is the Almighty giver of all his grace. He has it all in his fulneſs. A prophet to teach the ignorant. A prieſt to pardon the guilty. A king to govern the helpleſs; and ſitting on a throne of grace, he is able to bleſs the miſerable even with all ſpiritual, yea, and with all eternal bleſſings. May he be more glorified this year than ever. He is the God of all grace, and we ought to grow in grace, by our ſettled dependance upon him for the concerns of this life, as well as for a better. It is our privilege, and we ſhould find it our happineſs, after we have truſted our ſouls in his hands, to truſt our bodies, and all that belongs to them, in his hands alſo. For he is, thirdly, the God of providence. He has the ordering and directing of every perſon, and every event. Not a ſparrow falls without his notice. Not a hair of our heads but he numbers them. He intereſts himſelf in the very leaſt, as well as the greateſt concerns of his people. And on this account, believers ſhould exerciſe their faith in every action of life, and they would find, that by truſting in him for all things, they would have a ſpiritual uſe of, and profit from temporal things. I have left my all to the care and providence of my Almighty friend, he will manage for me better than I could for myſelf. My health, my circumſtances, my family, children, and ſervants, are all

under his government. I may therefore truſt, and not be afraid. He is Almighty to fulfil his offices, and all his promiſes. Almighty to protect his from all enemies, miſeries, ſin, ſatan, death, and hell. And come what will, he is Almighty to make all things produce good, as he ſaid, Gen. xv. 1. My dear brother, you know ſomething of this bleſſed life, but there is more than you have yet learned. Let Mrs. S. bring her caſe and leave it with the Lord: all will be well, only truſt. Pray for more truſt. For as faith increaſes, it will open to you moſt bleſſed views of an Omega, who is, fourthly, the God of glory. He gives it, for he is the author of eternal ſalvation. Read John xvii. mind what he there prays for, and he has all power in heaven and earth to beſtow it. The whole company around the throne are aſcribing to him all their glory, as you ſee, Rev. v. 9, to the end. I join them, ſo do you. Thanks be to him for his unſpeakable grace. Through the year, truſt our Alpha and Omega. Begin and end with him. Preach him. Live him. Let him be your companion at K. Your friend at W. Your God through life and death. Mrs. S. has my prayers, I know her wants, and I will recommend her to the king; he will be her help in every time of need. I often mention your children, and he has been their keeper hitherto.

Now

Now remember me, I am in want of a curate; the great head of the church will ſend me one of his ordaining. I wait for ſuch a one. Mrs. Romaine joins me in the beſt wiſhes to Mrs. S. I charge you, never to forget, in your beſt moments, your real

Friend and brother,

W. ROMAINE.

LETTER CXXI.

MANY many thanks to Mr. and to Mrs. T. for their remembrance of us this year. I am aſhamed I have not acknowledged your favour ſooner; but truly Sir, I grow very lazy, and good for nothing. Its high time I was turned out of the vineyard, and any other maſter, but mine, would have had nothing to do with me long ago. I loathe myſelf, and ſtand wondering daily at his kindneſs. Never was ſelf lower, and his lovelineſs higher, than in this new year. Though we are but juſt entered on it, yet he has already vouchſafed us ſome delightful Piſgah-views. It has been for many years, a cuſtom with me, to have a text, a ſort of a watch word, ſomething very ſhort, eaſy to be remembered, and which may ſerve

ſerve the believer to feaſt upon for a twelve-month. I have found this very uſeful to myſelf, and ſo have others. Our text for this year, 1772, was "Chriſt is All:" he has all the fulneſs of ſalvation in him, as God-man; and he has it to the Glory of the Father, and of the Holy Spirit. For it pleaſed the Father, that in him ſhould all fulneſs dwell, as the head for the uſe of his members; and it pleaſed the Holy Spirit to teſtify of his fulneſs in the ſcripture; and it pleaſes him by his grace, to bring believers to uſe it, and to live upon it. This is the true ſaving work of grace. All other experience is not worth a farthing. The Holy Ghoſt comes to pull down ſelf, and to exalt Chriſt, and this he does effectually. He enlightens the underſtanding, and convinces it, that Chriſt is the one Sun of the ſpiritual world. He ſends his ſcholars to Chriſt, and to none but Chriſt, to be taught the things of God. He brings them humbled to the Saviour's feet, where they ſit to hear his words. Thus he glorifies their divine prophet—and in the matter of teaching, he makes Chriſt all. The Bible, and miniſters, and means, are only to lead to Chriſt, that out of his fulneſs they may receive leſſon upon leſſon, line upon line.

Methinks I hear Mrs. T. aſk; but how ſhall I know that I am one of Chriſt's ſcholars, and that he is my teacher? My dear friend, you are to know it from what you have learnt. You

cannot

cannot be certain of it any other ways: and he would have you to look at his truth, and to try yourſelf by it. When you think of your fallen ſtate, in which you inherit a corrupt nature, and can in it do nothing but ſin---when guilt is in your conſcience, and fear in your heart, what is it that brings you any relief---to what do you look for pardon, and from whence do you expect peace with God? Your anſwer will ſhew what the Lord God our prophet has been teaching you.

Methinks I hear you reply (for I have heard you ſay it) Why, to be ſure, I have no hope, but in that ſacrifice of the Lamb of God, which perfecteth for ever, and in that righteouſneſs of his, which juſtifieth from all things. This is the true object of ſalvation. This, and nothing elſe. Chriſt is all. There is no pardon, but in his blood: no juſtification but in his obedience: no heaven, but what is the free gift of God, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Chriſt is all.

Thus far all is well. But the comfort of this, the comfort to know it is mine. There Mrs. T. has her objection ready. My dear madam, ſhew me the text which ſays, "He that is comforted ſhall be ſaved"—Or, that faith conſiſts in knowing that ſalvation is mine. You are called upon to truſt the work of Chriſt and to truſt for yourſelf upon the free warrant of God's faithful word. Reſt here, giving credit to God's promiſe of ſalvation to all that will receive it, and I will

lay

lay my life of it, you will never want comforting, and ſoon be ſatisfied you are a ſaved ſinner. If you reſt not here, get comfort, it will not be true, nor laſting—and your application to yourſelf will be only the act of your own mind, and will prove as changeable as the wind.

But you would not have me to go on in a dark uncomfortable way, not knowing whither I am going? No, Mrs. T. I want to lead you to light and comfort in the direct road. Chriſt is the way—look more at him, and leſs at yourſelf; truſt more to him, and leſs to your faith. Be always thinking of your emptineſs, and of his fulneſs. Meditate on him, pray to him. You cannot be thus employed about the Sun, without being enlightened by his rays, and cheriſhed with his warm beams; when people are very cold within doors, and ſee the ſun ſhining ſweetly, they dont aſk, Is it my ſun? May I go out and walk in this noon-day brightneſs, and get myſelf warm with this delightful ſun-ſhine? Is it for me? Yes, for you. Whoever will, may take Chriſt for their pardon, Chriſt for their righteouſneſs, Chriſt for heaven, and for all they want, till they come there: you are willing---therefore Chriſt, and all he has, is yours. Now Mrs. T. what do you ſay to this? Why ſay you, to be ſure, I do build upon this foundation, but I ſtill lack many things. Very well, I am glad you do, the more the better. Whatever you lack, it is in Chriſt's

fulneſs,

fulneſs, and he has it for you: ſo that here will be a bleſſed intercourſe between you and Chriſt, and an holy friendſhip, in giving and receiving. Every moment you want ſomething: Chriſt ſays, here it is, come to me for it, I can deny you nothing; be it for temporals, Pſalm xxxiv. 10, or for ſpirituals, Eph. i. 3, or for eternals, Rom. vi. 23, all is yours. This is living by the faith of the Son of God, and it is the beſt way to live. For you cannot be thus receiving every moment out of Chriſt's fulneſs, but you muſt experience, that he is yours, which will make your faith practical and certain. You will then have done diſputing about your intereſt in Chriſt. While you are making uſe of him, you can no more queſtion his being yours, than you can, whether the meat is yours, which you have been eating to day.

Thus you ſee, Chriſt is All, in time, and All in eternity. May he have his honor in little H. Do but truſt him, and you will ſee what miracles he will do for you. My wife joins me in this advice.

LETTER

LETTER CXXII.

April 17, 1764.

Dear Madam,

I HAVE you in remembrance before the throne of Grace, thanking God for his unſpeakable gift to you, praying you may increaſe ſtill, and abound in the knowledge of thoſe things which are freely given to you of God, among which, Chriſt is the chiefeſt, for with him the Father gives his children all things, and they know it to their comfort, when by faith they are enabled to believe him for their perfect Saviour, and to live upon his fulneſs for every grace and bleſſing. Taught by his word, and guided by his Spirit, they have but one object to look unto, even Jeſus, and but one way to get any thing from him, and that is by faith, which having firſt evidenced to the ſoul its union with Chriſt---afterwards improves it by conſtant communion with him—What little, by the good hand of God upon me, I have learnt of this bleſſed ſubject, I have laid before the public. My ſingle deſign in living, in preaching, in writing, is to exalt and glorify our divine Saviour, and in this I would have none above me. I deſire to give him the pre-eminence in all things, for not one

one upon earth is more indebted to him than I am; when I think of what I owe him, the immenſe debt makes him exceedingly dear and precious. I would not have it a farthing leſs, becauſe then I ſhould want a motive to exalt his blood and righteouſneſs—I would not be without one want which I now have, becauſe it is his very crown and glory to ſupply, and will be, all the needs of his people—juſt as I am, ignorant, ſinful, and helpleſs, he is moſt exactly ſuited to my caſe, and therefore, my heart moſt ſweetly enjoys and rejoices in his finiſhed ſalvation; I have much forgiven, and therefore love him much.—Dear friend, I have often found you happy in your own ſoul, by building all upon Jeſus, that ſure foundation, hold faſt there, and leave all nice diſtinctions and curious points to others, the true ſolid matter is plain enough; in Jeſus there is free, and full, and eternal ſalvation, and it's all yours by believing.

Look unto him, and you ſhall be ſaved—this is the truth, which, if the Lord pleaſe, he can make my little * book, the means of eſtabliſhing you in.—I moſt heartily wiſh it, and beg of Jeſus to bleſs you as much in reading, as he did me in writing it. May the wiſdom of Jeſus guide, and the arm of Jeſus ſtrengthen you in every good

* Life of Faith.

work,

work, and be with you in every one of his gracious offices, and make you quite happy in himſelf.

I am,

Truly for his ſake,

Your friend,

W. ROMAINE.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Romaine.

LETTER CXXIII.

" YOU may depend upon this, as one of the ſweeteſt axioms in divinity; whatever it is which makes you pleaſed with yourſelf, is not true grace; and whatever makes you diſpleaſed with yourſelf, is not true grace, unleſs it brings you humbly to Chriſt, and makes you put more truſt and confidence in him. The good Lord teach you theſe things practically. I have learned them by long experience, though I know but little of them, yet I am getting on in the ſchool of Chriſt, and hope ſoon to be on the loweſt form, for there we learn moſt and faſteſt. We there depend entirely on the teachings of our divine maſter, who reveals the ſecrets

of

of his kingdom to none but babes. As a new-born babe depends entirely on the care of its parents, ſo muſt we on God our prophet and teacher. And when we are brought thus humble, he will make known to us, what he hideth from the wiſe and prudent. I would therefore wiſh you to be the humbleſt man upon earth, not only that you might know moſt, but alſo that you might love moſt. He that feels his ſins and miſeries, his vileneſs and unprofitableneſs, with the deepeſt loathings of them, is in the fitteſt way to love Chriſt. If he be an experienced believer, the feelings of thoſe ſins, miſeries, &c. will make Chriſt more precious; the more he finds of the exceeding ſinfulneſs of ſin, he will truſt the more in Chriſt. The more miſery he knows he deſerves, ſalvation from it will make Jeſus more dear and lovely. His vileneſs ſets forth Chriſt's grace; his unworthineſs, the worthineſs of the Lamb; his unprofitableneſs, the ſufficiency of Jeſus, who is all in all.

When you are going to meaſure Chriſt's high grace, do not get upon a mountain, but go down into a valley; lower ſtill, to the depth from which David cried; lower ſtill, to the belly of hell, from which Jonah cried; and from thence take the heights of Jeſu's grace, and from thence ſee how lovely he is.—When the ſpirit of Jeſus is humbling you, ſhewing you your deceitful wicked heart, laying open your ruined nature in all

all its abominable workings, has not this often diſcouraged you, my friend? Inſtead of truſting Chriſt, and loving Chriſt more, did it not weaken your faith, and ſo leſſen your love, and thereby counteract the gracious purpoſes of Jeſu's Spirit? May he teach you better, that every future ſenſe of ſin, may greatly endear to you the Lamb of God, whoſe blood cleanſeth from all ſin. Depend upon it, that only is the true humbling for ſin, that makes his blood more precious."

LETTER CXXIV.

LAMBETH, *Dec.* 3, 1767.

Dear Sir,

MR. F. informed me of your commiſſion to buy the Law and Goſpel. I make you a preſent of the Life of Faith. I have alſo ſent you a book of ineſtimable value, which I was inclined to do, becauſe it affords me an opportunity to introduce myſelf to you, and give you a word of advice on your going into orders. It is a great undertaking, and I will ſpeak freely to you upon it, as were I in your circumſtances, I ſhould

ſhould have wiſhed ſome one would have dealt with me. The Lord God make it a bleſſing to you.

Firſt, I would have you, Sir, to conſider one qualification for the miniſtry indiſpenſably neceſſary, and that is, the knowledge of yourſelf; you cannot teach this till you have been taught, nor farther than you have been taught it. Conſider what is your ſtate; Is not ſin, miſery, helpleſſneſs, your condition in Adam? Are not you by nature a child of wrath? Mr. M. do you know this? Have you ever felt the plague of your heart? Have you ever ſeen the legion of luſts within you, every one of them ready to take up arms and rebel againſt God? Are you ſenſible how often they have drawn you into actual rebellion? and, do you know what will be the end of this ſtate without a Saviour? Think, Sir, how can you preach theſe things, if you have never felt them? O beg of God, then, to make you ſenſible how much you want a Saviour, that you may know how to addreſs yourſelf to others upon the ſame ſubject.

Secondly, Another indiſpenſable qualification is the knowledge of Chriſt, to know his perſon—God-man—his work, in his life and death, as our whole ſalvation, made ours whenever his Spirit enables us to receive it, and enjoyed as ours ſo far as by faith we dare believe in him. This is the doctrine to be preached. How can

a man

a man preach it who does not know it, or who does not believe it? Try yourſelf here Mr. M. Is he, in whoſe name, and to preach whom you are ordained—is he true and very God—the ſelf-exiſtent Jehovah? Is there ſalvation in none other perſon or thing? God help you not to be deceived in that moſt-eſſential doctrine.

A third thing is abſolutely neceſſary, namely, the knowlege of God's word. I ſend you this little bleſſed book, in reading which you will learn yourſelf—here is your true picture—and here is the revelation of Jeſus Chriſt, whom to know is life eternal. In reading and hearing the ſcriptures, the Spirit ſets in with the word, and ſhews the ſinner himſelf, and then ſhews him the Saviour, and enables him to believe unto ſalvation. All the teaching of God's Spirit is in and by the word: he accompanies nothing but his own truth with his own bleſſing, and that he does ſo bleſs, that faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. Are theſe things ſo? Is the Bible the word of God? Does it make the believer wiſe unto ſalvation? Is it profitable for doctrine, for reproof, &c? O, Sir, what are you doing, that other books are ſo much read, and the Bible ſo neglected? Will you learn from a poor penitent? Indeed I repent, and God forgive my miſ-ſpent time in ſciences and claſſics. I ſaw my folly two and twenty years ago, and have ſince ſtudied nothing but the Bible,

Bible, and I assure you, Sir, I am got but a little way. I see such things before me which I know but in part, that I am pressing on, and I wish for some of my lost time to spend in this blessed study. Take warning. Prize my little present: read it over and over: it is valuable as coming from my heart's love, but infinitely more so as the copy of Christ's love. You cannot read it too much: wear it out in reading, and I promise you a much neater and finer edition: but the finest is that which the Spirit writes upon the heart. O that he may write a very fair copy upon yours.

Fourthly, Your next thing is to know your office: to what are you ordained? If you know not yourself, and know not Jesus, nor his word, how can you possibly discharge your office? In these things the chief part of it consists. A minister, unacquainted with himself, can never shew his people what they are in themselves. What can he say of Christ, who is not acquainted with him? Or how can he preach the word, who never studied it, or who never had his understanding opened to understand the scriptures? Think of these things, Sir, and meditate much upon them. Weigh well your office: examine well your call to it. Are you enabled faithfully to declare the whole counsel of God? with boldness to tell sinners their guilt and danger; which will make all the unconverted your bitter ene-

mies—with clearneſs to ſet forth the way of ſalvation, through our ſurety, God-Jeſus—with evidence, to ſhew the work of the Spirit in convincing of ſin; in working faith in Jeſus's word; to rely upon his blood and righteouſneſs; and enabling the believer to live upon the fullneſs of Jeſus's grace, receiving out of it, grace for grace every moment, for all the purpoſes of ſpiritual life. And that you may do this ſucceſsfully, in ſpite of all oppoſition, are you made willing to practice what you are to preach? That is the beſt ſermon which the miniſter preaches all the week. Nothing is ſo powerful as example. Bleſſed is he who lives out of the pulpit what he ſays in it, and knows his doctrine to be truly experience: ſo may it be with you. I had a great deal more to ſay to you upon your ſucceſs in your office, or on your diſcouragements, &c. but Mr. B. who ſits by me, is in a hurry, and I can add no more, being forced to ſcribble what I have wrote. What I leave out in my letter, I will put into my prayers for you—for your going into orders—and for your being fitted for the work of the miniſtry—and for your ſaving your own ſoul, as well as their's who hear you. Remember me in your prayers. I very heartily wiſh you well in the Lord, being, in him, and for his ſake,

Yours, very ſincerely,

W. ROMAINE.

To Mrs. C.

LETTER CXXV.

Dec. 17, 1778.

Madam,

I HEREWITH ſend you the Bible, of which I was ſpeaking to you—a book of ineſtimable value, containing the great charter of grace, by which the Lord God has granted you, under his hand and ſeal, a full diſcharge from ſin and miſery, and a full title to life eternal. Theſe bleſſings he has given to you in his Son, and therefore the record of God, concerning his Son, is the chief ſubject of the book. What he is in his perſon as God-Man—What he has done—What he has ſuffered—His complete Redemption—His prevailing interceſſion, are largely treated of. And, becauſe we cannot underſtand theſe things, nor believe them, nor make uſe of them of ourſelves, therefore the ſpirit, who inſpired the book, ſtill accompanies the hearing of it, and renders it the means of knowing Jeſus, of believing in Him, and of enjoying the Father's love in Him. Would you grow in this knowlege, in this faith, in this love, here is the ordinance of God. His

Almighty power is ſtill in the word. Here read, meditate, pray over it, and you will find it able to make you wiſe unto ſalvation; and that is as wiſe as you need be. 2 Tim. iii. 14, 15.

It is my privilege to be any ways uſeful to you in this moſt noble deſign: and whatever prayer can do (and what cannot the prayer of faith do?) I ſhall not ceaſe to uſe for you, imploring the teaching of the Spirit upon all your hearing and reading the word of God. May you find it profitable, every day more profitable, for thoſe gracious purpoſes for which it was revealed. Yet a very little while, and it ſhall be perfectly fulfilled, and more than you conceive, fulfilled in your everlaſting glory. In the bonds of chriſtian love,

I am yours heartily,

W. ROMAINE.

To Mrs. D.

LETTER CXXVI.

Aug. 11, 1777.

My good Friend,

I WRITE unto you, becauſe I hear you are ſtill very poorly in your health, and I am

am deſirous you ſhould improve this providence. You are kept low for very good reaſons. He, who gave his Son for you, and his Spirit to enable you to receive him by faith, has your beſt intereſt in view, and never loſes ſight of it. Could you look into his loving heart, as it is opened in the ſcriptures, you would ſee the tendereſt mercy in all your ſufferings: yea, you would believe and rejoice under them. I know you often want this bleſſed view of your heavenly Father, and, therefore, I will ſend you a looking glaſs, which will always ſet him before you in the ſame moſt amiable light. In his Son, he is altogether lovely---love itſelf---an infinite ocean of everlaſting love---an heavenly Father to all who come to him through Jeſus, and are led to acknowledge his perfections as they ſhine forth in their fulleſt glory in Immanuel. The word reports this. Faith receives it. Faith looks to the perſon of Chriſt, the incarnate Jehovah; looks, and loves. Faith builds all its hopes upon his wonderful work, truſting to that offering, which alone perfects for ever, and to that obedience, which alone brings in everlaſting righteouſneſs, and to that interceſſion, from which alone we obtain all needful grace and all poſſible glory: and thus, whoſoever believeth is ſaved freely by grace through faith.

I know your mind well. You are thinking---This is true, but is Jeſus mine? Yes, Mrs. D. certainly

certainly he is yours; not only by free gift, but alſo by evident application. Has not the Spirit of Jeſus quickened you? Have not you received the truth through his teaching? And believed it? I appeal to yourſelf for what God has done in you, many years ago. You have been brought to know yourſelf. You do feel what a poor creature you are. You have been enabled to ſee what a complete Saviour Jeſus is, and you are wiſhing daily to believe more in him; you are grieved to the heart, that you love him ſo little. Theſe are, with me, certain marks of the work of God. O do not diſhonor his word and work. Set to your ſeal, without wavering, that God is true, and wait the event: be aſſured, not a tittle of what he hath ſpoken ſhall fail. Read, Luke i. 45.

In your weak ſtate of body, and frequent complaints, here is your only medicine. If rightly uſed, it will keep up your ſpirits, and will prove a continual cordial. God is yours: he has given you an undoubted warrant to call him your Father in Jeſus. His love to you is like himſelf---unchangeable. He loved you in his Son before time, yea from everlaſting. Of this he would convince you, by his dealings with you, as well as by his promiſes to you. There is the ſame ground for both, and may you believe both alike. He has given you faith; and he would have you to be ſatisfied, it is ſterling,

true

true faith, of his own operation. How is he to do this? Why, in infinite love he puts faith to the trial. He keeps you low in body: this is the furnace in which your gold is to be found genuine. He tries your faith, not for his own ſake, but for yours. He tells you his deſign, Zech. xiii. laſt verſe. He ſits as a refiner over the proceſs. The furnace ſhall not be a bit too hot. The gold ſhall not loſe an atom: but the believer ſhall call upon the Lord in the fire, and he ſhall ſay,---" Thou art one of my people," and each ſhall ſay, " The Lord is our God."

Happy trial. You ſhall not only know your faith real, but it ſhall be refined. The furnace ſhall evidence the power, as well as the truth of it. The trial is to prove this. It is to bring you experience of God's arm being your ſupport. For in the trial, faith renounces its own ſtrength, that the Lord's ſtrength may be perfected in its weakneſs. Genuine faith is altogether ſelf-denial. And how can you learn this, but when your own ſtrength is totally given up, and you are then made to feel that the Lord's own arms are underneath you. And is not this a mercy? What greater, than to give you faith, and then to bring you to find that it ſtands in the power of God. I pray much for this improvement of your preſent poor ſtate of health. If the Lord pleaſe to ſettle your heart in believing, ſo that you clearly ſee the truth of your

faith, and come to feel the power of faith; then you will find a harveſt of bleſſings from your faith. You may gather them up one by one, in the various promiſes made to the afflicted believer. Chiefly, let me recommend two. Rom. v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. 1 Pet. i. 5, 6, 7, 8. Theſe are what your heavenly Father intends to beſtow. The croſs is big with them. He wants to do his child good, and therefore makes way for his favors in the ſoul, by removing outward favors. May the maſter teach you Himſelf, and make up in your heart my pious wiſhes for you.

If you are tolerable well, and at leiſure, we would come down and ſee you next week. If you are at leiſure, I muſt tell you, we come three. William is now my pupil, and I cannot ſpare him from me.

Mr. D. muſt apply what I ſay of your weakneſs, to his rheumatiſm, and it will do him as much good. Pray for us, as we do for you.

I am, with Mrs. R. and Son, yours,

In bonds not to be broken,

W. ROMAINE.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

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